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AND

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TO THE MEMBERS OF

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IN BOSTON,

TO WHOSE KINDNESS I AM INDEBTED FOR THE JOURNEY DESCRIBED
IN THESE PAGES, THESE TRAVELLING SKETCHES
ARE AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.

PREFACE.

I HAVE had serious doubts about publishing this book,—first, because the objects seen and described have been seen and described fifty times before by other travellers;—secondly, because the opinions ventured in it on art and other matters, are often only first impressions, and may turn out superficial and misleading. For these reasons, after I had prepared the MSS. from my journals and letters, for publication, I laid it aside. But on the other hand the case stands thus. Every new pair of eyes sees something new, even on an old road. I myself like to read new books of travels, though I have read ever so many before. Each traveller sees the old thing in his own new way; always provided that he does not copy his remarks from Murray's Hand-Books,—a trick I have studied to avoid. Again, every man has friends and acquaintances who are glad to know how those world-renowned objects—Paintings, Cathedrals, Alps—affected *his* mind; and why not gratify them and himself? And as to the opinions being superficial, hasty, and perchance crude; we may bethink ourselves that all knowledge has to take this form first, and that such venturesome opinions are, as Milton says, 'Knowledge in the making.' Therefore I take my MSS. down and print it, hoping that this apology may appease the critics, with their — 'adfer aliquid novi.'

But besides, and more especially, I wish to tell those who may still be ignorant of it, how much may be seen now in Europe, in a comparatively short time, and at small expense.

I spent eleven weeks in Europe, as follows: —

Four weeks in ENGLAND.
Two weeks in FRANCE.
Three weeks in SWITZERLAND.
One week on the RHINE.
One week in BELGIUM.

In England, I saw Chester and its antiquities, Eaton Hall, North Wales, with the Menai and Britannia Tubular Bridges, Caernavon Castle, Conway Castle, Snowdon, and the fine scenery about Llanberris, Capelcarig, and Llanrst. I saw Windermere, Rydal Water, Grasmere, Elter Water, and the scenery around Ambleside and Grasmere, in Cumberland. I visited Warwick Castle, Kenilworth Castle, Windsor Castle. I saw the Cathedrals of Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, Salisbury, Canterbury, Chester, and York. I visited Oxford and saw its Colleges. I saw the pictures in the National Gallery, Dulwich College, Hampton Court Gallery, the British Institution, and in many of the private galleries and collections in London and its vicinity. I saw the principal sights of London, — as the Tower, the Parks, British Museum, the Thames, &c. &c. I saw Stonehenge, Old Sarum, and the Shakspeare Cliff at Dover, beside other less important objects of interest.

In France, the objects seen were Havre and Rouen, with the curious and venerable churches and buildings in the latter place, and the many curiosities of Paris and its vicinity. Among these may be mentioned Notre Dame, and the churches of the Madeleine, St. Roch, St. Germain de Pres, St. Etienne, St. Sulpice, &c.; Père la Chaise, the Pantheon, Palace and Museums of the Louvre, Palace and Gardens of the Tuilleries, Palaces of Versailles and St. Cloud; Water-works and Gardens of Versailles, the Jardin des Plantes, Pantheon, Gobelins, Arc de L'Etoile, Bois de Bologne, Champs Elyseés, Palais Royale, &c. &c.

In Switzerland, I walked more than two hundred miles on foot among the finest Alpine scenery in the Bernese Oberland and around Mont Blanc, during which time I ascended the Rhigi, the Furca, the Maienwand, the Grimsel, the Reichenbach, the Scheideck, the Wengern Alp, the Gemmi, the Col de Balme, the Montanvert, and the Flegère. Saw the Falls of the Rhine at Schaffhausen, Falls of the Aar at Handeck, Falls of Reichenbach; lakes Zurich, Zug, Lucerne, Brienz, Thun, and Leman; towns of Zurich, Zug, Lucerne, Sallenches, Interlachen, Geneva, Freiburg, Berne, Soleure, and Basel.

On the Rhine and its vicinity, I saw Freiburg in Baden, Heidelburg and its castle, Frankfort-on-the-Maine, and the fine scenery between Mayence and Cologne, with the cities of Cologne and Bonn.

In Belgium, I saw the towns of Brussels, Mechlin, Antwerp, Ghent and Bruges, with the fine paintings of Rubens and Vandyke, the splendid churches and buildings, the carved pulpits, and the Mediæval antiquities.

On the continent I saw and examined, beside the churches in France, the following churches and cathedrals: — Strasburg, Freiburg in Baden, Zurich, Geneva, Berne, Basel, Frankfort, Bonn, Cologne, Coblentz, Brussels, Aix-la-Chapelle, Mechlin, Antwerp, Ghent and Bruges.

The expenses of this trip (including state rooms in packet to Europe and in steamship to America) were six hundred dollars only. This includes every thing for four months, from the day I left Boston till I landed there again.

There is nothing to excite the imagination in this statement, but it may be useful, and lead others to have the great improvement and enjoyment of a European tour, who perhaps now think it demands more of time or of means than they can spare.

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ELEVEN WEEKS IN EUROPE.

CHAPTER I.

THE OCEAN.

On the 6th of July, 1849, I set sail for Liverpool, in the ship 'Plymouth Rock,' Captain Caldwell, master. She was a fine vessel, nearly new, and one of the largest merchant vessels sailing out of Boston. Her accommodations were good, the cabin large, and, being above the main-deck, well ventilated. The state-rooms were on each side of it, in number twelve, each containing two berths, and a small round window opening through the ship's side. We had twelve passengers in the cabin and eighty in the steerage. Most of the cabin passengers were going as delegates to the Peace Convention in Paris. The passengers in the steerage were mostly returning emigrants, going back to England or Ireland, to see their friends once more, or perhaps to die at home.

On the wharf stood many persons who had collected to witness our departure, some to see so fine a vessel under sail, and some to bid farewell to their friends. As the great vessel was being slowly drawn out of dock, an animated conversation was kept up, between the Irish on board, hanging over the bulwarks, and their friends on the wharf. A violent quarrel was going on, between an Irish woman on shore and one on board. The first, it seems, had paid the passage money for the other, but had afterward changed her mind, and now wished, instead, to pay for bringing her own husband over. The woman on board refused to go on shore, the other argued, gesticulated, implored, and threatened; but all in vain.

At last, when the ship was nearly out of the dock, the captain, standing on the quarter-deck, called out, 'All who are going ashore, go now.' This sounded as if we were really off; a plank was put out forward, and the friends shake hands with each other and say, 'A good voyage, God bless you.'

The vessel began to move slowly down the harbor. I still saw the faces of my friends on the shore, and we waved our hats to each other. The people on the wharf gave the ship three cheers, which we returned. The ship gathered way under her crowd of sail and the strong west wind, and soon we reached Castle Island. Boston, with its dome and multitude of spires, was sinking behind. I went below to write a last note, to send back by the pilot, who would leave us after we had passed the outer light. Suddenly there was a tumult forward. Two steerage passengers, it seemed, when called upon for their fare, said they had no money, and were told to get into the boat to go ashore with the pilot. When looked for presently, they had disappeared; after searching the whole vessel, one was found hid in the ventilator, a large sheet-iron cylinder, which goes from the hold to the upper deck. The sailors put a rope around his waist and pulled him out. The captain seized a rope's end, and administered a few blows with it upon his back, but as his jacket was on, he did not seem to mind it much, and I thought the captain did not mean so much to hurt him, as to terrify the rest. But some of the friends of peace on board, were much scandalized, and it was some time before they could make it up with the captain. The last we saw of the man, he was making himself comfortable in the pilot boat, and on his way back to Boston.

All the afternoon of this lovely summer day we ran before the south-west wind with royals set, that is to say, with four square sails on each mast, beside our jibs, stay-sails and spanker. We saw the South shore, as far as Captain's Hill, in Duxbury; the Scituate meeting-house being long visible. On the north side, we saw Nahant, and beyond it the distant shore of Cape Anne. Hundreds of brigs, sloops, and schooners, covered the sea in all directions, but long before sunset we were out of sight of land, and old ocean's melancholy waste was spread around.

'And am I actually on my way to Europe? Am I to change into a part of my real life, that which has so long been floating before me, a part of my ideal life?' Such was the thought constantly in my mind, as I suppose it is the thought in the minds of most persons of any imagination, when crossing the Atlantic for the first time. The more that an event has been the subject of our dreams, the more incredible does it seem that it should enter into our waking existence. Hence the mental phenomenon, which most persons must have experienced, a feeling that something will certainly occur to prevent the realization of such a dream. I suppose the cause of this feeling is the difference between the ideal and actual, which makes the transition from one to the other seem an impossibility.

The moon rose just past the full, and the night became very beautiful. But the vessel rolled a little with the cross sea, and those of the passengers who intended to be sea-sick began to go below. About midnight the wind hauled dead aft, and our studding-sails were set, below and aloft. I went upon deck to look at the beautiful scene, and found the first mate, the captain's son, standing near the wheel. Said I, 'Are you not afraid of an accident sailing on Friday, and with so many ministers on board?' He quietly replied, 'If we meet with an accident, I shall not think it owing to our sailing on Friday, or to our having ministers on board.'

Following the advice of my brother, who had taken many long voyages, and to whom I had complained that I should lose my morning bath while at sea, I went on deck at day-break, when the sailors were washing the decks, dressed in my bathing clothes, and asked the men to throw some buckets of salt water over me. This they did very cheerfully, making fun of it, as sailors do of every thing. But I found it to be an excellent bath, and very refreshing, and kept it up during the whole voyage.

Only two or three of our passengers were at the breakfast-table on Saturday morning, for sickness prevailed quite extensively. The dinner-table and seats were fastened to the floor; the dinner-table looked like a bagatelle-board, having a mahogany rim round it, and two upright strips of mahogany running lengthwise from end to end. The object of these strips is to keep the plates and dishes apart, when the ship takes a lurch, so that, in fact, they perform the office which Mr. Emerson ascribes to Space and Time. 'Therefore is Space, and therefore is Time,' says he, 'that people may know that things are not *huddled and lumped*, but sundered and divisible.'

The first few days of the voyage we had fair weather, and fair winds, and made very good progress. On the first day we ran over two hundred miles. On one day we carried twenty-one sails all day.

Our mode of life at sea soon began to arrange itself after a method, and became quite uniform. We would commonly walk the deck before breakfast, having a fine promenade on the upper-deck, which was eighty feet long. We had prayers regularly in the cabin, after breakfast and after tea, by the captain's invitation. The forenoon we spent in writing our journals, learning French and German travel talk, studying out with maps and hand-books our route in England, and on the Continent, taking Calisthenic exercises on the deck, and in chit-chat; and the time went rapidly away. I usually went into the mizzen-top in pleasant weather, and staid there till I had studied one or two lessons in Ollendorff's French Teacher. The mizzen-top was three or four feet square, and the view from it, over the ocean, very fine. There is the same advantage in going to the mast-head at sea, that there is in going to the top of a hill on land. From the deck of a ship you see but a little way over the ocean, but go to the mast-head, or to the main top-mast head, and your horizon is enlarged, and you look over a vast field of water.

Our dinner hour was two. Remembering how much we insist on having our fish and vegetables fresh, when at home, we cannot but look with some suspicion on cod and halibut, lettuce and peas, which may have been on board a fortnight or three weeks; but they are kept on ice. In the afternoon we repeated the occupations of the forenoon, diversified, perhaps, by a nap. In the evening, having formed an association called 'The Plymouth Rock Pilgrim Association,' we discussed peace questions during two hours from eight till ten. The day at sea is divided into six watches of four hours each. Half of the sailors are on deck during each watch, so that each sailor is on deck half the time. The rest of his time he has to himself, though liable to be called at any other time when extra work is to be done. The sea day begins at noon, or eight bells, as it is called; at half after twelve, the man at the wheel strikes the bell near him *once*, which is answered by the bell forward. At one o'clock, the bell is struck twice; at half after one, three times, and so on till four o'clock, when eight bells are struck and the watch is changed. At half past four one bell is struck again, and so on. By this arrangement, the sailors in each of the two watches divide the time; and by means of a half watch of two hours, which is inserted each day, they are alternately on deck and below at different times each day.

After we had been at sea two or three days, the wind became light and unfavorable, and we had only wind enough, for one or two days, to steady the ship.

The vessel had little more motion than there was in our houses at home, with the exception of an occasional light rocking. We went to sleep in our little state-rooms, as we would in our own beds. At night the vessel seemed shut up in a misty tent, and the broad sails gleamed spectrally in the pale light.

There are few things to diversify life at sea. The log is cast, and from that we learn how fast the ship is going through the water, which information circulates through the cabin. About noon the captain gets out his sextant, and if the clouds will permit him, takes a solar observation. Some of the passengers take the instrument and try to get the sun's altitude also.

After this the captain makes his calculation, and finally reports the position of the ship in the ocean. Then we find where we are on the large chart of the Atlantic. We draw a line on the chart from the point where we were at noon yesterday, and see how far we have run in twenty-four hours. All this is highly entertaining to those who have nothing else to do, and occupies at least half an hour.

Then some one on deck cries out, 'A whale!' and all the passengers leave their journals and letters, chess and checkers, and tumble over each other up the companion-way to see — not a whale, but some black fish spouting. Occasionally porpoises surround the vessel, leaping half way out of the water, and then plunging down again, the sunlight glittering from their shining sides. When we get near the Banks of Newfoundland, we see fishing vessels, and begin to wish that we may see an iceberg, but we no sooner express this wish, than the dangers from icebergs are pointed out, and we hope we shall *not* see one. An iceberg we did see, when close to the Grand Banks, about twelve miles to the north of us, at five o'clock in the evening. It resembled a mountain, on the horizon, of pyramidal form. The captain said it might be a hundred feet above water. The succeeding night was dark and foggy, and we went to our berths, in some dread of coming in contact with an iceberg, but the ship slipped quietly on, all night, though the sailors once thought they saw the 'lighting up,' over another.

The question of icebergs came up at breakfast, and the captain said they were met with from April till August or September, but never in winter. The iceberg travels slowly with the polar current, at the rate perhaps of a mile an hour, or less. The currents of the ocean are seldom so fast as that; and the icebergs are moved by the current exclusively, for the wind has no apparent influence on them. But why they should only be seen in summer, is an unsettled question; for if they come from the high shores of Greenland, even though all of them should set out together, we should suppose that some would travel faster than others, and that they would arrive in southern latitudes, at different seasons of the year.

The luminous appearance of the water at night is a beautiful sight. It streams away from the rudder behind the ship in rolling masses of white light, from which flash forth lambent flames, like the auroral streamers. Sometimes you see curling and wreathing lines of phosphorescence, and every where bright sparkles, like fire-flies, spangling the water. Meantime, those faithful attendants of the ship, the sea-chickens, (stormy petrel,) are chirping around the vessel, coming close to it in the night, under cover of the darkness. These little birds are found a thousand miles from land, almost always on the wing, though sometimes they rest on the water.

But the chief incident at sea is seeing and meeting with other vessels, and especially carrying on a conversation with them by means of signal flags. I was surprised, however, to find the ocean so bare of ships. Whole days passed in which we did not see a sail. Once, as I was standing on deck near the companion-way, the captain came up from the cabin, and no sooner was his head above the side of the stairway, than he said, 'Sail ho!' I had been looking around the horizon and had seen nothing, but the captain seemed to see it without looking. We were making very little progress through the water, and the captain told us to get our letters ready for home, promising that if it should be a ship bound for the States, and we could come near enough, to send a boat aboard with our letters. So we all went to work, and wrote busily for an hour around the cabin table. Our letters being written, the captain tied them up in a bundle, and we went on deck. The vessel was yet some miles off, and we were steering directly toward her; the sailors were getting the boat ready to let down into the water, when the captain, having scrutinized her through his spy-glass, said, 'She is an English vessel bound to the colonies,' and ordered our ship to be put again upon its course. He knew that she was English by her general aspect; and that she was not bound to the States, by her being lightly laden, and not having emigrants on board, whom he did not see forward in her bows. This was quite a disappointment, for we had expected that our friends would hear from us a week sooner by this vessel. We passed her at a distance of a mile or two, and the two captains proceeded to talk by signals. The signal-book was laid out on the deck, and we hoisted at the gaff the flags which meant 'What's your name?' Directly we saw four flags running up at her mizzen, which, as they fluttered out, were examined through the glass. Each stood for a number, and together they made the number of the vessel, say 3246, which, being looked out in the telegraph code, gave her name as 'The Superb.' She then ran up some signal flags, which proved to mean, 'What's your longitude?' Our captain answered, 'Thirty degrees, forty miles.' She gave hers, in reply, 'Thirty degrees, twenty-eight miles,' being twelve miles difference. On this our captain coolly remarked, 'I should have said thirty miles if I had two threes.' He then ran up another signal, asking her, 'Where are you bound?' to which she answered 'Quebec,' showing the correctness of our captain's supposition. We asked, 'How many days out?' but she either thought it her turn to ask the next question, or she considered this a delicate one; ships at sea not liking to admit that they have had a long passage. So she run up this question, 'Will you report us at Lloyd's, or any other port you may make?' We answered, 'Yes;' and the vessels being now too far apart to distinguish the flags, the conversation closed.

One afternoon, the wind freshened, it began to rain, and the waves rose more and more. The brave ship pitched nobly forward into the black masses of water, throwing sheets of foam from her bows. Blowing still stronger, we landsmen began to think it a gale, as the vessel lay over well on her side, and the furniture slipped about a little, but as our royals were not yet taken in, it was difficult to retain such an idea. We were even carrying three or four studding-sails, but the captain soon thought it best to have them hauled down. The log still gave ten knots an hour, as the rate of our going. It was raining hard, but the captain provided three or four of us with dread-noughts, oil-skin coats and hats, and water-proof dresses generally, and so we walked the slanting slippery deck with him, he exulting in the breeze. But the breeze blew harder, and the vessel leaned over more. 'The trot became a gallop soon,' and so 'Take in those royals, sir,' was briefly ejaculated. The ship rose, relieved after each canvass was taken off her, but soon was leaning over again. The barometer, too, was falling, and all things betokened a squally night. We had now taken in most of the sails. We went down to tea; after tea, we had prayers, sang our hymn, and then went to reading, writing, or playing chess, as usual. But one and another became sick, and laid himself down, and the inkstand would slip away from a third. As I was playing chess with Mr. M., our chess-men made a simultaneous move to leeward. The king knocked down a bishop, who was threatening him with 'check.' A red queen commenced a flirtation with a white knight, and a castle and the other queen waltzed off the board in company. So we put away the men, and I went again on deck. The rain and wind continued, and I found the top-gallant sails taken in, and the lower sails mostly clewed up. She was running under top-sails, but still running fast enough. The sheets of fiery water flew from her sides in every direction, as she rose out of the boiling mass and shook it off her bows. The sea around was sprinkled with the sparks of fire like fire-flies. So we ran; the log giving ten miles an hour, which afterward became eleven and a half, which, under topsails, was a very good rate.

But we could not make a gale of it, after all; it was only a topsail breeze, so that I was deprived of the privilege which seems almost universally accorded to those that cross the Atlantic, of being out 'in the worst gale the captain ever saw.' As we were sitting at the cabin table, the next day, all at work on our journals, Captain C. came in and said, 'I should like to see all these journals published,' adding, 'I think that after this, my name will be in all the churches,' alluding to the number of ministers on board.

And here I will say a word about our good captain. He is a Massachusetts man, living at Ipswich when at home, a member of an orthodox church, a sensible, respectable gentleman, who, if he were not a captain at sea, would make a very good deacon at home. He is quick, clear, and decided in all his opinions, knows what he thinks and why, and would gladly have other people as accurate as himself. All nonsense has been washed out of his head by the sea, for there is nothing like a sea life to demolish vagueness and indefiniteness. Our captain would be allowed to enter Plato's academy, over the door of which was written, 'Let no ungeometrical person enter here;' that is, as I suppose, no one whose thoughts want definite outline. Water itself is the indefinite element, without fixed outline or limit; formless, capable of all form. But for this very reason, it makes all who deal with it the opposite of itself, developing the qualities of decision, precision, exact thought, and exact expression. In a ship there is a place for every thing, and every thing must be in its place. Every rope must be coiled up the moment it is not in use, for a rope out of place might cause the loss of the vessel. The largest ship is too small to allow of any waste room, and every square inch is made of use. The same perfect order presides over language at sea. Every thing has its own name, every action a precise phrase by which to express it, which must not be changed for any other. Different things must not only have different names, but names which *sound* differently, lest one should be mistaken for the other. Thus, *starboard* means *right*, and *larboard*, *left*. An officer says, 'Starboard your helm,' when he wants it put to the right. But he never says 'Larboard your helm,' for in the tumult of a gale, one sound might be mistaken for the other. So when he wants it put to the left, he says '*Port* your helm,' or 'Hard to port.' Sea language is therefore the most definite language in the world; it has no synonymes, and no one can ever use it correctly who has not himself been a sailor, and learnt it by experience. The blunders of a landsman, who tries to use sea talk, are amusing enough. There is a nautical hymn in our hymn-books beginning

'Launch your boat, Mariner,' which is full of these errors. In the second stanza the mariner is directed to 'Look to the weather-bow,' and the reason assigned is that 'Breakers are round thee.' The sailor under these circumstances would probably think it better to look to leeward, for there would be very little danger of drifting upon rocks which lay off the weather-bow. He then is directed to 'Let fall his plummet,' and to 'take a reef in his fore-sail,' all which may be well enough, though when the ship was among breakers, the sailor would probably have something else to do beside casting the lead and taking reefs. But the next direction is quite startling. It is to 'Let the vessel wear.' To 'wear ship,' in a heavy gale and among breakers, is probably an operation which no one but a nautical poet would think of recommending. Such are the risks of attempting the use of sea language.

If our captain had not been a very good-natured man, he would have been much perplexed by the ten thousand foolish questions which we all asked him. Most of the passengers were as ignorant of all sea matters as babes, and earnestly bent on the acquisition of useful knowledge; and so he ran the gauntlet of questions wherever he went. The dinner-table, especially, presented a fine opportunity for the gentlemen who sat on either side of him, to ask questions. For example, Mr. A. says, 'How much do you pay the pilot, captain?' 'By the ship's draught, sir; so much a foot.' Mr. A.—'How much does your vessel draw?' Captain.—'A short eighteen feet.' Mr. A.—'You pay eighteen dollars then.' Captain.—'No sir, more than that.' Mr. A.—'More than a dollar a foot, sir?'

Captain.—'Yes sir, two perhaps.' Mr. B.—'How does the pilot get aboard? Do you send your boat for him?' Captain.—'He comes in his own boat.' Mr. B.—'And what becomes of the boat?' Captain, (laughing.)—'The men row it back.' Mr. B., (reflecting.)—'Oh! he has some men with him, I suppose.' Our whole company of passengers catechised the captain about every noise on deck, and every order given; and he was obliged to say, at least twenty times over, what things must have duties paid on them in Liverpool, and what not. The following catechism I wrote down just as it occurred. Mr. O., (who is writing a letter to send back from Liverpool.)—'Shall I write "per steamer" on the outside of this letter?' Captain.—'Yes sir.' Mr. O.—'And then put it in the post-office?' Captain.—'Yes sir.' Mr. O.—'Or I may send it from the hotel to the post-office.' Captain.—'You may, sir.' Mr. O.—'I suppose I shall find some one to take it for me, shall I not?' Captain.—'No doubt, sir.' This conversation, which actually took place, is a fair specimen of the questions we asked him all day long. Therefore, among the other functions of a sea-captain, seems to be that of instructing every new company of passengers in the elements of navigation. They not only put questions which a child might answer without much reflection, but also questions which could only be answered by a necromancer or a clairvoyant. As soon as a vessel is seen on the horizon, every one runs to the captain and asks, "What vessel is that? Where is it from? Where is it going, do you suppose?' Our captain had got used to it, however; for he took it all tranquilly, and never, to my knowledge, made a sharp reply.

I have mentioned that we formed a society among the passengers, for the discussion of peace questions, which we called the 'Plymouth Rock Pilgrim Association.' For twelve or fourteen evenings, we examined quite thoroughly all the principal questions which were likely to be agitated at the Peace Congress in Paris. In fact, the discussions at that Peace Congress were far inferior, in my opinion, to those held in our little cabin, so far as substantial information was concerned. We had among us a fair representation of all the different views entertained among peace men. Our excellent chairman, whom I will call Mr. A., was somewhat conservative; he was a peace man of the old school, disliking ultraism, and abhorring non-resistance; he was very desirous that the magistrate should not 'bear the sword in vain,' and, in the opinion of some of the association, gave himself altogether too much trouble in defending the magistrate's sword. On the other hand, we had among us Mr. D., an excellent person; earnest, full of moral life and energy, with a generous spirit and pure purpose, and belonging to that class of reformers who wish to take what they call *high ground.* He speaks and writes as if he were opposed to the use of force in all cases. He declares himself opposed to all wars, offensive and defensive. He speaks with disapprobation of the *low ground* taken by the American Peace Society, though they too oppose all war. But if you ask him what he would do with Indians who attack our frontiers, pirates who seize our merchant vessels, with robbers and marauders, he replies that he will leave those matters to settle themselves. 'What if a nation invades and attacks us?' Mr. D. answers, 'That cannot take place in this age.' Mention to him that it *has* taken place in the invasion of Mexico by the United States army, the unprovoked attack on Rome by the French, and the unprovoked invasion of Hungary by the Russians; he replies, 'Oh, I approve of republican institutions, and think the Russians and French much in the wrong. But I do not choose to prepare for such occasions. I leave them to be settled at the time.' Yes, but the question is, are they to be settled at the time according to Christian principles, or according to chance impulses; and if the former, is it not your duty as a professed teacher of the Christian doctrine of peace, to say *now*, what ought to be done in such circumstances? Thus thinking, I wrote in my journal the following lines:—

TO THE ONE-SIDED REFORMER.

Why urge me, dear reforming brother,
  To take the 'highest ground' with you?
The only highest ground I know of,
  Is that which gives the widest view.

Our captain, who assisted at these discussions, represented another class of men; namely, those plain, practical thinkers, who really wish an end to war, but are careful to bring every plan for that object to the test of actual experience. On some points, as, for instance, the uselessness and evil of the militia system, his observation led him to agree fully with Mr. D.; but he wanted to have some distinct method arranged for dealing with pirates. He was by no means willing to leave that question to settle itself at the time.

Then there was my friend Mr. H., a young man of clear intellect, fine taste, and thorough culture; ardent in the cause of human progress, but plainly seeing the necessity of understanding all the difficulties in its way. Without particularly mentioning the rest of our members, it is enough to say that they each brought a valuable contribution to our discussions. And without describing the course of our debates, I will give the general results to which my own mind was brought by means of them.

One of the great difficulties in the way of the peace movement, thus far, has been the want of a practical aim. The peace statements have been either general ones to which every body agreed, or else vague and indistinct. The peace men declared that *war is a great evil.* Every body said 'Yes.' If to believe that *war is a great evil*, constitutes a friend of peace, then Napoleon Bonaparte was a friend of peace, and so too is the Duke of Wellington, and the Emperor of Russia. If this is your formula, the greatest war-makers in the world are ready to sign it. The difficulty of this peace doctrine is, that every body agrees to it. If you wish to make the world better by argument and persuasion, you must have a proposition which somebody doubts. Otherwise it is plain you can convince nobody.

Well, what next? The next proposition of the peace societies was, *You must have as little war as possible, you must only make war when war is necessary.* But every body agrees to this proposition also. A wise and good friend of mine defended the English invasion of the Sikh Territory, as absolutely necessary, in order to maintain their power in India, the overthrow of which would bring ruin on three hundred millions of people. John Quincy Adams defended the invasion of China by the English, because the Chinese would not take the English opium. Mr. Polk thought, or pretended to think, the war against Mexico necessary to defend our country from invasion. To say, therefore, that we must only fight *when it is necessary*, is virtually saying nothing.

Practical men, therefore, have hitherto looked with some contempt on the peace movement. It has seemed to them like that of one who is beating the air. The peace advocates seemed to them well-meaning people, but rather weak, who supposed themselves to be doing good because they were making speeches, and circulating tracts, to convince people of what they believed already.

The question, therefore, to be answered by the friends of peace, at the present time, is this, — 'What do you propose to do? What is your aim?'

The answer of the friends of peace at the present day, is no longer vague or indefinite. They say, —

First. That the system of war, now maintained by Christian nations, for the settlement of international disputes, should be entirely abandoned, and a new and peaceful system take the place of it. *Second.* That the whole warlike organization of Christian nations should be dissolved; that there should be no more armies, navies, forts, or military schools; and that, for all necessary purposes, a civil force should be substituted for the military force. *Third.* There should be a Congress of nations, composed of delegates regularly appointed by the governments of Christendom, to settle the principles of international law. *Fourth.* There should be a high court of nations, sitting permanently, and composed of judges appointed by each nation, to try and decide all international disputes according to this code of laws. *Fifth.* The penalty for refusing to submit to the decision of such a court, in addition to the judgment of public opinion, might be an embargo on trade, and non-intercourse with the nation so refusing. *Sixth.* An adequate police force might be maintained at sea, and on land, to repress insurrections, to punish pirates, &c.

This plan, as it seems to me, combines the advantages of being distinct, practicable, and effectual.

It is distinct. It declares that the present method adopted by civilized nations for settling their disputes among themselves, is that of a great military system. It is maintained at an enormous expense. It is an ineffectual system, and an unchristian system. It is ineffectual, for no dispute is ever settled by it; a dispute ends, but is not settled. No just principles are evolved by war. After the two nations have injured each other as much as possible, matters are left usually as they were before.

This plan is practicable. Nations can be brought to adopt it. No doubt, such a system seems strange to us now, but it is in reality much more in accordance with our present state of civilization, and with the spirit of the present age, than the system of war. The tendency of things is toward such a system as this. There was a time, and that not long since, when private wars were carried on in all the countries of Europe. One nobleman led out his troops to fight with another. Towns fought with towns. There was a time since then, in which individuals went armed in the streets, and defended themselves with their swords on all occasions. All this has passed by; disputes between towns and individuals are now settled by law, not by force. It is only between nations, that force continues to be the arbiter. This too is passing away. The United States of America consist of thirty independent nations, which settle their disputes among themselves, by an appeal to an international tribunal. Why may not a similar tribunal settle disputes among all nations?

If it be objected that an unarmed nation may be invaded, and that therefore a military system is necessary, I do not answer, as the friends of peace sometimes do, that an unarmed nation cannot be attacked. It is not likely to be attacked, for armaments and fortifications are great temptations to an enemy. Still, it is not impossible, as history shows, that a nation without any military force should be invaded by an ambitious and warlike neighbor. But history also shows that the invader, in such cases, is more easily defeated by the nation which has no standing army, than by one which has. So the unarmed Swiss defeated the troops of Burgundy and Austria; so the Greeks, with no standing army, defeated the vast forces of the Persians; so the citizen soldiers of the United States defeated, in the revolutionary war, the disciplined troops of England. But the Roman Empire, with its standing army of thirty legions, was overrun and conquered by the northern barbarians. And the reason is obvious, — when a nation which has no military force is invaded, the whole people feel called upon to defend their homes, when, otherwise, the defence would be left to the hired soldiers. Such an extemporaneous resistance must always be most efficient. An army is easily conquered; not so a nation.

If it be objected that a military system is necessary for internal police, I reply, that the people themselves are more efficient than soldiers in quelling mobs or putting down insurrections. This was signally shown in the Chartist demonstrations in England a few years since. The danger seemed imminent that the British government would be overthrown; but though that government had one of the most powerful armies in the world, the army was not used; though its arsenals were crowded with the munitions of war, they were not touched. The Duke of Wellington, to whom the defence of the government was committed, a soldier himself, did not trust to soldiers. He called upon the citizens to come forward and defend their institutions; and two hundred thousand of them were sworn in, as special constables. That was enough; the Chartists were overawed by this display of the public sentiment. Far more terrible to a mob is the word people, than the word soldier.

There is but one more serious objection to the plan of the friends of peace, but that, I admit, is the most formidable. 'The plan is impracticable, because it is impracticable. It is impracticable, because it can't be done.' We have been so accustomed to guns and cannon, that we take it for granted that they cannot be dispensed with. People always have fought and always will fight. Peace, universal peace, is a vision, beautiful, but impossible to be realized. It is visionary, airy, hopeless, &c., &c., &c. This probably is the most efficient argument against the peace movement, as it is the most effective argument against every other improvement or reform.

But, fortunately, this is an argument which can be removed by dint of talking. A new thing seems absurd to most persons, till they have heard it talked about a good deal, and then it seems very rational. The railroad to the Pacific seemed a ridiculous proposition when it was first mentioned, but it has been talked about till it seems quite feasible. The friends of peace, therefore, do well in keeping the subject of peace before the public mind. If the Peace Congress do no more than this, they will do good.

But the work which the friends of peace have to do, is a great and noble one. Its negative side is to destroy the war spirit and war institutions; its positive side is to create the peace spirit and peace institutions.

The war spirit is not to be confounded with the heroism which has sanctified and ennobled it. War has not been all evil; it would be a libel on mankind to say so. If men had loved war for the sake of its horrors and atrocities, it would argue a depravity in man which would make the reformer's task a hopeless one. Our hope is, in being able to separate the heroic soul of war from its brutal body. We do not oppose the generous patriotism which spends a day in dying in a mountain-pass to defend its country; we do not preach peace to cowards, but to the brave. We oppose the cruelty, treachery, brutality, which covets its neighbor's possessions, envies its neighbor's prosperity, desires its neighbor's downfall. We would provide a higher work and fairer field for all true heroes.

We also wish to destroy war as a system and institution; because, though the war spirit has created the institution, yet the institution maintains and increases the war spirit. If we had not the institution already existing, the apparatus of war, the organized army and navy, the ships and forts, the gunpowder and cannon, the martial music, the banners and uniforms, the iron machinery and the golden ornaments,—if these did not exist, but had to be now for the first time invented, the spirit of this age would not invent them. These are *the fossil remains of a past epoch*, and if once fairly out of the way, could not be reproduced by the creative soul of this time.

The creative soul of this time, which is to make all things new, is itself the peace spirit. It is the spirit of universal union and co-operation. It is the spirit which is breaking down all the barriers of old prejudice which have separated man from man, nation from nation, and race from race. It is the spirit which frees commerce from its restrictions; which gives us free postage, steam-ships, railroads and telegraphs; which brings man into helpful relations with man every where. The original tendencies of the present century are all synthetic. In philosophy, religion, science, art, education, social life and industry, men are putting together, not taking apart; building up, and not pulling down; uniting, and not separating. This is the spirit which will help the friends of peace, and which the friends of peace are to help.

Finally, we have to create peaceful institutions, to supply the place of warlike institutions. It is not premature, therefore, to recommend a *Congress of Nations*, to fix and codify international law, and a *High Court of Nations* to decide disputes under it. 'The soul of man,' say the Buddhists, 'is like a leech; it will not let go at one end till it has taken hold of something with the other.' Men will not give up one institution or creed, bad though it be, till something better is provided to take the place of it.

On the morning of the 24th of July, at half past three, the captain came and touched me, as I lay asleep, and said, 'Do you want to see Ireland?' I started up, and went on deck, and there it lay, a long strip of blue, hilly coast, in the rosy morning streak of light. It was the mountainous coast near Cape Clear. It came on to rain, and then the wind became opposite to us, and we had to beat several hours, now running up to the coast, and then standing off again. But in the afternoon it became bright again, and the wind hauled aft, and we ran on our way gallantly. The coast lay on our north, purple and blue, mountainous enough, and with black rocky shores, bold headlands, and bleak hill-sides; but between the hills we saw fields of grain and grass, houses here and there, and many low buildings, which we took for the cottages of the peasants.

A boat from a pilot sloop came along-side, and we got from it a copy of the Times of July 10th, which we were glad to get, though a fortnight old, for it was seventeen days later than our last European news, which was only up to June 24th. Then another boat appeared, rowing toward us, and rising as it were out of the ocean. Four or five ragged fellows were in her, and they hailed us, holding up a basket with something to sell. When they got along-side, it proved to be a bushel of potatoes, which they had rowed several miles, for the chance of selling.

Next morning, at seven, we were still running along the southern coast of Ireland, off the county of Cork. It was a fine clear day, blue sky, and warm sun, and every thing pleasant about the ship. We saw the floating light, the Salteese Islands, a British steamer on its way to Cork, some villages and villas on the shore, one undoubted ruined tower or castle of gray stone, and, behind all, a multitude of high hills and mountains. At noon we passed Tuscar Light, and entered St. George's Channel.

Next morning at seven we were inside of Holyhead Light on the Isle of Anglesea, and a pilot-boat was coming to us. We took the pilot on board, and he assumed henceforth the management of the ship. About two we were sailing up the river Mersey, here a broad arm of the sea. A steam tow-boat came to take us up, but having a fair wind, and going some eight miles an hour, we declined its aid for the present with many thanks. So the little thing kept along by the side of our great ship, restraining its speed so as to go just as fast as we did. Thus I have seen a dog trotting by the side of his master, occasionally running ahead and then tranquilly reducing his pace again. I was struck with the ease with which it was steered. Once or twice it came within a foot of our vessel to let a man step on board, and then fell off again; boat and ship being both under way.

These little steamers are the most striking features (next the docks) in the port of Liverpool. They run to and fro, busy as ants, and keep the river as active as a street with carriages; many are tug-boats, some ferry-boats, and some are bound to the various ports of England, Ireland, Wales, and Scotland.

Before we came to anchor, another little steam-boat ran along-side, to bring a letter directed to the delegates to the Peace Convention. This letter was from Mr. Rathbone, of Liverpool, a gentleman connected with the Peace Society of Liverpool, and was sent to welcome us, and to offer his aid to us as we might need it.

Having now arrived at Liverpool, I will close this chapter, with a few practical suggestions for the benefit of those who may be about taking the same trip.

In going to Europe, especially in the summer, a packet-ship of the first class is preferable, on many accounts, to a steamer. The winds on the North Atlantic being mostly from the west, one is not likely to have a very long passage. The time varies from two weeks to four. We were twenty days, in which time one cannot become very tired of the ocean. In fact, less than this does not give you an impression of the vastness of the sea, and of your separation and solitude upon it. Again, in the cabin of the packet you have more room, less crowd, better ventilation. The motion of the steamer is much more disagreeable than that of the packet, which last is steadied by its sails. Finally, the price is much less.

A person going to sea should take always thick clothes, for there is no warm weather on the ocean. One should take to sea, shoes or boots with thick soles, for the decks are always wet or damp.

CHAPTER II.

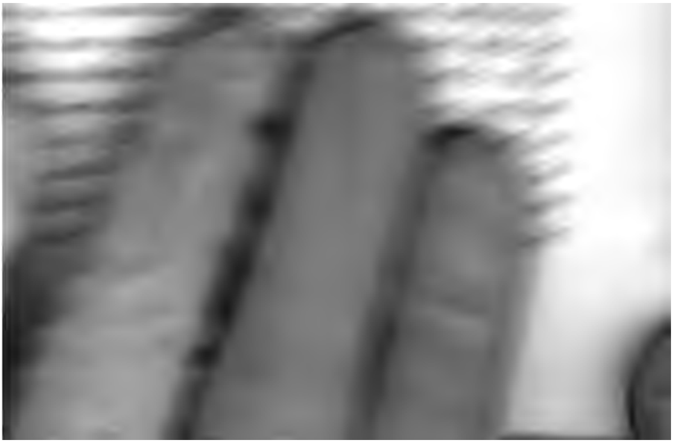
NORTH WALES AND THE LAKES.

It was in the afternoon when we stepped ashore at Liverpool, from the little steamer which brought us from our ship. The noble ship itself lay at anchor in the river, its berth in the docks not being ready. These docks constitute the most striking feature of the port of Liverpool. As you approach the city, you see long rows of brick ware-houses on the river front, with gates here and there opening between them. Behind these warehouses rise the masts of innumerable vessels, which are safely locked up within, like sheep in a fold.

So, then, we were really in England; but, as yet, there was nothing to make us realize it, for Liverpool looks very like New York or Philadelphia. We went to the Waterloo Hotel, a small but comfortable house, where Americans do mostly congregate. Here I had my first experience of an English inn, and it resembled most of those which I afterward saw. You are met at the door by a smiling young lady, with curls on her cheeks and a smart cap on her head, who enters your name in her book, asks you if you will have a chamber, if you will take tea, sends the porter for your trunks, and calls the chamber-maid to show you to your room. This young lady presides in a small central office, and to her you must go if you want dinner, and her you must pay when you are about to leave. Turning about I looked for the parlor; but there is no public parlor in English hotels, neither for ladies nor gentlemen. If you have a lady with you, you must engage a private parlor; if you are alone, you may go into the coffee-room. The coffee-room is a small room, with one or two tables in the middle, on which lie the London newspapers, with small tables around its sides, each large enough to accommodate four persons, and each in a little recess by itself. There is no public table as in the United States, nor *table d'hote* as on the Continent, but each man orders his dinner or tea when he wants it. To attend to these orders, a waiter is gliding about the room in noiseless slippers and white cravat. This waiter is always a small, dried up man, past the middle age, very obsequious, and never without his white cravat. In fact, he does not seem to have altered since the days of Shakspeare, and his 'Coming, sir,' constantly reminded me of 'Francis;' and I half expected to see Sir John Falstaff, and the merry Prince Harry. Two or three of our ship's company took tea together at one of these little mahogany tables in the coffee-room. On the table stood two little plates containing strawberries so large, that they seemed to have come from Brobdignag. There was also potted lobster, and a dish of shrimps, unintelligible looking little monsters, which we did not venture to touch.

The next morning I took a walk before breakfast, saw the market, which was full of strawberries and cherries, and other fruits, the season of which had been over three or four weeks before in Boston. In the forenoon I went to the custom-house to get my trunk, which had been carried there from the vessel. In the ante-room, I found most of our passengers assembled. The trunks had all been taken into an inner room, and we were called in, one at a time, to open them and show their contents. In Liverpool almost the only things which they look for, at the custom-house, are books and cigars. Each person is allowed to take a few cigars, duty free, for his own use; on all the rest a heavy duty is paid, and there is a severe penalty for any attempt at concealment. Books printed in England pay no duty when carried there again. Books written and printed in America pay a duty of sixpence a pound, about twelve cents. English books, printed in America, are not admitted at all, but are forfeited. The right way to act upon these occasions, is to open all your trunks and packages at once, of your own accord, and then the inspector is easily satisfied; any reluctance is sure to provoke a sharp examination. I had put on the top of my trunk, in full sight, every thing which paid duty; and the officer gave a very hasty examination to the rest of the trunk, merely lifting the clothes slightly on one side, and saying, 'Are these only your clothes, sir?'

Oh! the delight of a letter from home, after being absent a month. The bankers to whom you have letters of credit, usually receive your letters, and forward them for you to any place you may designate. It is almost worth while to be a banker, to witness the pleasure of those to whom they hand letters from home. After seeing a few more public buildings,



than vergers usually are, and he seemed to make our joy at the sight of his cathedral 'his own by gentle sympathy.' He first showed us the cloisters; then the vestibule leading to the chapter-house from the cloisters; then the chapter-house; then the nave of the church; and, lastly, the choir and some side chapels. In the arched stone roof of the vestibule we saw the commencement of the pointed arch. The chapter-house, in which the canons hold their meetings, is a noble room with book shelves around the lower part, and above them immense gothic windows, with a double plane of mullions and spaces between them, making a passage all around the room. These spaces we entered through a secret sliding oak pannel and spiral stone stairs cut in the solid wall. What the object of this walking space was, half way up the side of the room, our enthusiastic old verger could not tell us. But I shall not forget the delight of my friend H. in these dark, mysterious passages. Next we visited the nave of the church, which, though the largest part, is never used for services. It is about seventy-five feet high, and the roof supported by gigantic stone columns. The choir is the part of the church which is separated from the rest for worship, and where services are held twice a day by the canons, who read and chant the morning and evening lessons. This is the case in all the English cathedrals. The chanting is usually done by half a dozen boys, who are drilled for that purpose, and dressed in white surplices. They are usually rather a rough looking set of fellows, not always washed nor combed. The only verses which David Hume is known to have written, relate to these boys; one line being, 'Where godless boys God's praises sing.' The seats in the choir are of oak, beautifully carved. This carving, though several hundred years old, is so exquisitely fresh, that I thought it lately done. Above the seats is a canopy of carved oak, extending around the room, worked into hundreds of little pinnacles in the most exquisite way. The arms of the seats are cut into the heads of saints, angels, and other devices, with an infinite amount of labor. Then there is a splendid Episcopal throne and canopy of stone richly carved, which was the shrine of the old Saxon saint to whom the abbey was originally dedicated. In a side aisle was a stone sarcophagus, formerly containing the body of some old baron. It was painted in durable colors on the side. Then, by a stairway hidden in the wall, we ascended to the triforium, where, in most of the cathedrals as here, there is a passage running around the inside of the whole church. It is some twenty-five feet above the floor; and here, they say, the nuns used to stand concealed from view, and hear the service, and this perhaps is a very faint germ of the modern galleries. We also pursued this dark passage till it brought us to the roof of the cathedral. Here we looked down upon the city as it lay below us, bathed in the light of the afternoon sun, now hastening to his setting. We saw the little spots of shaven turf, and ladies in their gardens tending their flowers. We saw the city wall, the old castle of Chester, the river Dee winding through the fields, and in the distance the blue mountains of Wales. 'Here,' said H., 'the old monks used to watch and see the wild Welsh coming down from the mountains.' We climbed around the corners of the great square tower, which rose from the centre of the building, so as to go in turn upon the roof of the nave, choir, and transepts; and at last came down, but not till the verger shouted up through the passage-way that he should have to lock us in if we staid any longer. We were amazingly delighted with every thing, and also pleased the old verger's wife with an extra gratuity.

After all this, we still had time in the long summer twilight of England to see the curious old streets, two small churches under repair, and finally to go around the city on the top of the old wall which serves for a promenade for the inhabitants.[1] Here they were taking their evening walk, and as we passed along we met them singly or in groups. The river Dee runs close to the wall, and by the side of it we lingered, gathering flowers. We seemed to have been whirled away into some imaginary region, to a great distance from the nineteenth century. But it grew dark; every thing must have an end; so we came back to our hotel, and, while drinking our tea, congratulated each other upon the fine time we had had. What with our talk, and finishing some more letters for the next day's steamer, it was late before we retired.

The first thing I saw in the morning, in looking from the chamber window, was the old cathedral tower, which looked very picturesque in the soft misty air. I took our letters to the post-office, but found that there was no mail going to Liverpool in time for the steamer. But, as a train of cars was just starting, I jumped into a cab, and went to the station, and soon selected a respectable looking old gentleman, in gold spectacles, and said, 'Are you going to Liverpool, sir?' He answered, 'Yes.' 'Do you go near the post-office?' 'Close by.' 'Will you then be so kind as to take these letters and drop them in? I wish them to go by to-day's steamer, to America, and they are too late for the mail.' 'Certainly, sir,' said he, 'they shall be put in as carefully as if you were there yourself.' He then pulled out his card, and handed it to me, on which was written his name. 'That is my name; add Liverpool, and you have my address. I am well known there, sir.' Not satisfied with this guarantee, he called another old gentleman, in tights, who was passing, and said, 'This, sir, is an American gentleman, who has given me these letters to put in the Liverpool post-office; you shall be his witness that I have taken charge of them.' I told him it was not necessary, for that I had trusted his looks, and so departed. I need not add that the letters arrived safely.

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[1] The circuit of the walls is a mile and three quarters, and shows the limits of the ancient Roman and Saxon city. It was made a camp previous to Agricola's invasion of Scotland, and was the head-quarters of the twentieth Roman legion. The Roman modes of fortification are evident in the arrangement of the round towers in the wall, and some Roman work probably remains in the walls themselves.

Another pleasant little incident had occurred the previous evening, which also tended to elevate my opinion of English cordiality. Passing an old church under repair, I saw on the door the notice, 'No admittance except on business,' and so walked in. Seeing two gentlemen talking together, one in a white cravat, a sign in England of a clergyman or a waiter, I went to him and said, 'I am breaking your laws, sir, by coming in, but I am a stranger, and wish to see what you are doing.' He welcomed me very cordially, and proceeded to tell how his fine old church had been plastered over, boarded and planked up, and all its excellent points spoiled, during the dark ages of architecture, (which are supposed to reach from 1600 to 1800;) and how he, aided by the other gentleman, who (he whispered,) was the architect, and a man of taste, were restoring it by pulling down the high pews, tearing away the planks and plaster, uncovering again the stone wall with its carvings, inserting a little colored glass in the windows, &c. The church was small enough, and could not have seated more than a hundred persons at its best, but the good rector loved it for all that.

After breakfast we went out, and passed through the curious old streets of the town, on our way to Eaton Hall, the seat of the Marquis of Westminster. These streets are remarkable for having each four sidewalks, two on a level with the street, as usual, and two more, one story up, above the first row of shops.[1] It

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[1] 'These rows,' says Mr. Pennant, 'appear to me to have been the same as the ancient vestibules, and to have been a form of building preserved from the time that the city was possessed by the Romans. They were the places where the dependents waited for the coming out of their patrons. The shops beneath the rows were magazines for the various necessaries of the owners of the houses.' But as the streets have been excavated from the solid rock, and sunk several feet below the surface, it is possible that these double sidewalks may have been thus originated.

Chester contained five hundred houses in the time of Edward is curious to see four streams of foot passengers passing along at the same time, above and below. Passing through the town, we went out by the castle, till we reached the bridge over the Dee, and crossing it, came directly to the stone gate-way, by which we entered the park of Eaton Hall. The front of this entrance was adorned with shields, carved in the stone, containing the armorial bearings of the marquis.

It was a beautiful day again, and the soft misty air, through which the July sun shot its warm rays, gave a rich tint to the abundant foliage of the laurel, oak, and elms which grew on either side our path. On we walked, mile after mile, along this noble avenue. It is nearly four miles from the porter's lodge to the house, and all this was contained in the park of the marquis. Occasionally stopping to sketch the trees and shrubbery, or to look at the deer which, in hundreds, were standing under the trees ; or turning aside to see the swans in the little ponds, we at last reached the hall. It is a large modern building, with a gothic front, elaborately carved at a great expense. Workmen were at this time engaged in making extensive alterations, and the interior was not to be seen by strangers. But we had seen the park, and the groups of elms in the front of the house, equal in grandeur and stateliness to our finest American elms ; and so we walked back again to Chester. On our return to Chester, we went over the old castle, which contains

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the Confessor, and at the Norman conquest its commerce was considerable. But its principal exports, we are sorry to say, were horses and *slaves*, for our Saxon ancestors carried on the slave trade with much activity.

an arsenal of thirty thousand stand of arms. Part of the wall was, they said, built by Julius Cæsar; but, if we believe all that we hear of Julius Cæsar's walls and towers, we must conclude him to have been one of the greatest architects of antiquity. Chester was, no doubt, a Roman station, as its name implies.[1] Every town in England ending in Chester, as Rochester, Winchester, Dorchester, &c., was originally a Roman camp, (castra.) But whether any work of the Romans remains, except in the walls, is problematical.

We saw one more fine old church, in Chester, that of St. John. This church has circular arches, supported by heavy round pillars; and the verger said it was Saxon, and built in the year 900.[2] This, however, was a mistake. It is a Norman church, built in the eleventh century; but is, nevertheless, one of the oldest churches in England. Its tower stands at one end, and is separated from the building itself. There are some fine ruins behind the church. After seeing all these things, we returned to Liverpool and passed Sunday there.

On Monday morning H. and myself sailed in a small steamer, along the northern coast of Wales, and through the Menai Straits to Caernavon. The sea was rough, and the passage not agreeable, with the exception of a fine view of the great Orme's head, a frowning rocky headland on the coast. We passed under the Menai Bridge, which my companion thus described. 'At a distance it seems a humbug, when you are under it a wonder, when you have passed it, it becomes a humbug again.' We passed also the Britannia Tubular Bridge, one tube of which was about to be lifted to its place. We reached Caernavon just at night, and stopped at the Uxbridge Arms Hotel, which is a good inn. Before dark we had a fine view from the top of the hill behind the hotel; and walked around the great castle of gray stone, which, in the darkness, loomed up vast and terrible.[1] Tuesday morning, July 31st, we spent two hours before breakfast in wandering over every part of this great castle. It was built by Edward I. when he conquered Wales, in order to overawe the Welsh; and here, in a small square room, with stone floor and ceiling, a large fireplace, and small window in the stone wall, Edward II. was born,

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[1] The form in which the buildings are arranged, is that of a Roman camp. There are four principal streets running from the centre to the four points of the compass, each formerly terminated by a gate.

[2] It is said to have been founded by King Ethelred in 689. It was a collegiate church, and was used as a cathedral in 1075, by the first Norman bishop who resided in Chester.

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[1] Caernavon was the ancient *Segontium* of the Romans, and was a Roman station in the time of Constantine. The remains of a Roman road are still visible in the neighborhood. The Britons held it after the Romans. It is mentioned as a considerable place in 1138, and was the seat of the British princes as far back as 750. The castle is the most magnificent fortress in North Wales. It was commenced by Edward I., in 1282, and finished in a year. It encloses three acres. The towers are pentagonal, hexagonal, and octagonal. The eagle tower, in which Edward II. was born, is especially beautiful, being crowned with three small turrets. Its walls are ten feet thick, and those of the rest of the fortress eight. There are openings in the galleries all around, for the discharge of arrows at besiegers.

April 25th, 1284. The lofty walls of the castle, broken here and there with loftier towers, surround an interior court which contains about three acres. Corridors and passages run along the whole circuit of the walls; and though the wooden floors and ceilings of the larger rooms are gone, there still remain a multitude of small guard-chambers and ante-rooms wholly of stone. These walls are covered, in a great degree, with ivy, that universal beautifier of English ruins. Its rich foliage of dark green hangs like a curtain along these old bastions. This castle is very creditable to its Norman architects; its stone work has stood for five centuries, and may stand for as many more, a monument of the middle ages, and their feudalism. Passing along one of those corridors, which had echoed with the mailed feet of steel-clad knights, and where, by the narrow slits in the wall, the archers had stood, I came upon a child's playthings. Some little boy had left his wagon, and heap of stones, where he had been playing last. The contrast between the amusements of innocent childhood, and these vast remains of a fierce age, was touching. So nature renews itself evermore, and flowers and little children enjoy their innocent life upon the ruins of outworn institutions.

My companion and I had agreed to ride this day through a part of North Wales to Conway, and there take the rail, which runs along the northern coast to Liverpool. So we took a post-chaise, driver, and horse, ten miles to Llanberris. This post-chaise was like one of our cabs, without a top, having two seats opposite to each other on the sides, and a door behind. It is a pleasant way of riding, with a single companion, when the weather is good, as you have a fine view in every direction. The morning was misty with an occasional shower; but at noon the weather cleared up and became very fine. Posting, though pleasant, is rather expensive. You first pay the landlord a shilling a mile for his car, then the driver threepence a mile, and, beside that, you pay the tolls. We first took a car from Caernavon by the Pass of Llanberris to Capelcarig ten miles, from thence another car to Llanwrst, eleven miles; then to Conway, twelve miles. The first part of the journey was very wild, among hills bare of trees and purple with heather, where the blue Welsh slate was cropping out, and over which dark mists were gathering, dispersing, stealing up, or drifting down, in those unaccountable movements, which mists are always practising on the sides of mountains. When we reached the Lake of Llanberris, the scenery grew more and more wild. We saw the side of Snowden, the top hidden, as ever, in its perpetual mists; we saw several ruined castles on the distant hill-sides, and places where the vast overhanging rocks might well have given a satisfactory pulpit to the Welsh bard, whose incantation scattered wild dismay into the crested ranks of Edward: —

'As down the steep of Snowden's shaggy side,
He wound, with toilsome march, his long array.'

After leaving the lake, near which stood Brimbrass Castle, a large pile of ruins, we entered the Pass of Llanberris, where the host of Edward might have been excused for feeling some dismay, if threatened with an attack from the mountaineers. All here was precipitous and wild. Surmounting the pass, we began to descend into the valley; and a wide view opened before us, but still bare of woods or trees. After leaving Capelcarig, we entered a different region, where we found rich meadows, green woods, and every evidence of a highly cultivated country. Between Capelcarig and Llanwrst, we stopped to look at the Swallow Fall, a fine piece of tumbling water, rushing and leaping beneath the overhanging trees, down a succession of cataracts. Along the road grew an abundance of flowers; violets and harebells, honeysuckle, and foxglove. At Llanwrst we turned aside to visit Gwydir Castle, the seat of Lord Willoughby D'Eresby. It is, however, no castle, in the common sense, but a small old-fashioned country-house with small windows, walls panneled with oak, and old-fashioned furniture. Here, as every where in England, you may visit the houses of the nobility, during their absence, and see their grounds by paying a shilling or two to the house-keeper and the gardener. This is some compensation to the people for their subservience to the aristocracy. If the nobility monopolize land, offices, and honors, they are not so exclusive as we sometimes imagine. These show houses do, in some sense, belong to the people, as much as to their nominal owners; the only use that can be made of them is to look at them, and the people can look at them whenever they please.

As we approached Conway, we saw it at a distance, surrounded by a wall, from which at intervals rose round towers. It is the only city in England which is wholly within its walls. The chief object of interest here is the castle, which, like that at Caernavon, was built by Edward I. It differs from that in being better fitted for a royal residence, not so much so for military defence.[1] The towers at Caernavon are angular; these are round. The ruins of the state apartments are more highly carved, and decorated. Lovely, in the evening sun, were these interior courts, noble archways, and carved windows. Here the great Edward and his gentle queen once kept their court; and as we sat on the towers, or climbed along the broken passages, we could easily bring back those days of feudal glory. As we looked down into the interior court, our dream was dissipated; ladies with green parasols, and gallants in white gloves, were looking with admiring eyes at the curiosities of the place. Old gentlemen in gaiters and spectacles, forcibly reminding one of Mr. Pickwick, were poking their noses into every corner. All things assured us, that we were no longer in the days of fighting, but in those of trading; when

'The Duke of Norfolk trades in malt,
The Douglass in red herrings;
And noble name, and towers, and land,
Are powerless to the notes of hand
Of Rothschild and the Barings.'

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[1] In this castle eight vast towers, crowned with turrets, are still standing. In one of these is the remains of an oriel window, richly carved, where the toilet of queen Eleanor is said to have stood. The length of the great banquetting hall is one hundred and thirty-nine feet, and six arches of the roof remain. Edward I. passed a Christmas here with his Queen Eleanor.

Reaching Liverpool that night, I was invited by the Rev. Mr. Bishop, the minister at large in Liverpool, to join a party who were to make an excursion, the next day, to the Lakes of Cumberland. This excursion was got up by the members of the Roscoe Club; a society consisting principally of the young men of Liverpool, engaged in commerce, and who unite together for mutual instruction and recreation. We left Liverpool by rail at about 9 o'clock, and reached Bowness, on Lake Windermere, in about three hours. At Bowness we took a little steamer, and sailed to Ambleside at the other extremity. I walked from Ambleside to Rydal, and saw Wordsworth's house. Understanding that he was not at home, and following the example of other sight-seers, who seemed to make themselves quite at home in his premises, I also walked into his little domain, and stood on the terrace before his house, where he has so often stood to look over Lake Windermere and at the stormy summit of Loughrigg. Then I climbed Knabscar behind his house, whence a very fine view of the lake scenery is to be obtained. It was tough work for a hot day, but amply repaid me. There lay Windermere, stretching far away to the south, and Ambleside between, its stone cottages embosomed in foliage, its white road running between green hedges to the foot of the hill; and away in the distance rose a great mountain form, which much attracted me, but which, I found by the map afterward, must have been Helvellyn, only four or five miles off. Though I did not know that Helvellyn was in the neighborhood, and had supposed it to be a Scotch mountain, I was repeating to myself constantly, while on Knabscar, Scott's lines, —

> 'I climbed the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn,
> Lakes and mountains beneath me gleamed misty and wide.'

The scenery, no doubt, suggested the lines, for I was surrounded by mountains, and beneath me lay Rydal Water, Grasmere and other lakes. But the main thought in my mind was, that Wordsworth had looked upon this scenery day by day; that here his mind had been fed and strengthened; that this hill, that lake, had been his muse; every thing around me bore the coloring of the poet's mind. This was the Nature which he had interpreted and idealized. There was a glory upon these hills, not known to sea or land elsewhere, but borrowed from the poet's dream. The landscape was made alive by the power of thought; pervaded throughout with soul, humanized and elevated by the wonderful magic of the imagination. I very much enjoyed the breezy top of the mountain, bare of every thing but grass and heather. I saw a brook in the distance, tumbling and careering down along its side; so I went to it and offered myself as its companion, clambering down a very rocky steep till I reached my little brook. It was

> 'Gurgling in foamy water-break,
> Loitering in glassy pool —'

and perhaps was the identical brook which did so in Wordsworth's poem. I accompanied the brawler down into the woods, though he led me by wet ways, and finally treacherously lost me in a wilderness of underwood. It was getting dark, and, as I have a faculty of losing myself where no one else would, I was becoming somewhat bewildered; but at last I reached a path and followed it. It led me into a park, laid out with care, and, amid noble trees, to a ravine in which was a water-fall; and then it turned out that I was near the house of Lady Le Fleming, Wordsworth's neighbor, and the owner of Rydal. I went out of her gate, and pursued my way to lovely Ambleside, the sweetest of villages. I passed along a hard white road between green hedges or gray stone walls, lichen-covered, over which hung laurel and woodbines. All was neat and kept in perfect order, no branch or twig suffered to stray, more than a curl on a lady's cheek. The houses and cottages were all of gray or blue stone, and covered, in whole or part, with ivy. The fences and gates the perfection of neatness, and all the foliage rich; the fields all deep green, the grass smooth as a carpet; and the whole of this fair village was framed by a panorama of mountains, and intersected by winding brooks.

When I reached my little inn, I found a party of gentlemen and ladies taking tea in the coffee-room. Presently one of the ladies spoke of Elihu Burritt; and another made a remark concerning Ralph Waldo Emerson. This attracted my attention, which, one of the ladies afterward told me, was her precise purpose, she having suspected me of being an American. Presently I found myself engaged in very pleasant conversation with this party, who proved to be from Manchester, and the family of Mr. B., member of Parliament for that place. We talked about America and England, Mr. Emerson, and Emanuel Swedenborg, the Peace

Congress, the poet Wordsworth, and the doctrine of the Trinity. On the latter topic we could not well agree; they being Swedenborgians, and I a Unitarian, I quarrelled with Swedenborg's doctrine of the Lord, on the ground that he seemed to me, while maintaining the divinity of Christ, to lose his humanity, declaring that the soul of Christ was God himself. This, I thought, made the humanity a mere name; for a human body without a human soul, is surely not a human being; and it nullified those Scriptures, in which Jesus asserts his dependence on the Father. They found my criticisms unsatisfactory, and our discussion, warm but very kindly, was protracted to a late hour. After the fatigues of the day, I slept soundly in my neat room and comfortable English bed, with its nice linen sheets, elastic mattrass, and white drapery around.

Next morning I arose at five to walk to Grasmere to breakfast. I walked by a private path through the fields to Rydal. This foot-path went through gates and over stiles, through fair meadows, where swains were mowing the grass diamonded with morning dew; by beautiful country-seats, buried deep in shrubbery, all lovely in the sunny morning. Millions of harebells opened their blue eyes, or rather hung their bells, to welcome the day; and the wild honeysuckle, in the hedges, filled the air with fragrance. So I passed on to Rydal. There I again turned from the road into another foot-path which skirted Rydal Water, and at last I came in view of the village of Grasmere lying beyond its lake. Here I was seized with the mad desire of getting across the little River Rothay, by which

Grasmere debouches into Rydal. It was swollen by the rain, and so, as I stepped from slippery rock to rock, my pole, plucked from the hedge, snapped, and I tumbled in. My hat flew from my head immediately, dipped itself half full of water, and was just going to the bottom when I caught it. There I stood, with the water about my waist, taking my morning bath in a very unexpected manner. Emptying a quart of water from my hat, I scrambled up the bank, walked a mile and a half to the village of Grasmere, and, ordering breakfast, sat by the kitchen fire to see it cooked while I dried my clothes. The cook was a rosy English lass, and I advised her to go to America; but she knew better and said, 'It is too far; I might set out,' said she, 'but I am afraid I should never get there.' This cook was almost the only person whom I saw among the working classes in Europe, who was not thinking more or less seriously of moving to America. America is an ideal world to the peasantry of Europe. It supplies them with hope; and even to those who never go there it is a blessing, in giving them a hope of improving their condition. It is the El Dorado, the land of golden plenty, where every man can have a home of his own, and leave his children comfortable when he dies. Let it be known any where in Europe that you are an American, and you are at once welcomed by the common people. Each one has something to say to you about America; something to ask about friends living there; about wages, price of land, and modes of living.

Having dried myself by the kitchen fire, and suffering no injury, but rather by this summary hydropathic process curing a cold I had before caught, I took my breakfast, and then found a boy to row me in a skiff across Grasmere. I climbed some hills on the other side; and descending into another valley to another lake, the Elter Water, I walked rapidly by a new road which passes near Loughrigg, a high hill, to Ambleside. Reaching the inn I found, to my alarm, that the steamer had left for the cars which leave Bowness for Liverpool. But a gentleman, with two children, riding by at that moment, invited me to get in and carried me to Bowness, where, to my great pleasure, I met with two American friends on their way from Scotland to London. To realize the pleasure of meeting a friend, be by yourself for a day or two, in a foreign country, and then meet him unexpectedly. The sober English at the station must have been not a little surprised at our enthusiastic greeting.

Being pretty well tired with my morning walk, I chose to indulge myself with a ride in the first-class cars to Liverpool. On the English railroads the first-class cars are much more comfortable than ours; the second class much worse. The second class, in which almost every body rides, have often no cushions to the seats, and only the hard board to sit on or lean against. The first class is like a nobleman's travelling carriage, and contains seats for six persons only, each seat being stuffed and cushioned all around you, and of the amplest dimensions, like a large easy chair. There is no rattle to the windows, and the floor is deadened and thickly carpeted to exclude noise. For a tired man, a sick person, or a family, the comfort and seclusion of these cars are delightful. It would be well to have one or two of them attached to each of our trains in America.

I had now been a week in England, and had seen Liverpool, Chester, part of North Wales, and some of the pleasant lake scenery of Cumberland. The next morning I left Liverpool at six, by way of Birmingham and Coventry, for London. The counties we passed through were filled with manufactories; so, instead of stone cottages lichened and ivy-covered, and soft fields of grass and grain, we had rows of brick houses in view as we passed, and tall brick chimneys, spouting out columns of smoke and pestilential vapors. I made no stop in Birmingham; but from Coventry left the main railroad and went by another rail to Warwick. Here I spent an hour or two in looking at the castle, which is one of the wonders of England. It is one of the oldest of the baronial castles, and while most of the rest have gone to ruin, this is in perfect preservation, and is inhabited by the present earl. You enter through a gateway and porter's lodge, in one room of which you are shown some old armor, and a vast two-handed sword, said to have belonged to Guy of Warwick. Then you pass on through an avenue cut down through the solid rock eight or ten feet deep, to the outer court. Here you pass through another gateway into the inner court, which may contain an acre. The castle surrounds this inner court, and consists of massive towers connected by walls in which run corridors, and here and there rooms of a very considerable size. State apartments, which are shown to visitors, extend three hundred and thirty-three feet in length on the ground floor. The doors which lead from one room into another are placed opposite to each other, and when open you can look through this whole distance. You first are shown the great banqueting hall, some thirty feet in height with ceiling of oak, and floor of marble laid in squares. There is a cedar room, the walls being wholly panelled with cedar; a gilded room with carved and gilded panelling; Queen Anne's bedchamber, the bed and room remaining as when she occupied it. But the pictures were what chiefly attracted my attention. There were twenty or thirty paintings by Vandyke, among which were two portraits of the Earl of Strafford, and one or two of Charles I. and his family, of his Queen Henrietta and his young children. One of these pictures, representing Charles I. on horseback, is placed at the end of a corridor, and when you see it, the king on his noble white horse seems to be riding into the entry. There was one Titian, one noble picture by Rembrandt, one Guido, and several by Rubens. There were two portraits by Holbein, of Henry VIII., as a boy and a man, and it was curious to trace the likeness between the two. You could see the plump rosy cheeks of the boy in the heavy, hanging swollen face of the hard king. There was also, by the same artist, the sweet Anne Boleyn, and the sweet Mary Boleyn, and some coarser beauties by Lely. But to me, the Vandykes were the charm of the collection, and the more that I afterward saw of Vandyke, the more I came to enjoy his pictures. All his portraits have the expression of noble humanity, by which even a common face is made beautiful, and an ineffable charm fixed on the features of genius or heroism. But the pleasure of seeing these pictures was joined with the misery of having only a minute and a half allowed to each; for the housekeeper, with her bunch of keys and rustling silk dress, was inexorable, and would not permit me to delay. I tried to soften her hard heart by telling her that I was from America, and had never seen such fine pictures before. 'Yes,' she answered, 'I knew you were from America; we have a great many Americans here.' She, like all other guides and sight-showers, could not understand why one person should want more time than another in looking at any thing, or why, when your eye had rested a moment on a picture and you had been told its name, you should wish to linger upon it any longer. I believe, however, that I persuaded her, by much coaxing, to grant me about double the usual time. I saw the great Warwick Vase, a magnificent affair of one piece of marble weighing many tons, and walked around the small park in which were many noble beeches and cedars of Lebanon. The walls in these places are usually covered with laurel, which grows in dense masses of shining leaves, shutting in the view. The beeches sweep the ground with their long low branches. After looking at an old church in the town of Warwick, and walking to the Leamington station, I went from there in fifteen minutes to Kenilworth. From Kenilworth village I rode a mile, in the sunny afternoon, through sweet plains hedged in and overhung with richest green, winding on to the gateway of the wonderful ruin of Kenilworth Castle. Seven acres, they say, were enclosed within the wall. The castle was built of red sandstone, and even the gateway is a building as large as many a castle of the common sort. This gateway remains uninjured, and is a square building, with towers at each corner and battlements between. The remains of the castle consist of one great square tower, the keep, old as the Saxon heptarchy, the walls of which are some twelve feet thick. From this stretched the kitchens, an extensive pile of ruins, to a square solid tower which still remains entire. Then come the immense state apartments, of which only the walls are standing, and these much broken; but still you see the noble gothic windows with the remains of stone tracery, the vast fireplaces, and the deep recesses in the walls, carved and ornamented, making smaller apartments. Beside this there remain other towers, one of which is the great pile of building erected by Robert Dudley in the time of Elizabeth. There is still preserved a fireplace of marble with his arms and initials carved upon it, the upper part of carved oak, with the initials of Queen Elizabeth. I spent an hour or two very pleasantly among these ruins, where the green ivy contrasts well with the red sandstone, and then returned to Coventry to pass the night. Next morning after looking about Coventry, and exploring one or two old churches there, and seeing the image of 'Peeping Tom,' which looks from the corner of a house into the market, I left, at seven, for London, where I arrived in four hours. Here I drove to the excellent boarding-house of Mrs. Chapman, 142 Strand, which I found to be a very central and convenient location. Omnibuses run past the door to all parts of the city; you are close to Waterloo Bridge, where you can take the little steamers up and down the river; you are within reasonable walking distance of the British Museum, the National Gallery, the Theatres, Pall Mall, Westminster Abbey, the Parks, and St. Paul's; and to conclude, an American is there made to feel himself at home in a kind and friendly family, and, by means of Mr. Chapman, can supply himself with books or obtain any information concerning them.

CHAPTER III.

LONDON.

THERE are two methods of sight-seeing, either of which a traveller may adopt. He may hire a guide, or buy a guide-book, and go to see every thing which other people go to see. If his object is to say, when he goes home, that he has seen this and that curiosity, this method is to be preferred. The other plan is to select that class of objects which is especially interesting to himself, and to see these as thoroughly as possible. If his object is personal improvement and the acquisition of real knowledge, this method is undoubtedly the superior one. London is so monstrous a place, that one cannot even run through it in less than many weeks; and if you have only one or two weeks to spend, it is absolutely necessary to select the objects of special interest, and devote your time to these exclusively.

There are some objects, of course, which are interesting to every one. Such are the PARKS OF LONDON, those beautiful green lawns and pastures, where beneath the shade of fair groves, sheep browse and children play. Such also is the RIVER THAMES, with its bridges, and little steamers flitting to and fro, which thread their way along with the adroitness of a duck; coming up to the piers to take passengers in and to put them out, touching and then off again in a moment. Such, also, are the swarming STREETS OF LONDON, in the city, around the bank and post-office; and the magnificent SHOPS OF THE WEST END, in Piccadilly, Bond Street, and Regent Street. Every one wishes to see WESTMINSTER ABBEY, ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, and the TOWER. One of the great wonders of London is the BRITISH MUSEUM, which no one should omit visiting. A very good way of seeing London is, to ride on the top of the omnibuses, which carry you a vast distance for three pennies; and no one should omit going up and down the river on the little steamers, which also will carry you a mile or two for three pence.

As for myself, I had made up my mind that what I wished to see in Europe was, in the first place, the ALPS of Switzerland; secondly, FINE PAINTINGS and picture galleries; and, in the third place, the fine old CATHEDRALS. In England there are said to be almost as many fine pictures of the Italian, Spanish and Flemish schools, as there are in Italy or elsewhere.[1] The great wealth of the English nobility and gentry enable them to purchase every fine picture which is offered for sale at any time in the continental markets. It is said that there are more Murillos in England than in Spain. The picture galleries of London are public or private. Of the public, the principal are the National Gallery, and Vernon Gallery in Trafalgar Square, Dulwich Museum, the Gallery at Hampton Court, and the British Institution. Of the private galleries, the more important for old pictures are the Bridgewater Gallery, the Sunderland Gallery, those of the Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Ashburton, and Mr. Rogers.

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[1] This is more true of the Spanish and Flemish schools than of the Italian. Frescoes cannot be bought, even by English gold.

The first night that I passed in London, I heard every time that I awoke a rushing sound, which I at first thought was the river; it sounds like the Falls of Niagara, as heard from the hotel on the American side. This was the noise of the streets, the steady flow of carriages along the streets around you; it rises and falls, swells and sinks, but never ceases day nor night.

On Sunday morning I went to hear Dr. Hutton, the Unitarian, who preaches in a small chapel near St. Paul's Cathedral. In the afternoon I attended the service in Westminster Abbey. It is a glorious place; the building preaches more powerfully than the pulpit. I listened to the chants, but was looking up, meantime, along the endless lines of columns and arches, up and higher up, to the lofty vaults above, and, seeing the immensity, felt that man does not live by bread alone. The unnecessary amount of space, the quantity of moulding and carving, the working of the stone into minute details, even high up where it can hardly be seen, makes these great works of art to resemble the exuberance of Nature, who never counts her leaves and flowers. The profuse and lavish beauty of detail is carried to its height in some parts of this structure, especially in the Chapel of Henry VII., which is behind the choir. In strong contrast to this beauty,—an inheritance from the Middle Ages,—are the marble monuments which fill the Nave and Transepts. These have the true prosaic English stamp. The most elaborate are those erected in honor of soldiers and statesmen, and consist of gentlemen in wigs and breeches, and ladies in loosely flowing robes, weeping over funeral urns. If the monument is for a general, then cannon and cannon-balls carved in marble are profusely scattered around; if for an admiral, then the masts of ships are seen behind; and if for a statesman, rolls of parchment indicate a civil functionary. At least five out of six of the monuments erected in these great metropolitan temples of Westminster and St. Paul's, are in honor of soldiers, and are profusely decorated with the emblems of war; as though the lesson taught in these Christian churches was not, 'Blessed are the peace-makers, for theirs is the kingdom of God,'—but 'Blessed are the warriors, for theirs shall be all worldly fame and honor.' The only redeeming point in the matter is the extreme ugliness of these monuments, which neutralizes any influence which they might otherwise exert in behalf of war.

The churches of London are mostly modern, the best of them having been built by Sir Christopher Wren. This great architect was a man of genius, but was unfortunate in coming at a period when architecture was at its lowest state. His great work is St. Paul's Cathedral, and this, from its vast size and bold design, is very imposing.

For the first week, I spent a large part of my time in the National Gallery, and feasted on the noble paintings which it contains. Some of them I seemed to know already by means of the engravings. This was especially the cause with the Claudes and the Poussins.

But the Murillos and the Rembrandts far exceeded any anticipation I had formed beforehand. A large part of the beauty of Murillo is his exquisite harmony of color, and the brilliant effects of his lights and shadows. While Rafaelle occupies the lofty summit of Ideal art, Murillo is throned on the neighboring peak of the Real. The beauty of Rafaelle's paintings lies chiefly in the profound spiritual expression which they contain; his fairest forms have a beauty of heaven and not of earth. But Murillo gives us the beauty of Nature; not of common-place nature, but of purified nature. His Madonnas express the purest human affections, while Rafaelle's beam with a divine love. If love to God be higher than love to man, then Rafaelle is the greatest of painters; but if love to man be only the opposite manifestation of the same sentiment, then is Murillo nearly on the same level. If God is in Nature, if its forms are divine thoughts, then the faithful painter of Nature leads us to God, no less than he who paints the love of God in the soul.

The charm of Rembrandt's paintings is quite peculiar, and almost indescribable. Certainly no engraving I have ever seen does him any justice. There is a depth in his pictures which cannot be represented by the engraver's instruments. You do not look *at* his pictures, but into them. They are full of imagination; are of imagination all compact. The paintings of other artists may be studied in detail, these affect you as a whole.

It is not necessary to be a connoisseur, in order to distinguish the styles of the great painters. After studying the pictures in a few galleries, almost any one can distinguish a Claude or Cuyp, a Poussin or Murillo, a Rubens or Vandyke.[1] We come to see that an artist is not great, because he copies external nature with accuracy, but because he uses the forms of nature as a language in which to utter the inspirations of his own genius. You recognise, therefore, in each of his pictures, his peculiar tone of thought and feeling. This is even the case in the portrait or the landscape. When Titian or Vandyke paint a statesman, they express in their portrait their idea of true statesmanship. The portrait is not *merely* a likeness of the man; it is this and something more. It is the key to his history; it is the explanation of his life. We read in its expression the habit of profound reflection, the concentrated energy of will, the calm survey of broad and complicated interests, which have marked his course. These portraits, therefore, possess a lasting value. They are studies of human nature. The gaze of their eyes searches your heart; you feel drawn to them by a strong attraction as to those long known; you even feel ennobled, and lifted into a higher region, where truly great aims are to be found; where vulgar life and unessential cares are forgotten.[2]

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[1] Of course I do not mean that any can learn so soon to distinguish an original from a good copy or imitation, or the work of the master from that of his best scholars. But one catches the tone of feeling and thought of each great master, and recognises them again, just as you tell the style of Mozart, or that of Beethoven, after having learnt to love these composers.

[2] I see before me now the calm, high features of a portrait by Titian, at Hampton Court. Its heroic dignity, and expression full of mysterious meaning, fascinated me so that I disliked

So, also, the landscapes of the great painters are not merely careful copies of external scenery. Their woods and streams, and drifting clouds, and blue distances, all interpret a mood of the mind; they are instinct with sentiment; they are pervaded with human thought, and human affection. In the landscapes of Claude, the lights from his skies penetrate all his objects; the woods and meadows overflow with skylight; stately palaces and halls, which stand in the midst of his paradise-like scenery, are made for the homes of a higher order of beings. It is a world of heavenly peace, into which he introduces us. But in Gaspar Poussin, it is the Earth itself, with its infinite variety, which is shown to us in a thousand graceful forms; mossy rocks, tumbling water, sunny slopes, all the luxury of foliage, all the various outline of hill and valley, low-lying plains, and breezy summits, and the fantastic shapes of drifting clouds, give animation and cheerful life to the scene. In Claude, all tends to unity; in Poussin, to variety. The horizon-line in Claude is usually low; he gives more sky than earth, and one central light domineers through his picture. Poussin's horizon-line is high, giving more of earth, and less of sky; and his lights are broken and various.[1]

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to leave it, and still returned to it again, as though I could read its secret by another interview.

[1] I have read with great care and without prejudice Mr. Ruskin's sharp and sweeping censure of Claude and Poussin, and his eloquent praises of the modern English painters. I do not feel competent to answer his charges against the former, and think it very possible that they may have been guilty of some of the inaccuracies alleged. But that these landscapes

On Monday morning, August 6th, I commenced my serious work of picture-seeing, by going to Hampton Court. Hampton Court is fourteen miles from London. I found an omnibus going there from the White Horse Cellar; a place, if I remember aright, where Mr. Pickwick and his friends once rendezvoused when about to depart upon one of their immortal excursions. Every place in London is associated in this way with reminiscences, especially to one who has been a confirmed novel-reader. How familiar are all these old names! made classic by having been the haunts of famous English poets and essayists, or by being the scene of the great works of Fielding and Scott. I rode on the top of the omnibus, passing by endless lines of buildings, by rows on rows of shops, where it should seem that all the people in the world might buy their jewellery, watches, and silver. I passed by sweet gardens and noble palaces; going through Kensington, Turnham Green, and famous Richmond, and passing

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are exquisite poems, is a faith which I shall hold firmly to my dying hour. They fascinated me in engravings when a child, exactly as I was fascinated by some of the songs of Burns and Byron, by the music of Mozart, and by the Hallelujah Chorus. A poem may be highly beautiful, and yet inaccurate in some of its language or images. Allan Cunningham's song, 'A wet Sheet and a flowing Sea' is most spirited, though open to some nautical criticism. A sailor might inquire why the *sheet* was wet: the sheet being a rope and not a sail — he might ask how if the wind was aft, 'a wind that follows fast,' they could leave 'Old England on the lee?' &c. But such criticisms do not touch the peculiar merit of this sea song, which makes us feel the motion of the vessel, taste the salt spray, hear the breeze in the ropes, and see the white caps on the waves.

by Pope's house at Twickenham, till at length we reached Bushy Park. Through this we drove on a straight and level avenue, a mile in length, with elm and oak trees on either side of us all the way. Then we reached the inn, near which are the gates of the palace park and gardens, surmounted by lions. Passing through the gardens, along paths darkened by thick shrubbery, we came into the Palace, which is an immense building enclosing a quadrangle, and standing in the midst of a vast park. We passed here from room to room, filled with paintings, many by Titian, Vandyke, Correggio, Rembrandt, Murillo, &c. Here are kept the celebrated cartoons of Rafaelle, drawn on paper of very large dimensions, and copies from them in tapestry. Some of the rooms are very splendid; they are lofty and spacious. There was one magnificent fireplace, the shelf supported by marble statues on either side. The rooms were wainscoted with oak and cedar, and some were gilded. This palace was first built by Cardinal Wolsey, but completed in its present style by William and Mary, somewhat in imitation of Louis XIV.'s great Palace of Versailles. William and Mary resided here, and their bed-rooms remain as when they occupied them. His is hung with portraits of the beauties of his court, by Lely and Kneller. Mary's taste was better; the paintings in her chamber are by Vandyke and Titian. The day was clear and warm, and the beautiful park looked lovely in the summer's sun. Being Monday, and some sort of a holiday, there were at least eight or nine thousand people, as one of the police officers told me, wandering through the palace gardens and park. No

English monarch has inhabited this palace for many years, and it is very properly open to the public. We arrived there at twelve, and spent three hours looking at the paintings, then an hour and a half in the Park, and returned by the south-western railroad.

My first business, the next morning, was to procure my passport from the American Minister, Mr. Bancroft. An American visiting the Continent must procure a passport either from the Secretary of State at home, or from the American Minister in London or Paris. These are given gratis; but they must be 'viséd' by the ministers or consuls of the countries through which he proposes to travel. By the advice of a friend I had my passport bound with blank leaves to receive the 'visés.' Mrs. Bancroft, whom I had known in America, and whose friendly attentions are spoken of by every American who visited London during her residence there, kindly offered to take me to the Galleries of the Earl of Ellesmere, and Mr. Samuel Rogers, with both of whom she was acquainted. The rest of the morning I spent at the National Gallery.

And now, I wish it to be understood, when I speak of pictures, that I speak merely as one having a taste for art, but no pretence of knowledge. I wish to show that knowledge is not necessary in order to enjoy these fine pictures. All that is necessary is an open eye, and an open mind. Those of us who are ignorant of the school learning on these subjects, who do not know what men mean when they talk of 'breadth' and 'chiaro-obscuro,' and the like, had better avoid such knowledge altogether. Here are great paintings, declared to stand at the summit of art by the judgment of mankind. Let us have faith that this is so. Let us look at them expecting to see something beautiful, and we shall find it. They were not painted for connoisseurs, but for mankind. Nevertheless, it is necessary, in order to receive a deep and pure impression and carry away something real, that we should take some pains and take some time. He who runs cannot read the meaning of any great work, either of Nature or of Art.

I write not for connoisseurs, therefore, but for those ignorant as myself, and inexperienced as myself, and who, nevertheless, wish to see something of that element which makes the great artist the benefactor, not of critics, but of his race; who wish to make the best use of such opportunities as they may have to study such works; and for them I would give the following rules: —

First. Have faith. Believe that what the testimony of mankind, through many centuries, declares to be great, is really great, though you cannot at first discover its grandeur or beauty. Humility, modesty, faith, hope and love are as essential in the study of art, as in the study of nature or revelation. That which pleases immediately is not apt to give deep or permanent satisfaction. But that beauty which slowly dawns upon the mind, like that truth which seems at first paradoxical or unnatural, is oftenest that which lifts us out of ourselves into a higher world than we before knew.

Secondly. Do not try to see many things, but to see a few things well. If you carry away a distinct idea, a living impression of a few great paintings, you have reason to be both satisfied and grateful. More than this you can hardly hope to do; and if you attempt more, you will carry away nothing but names, and a superficial knowledge of mere particulars.

Thirdly. One gains much insight into the peculiar genius of the great artists by comparing their styles together, as shown in similar works. You thus go beneath the work and enter into the mind of its maker. You see how faithful to his own genius each one is, how the same mode of treatment recurs continually; and you feel as if you had been admitted to an intimacy with the artist when in the very act of creation.

Titian, they say, can only be seen in Venice, yet I am thankful for what I saw of his pictures in these British Galleries, and in the Louvre. We hear of him as the great Colorist. We hear less often of the dramatic faculty which fills his scenes with the most active life, of the deep feeling of nature, which pervades with dreamy light the shady recesses of his groves, and produces atmospheric tones of such tender beauty. What fresh life from the early world is in the attitude of the boy Adonis, starting from his couch at break of day, holding his spear in one hand and grasping his dog's neck with the other! Or, in the animated Bacchus, leaping from his chariot at the sight of Ariadne, all life and motion. What gentle womanly beauty in his 'Nymphs around Diana;' or in his 'Venus rising from the Sea,' pressing the water from her long locks; or the Venus turning, suddenly aroused, to detain her boy lover from the chase. And what a halo of light surrounds his sleeping figures; the warm tints of the flesh, cooled by the green reflection from over-hanging trees, and all melted in the swimming light from sky or water. In these pictures of Titian, every thing is in motion, or about to move. His sleepers seem just about to wake ; those who stand, just about to go ; those who sit, just rising.

Guido, again, how different is he! There are two fine paintings of his in the inner room of the National Gallery, and one in Dulwich Museum, the finest of all there. His are paintings which please every one, and please at once ; and yet they continue to please always, though possibly not so much as those flowing from a deeper nature. Their beauty is sunny, like that of flowers. The figures of Guido have the charm of radiance ; full of life, vital throughout, and full of the consciousness of life, they shine forth toward you, and do not, like Murillo, draw you toward themselves by self-absorbed, passionate earnestness. I remember of Guido's pictures, especially a youthful David and an Herodias, in the British Institution ; the David in quick movement, the Herodias light, beaming, and graceful, both full of happiness; of such happiness as nature gives to youth. And, again, a youthful St. John the Baptist at Dulwich. Not the stern Baptist of the New Testament. He is a Guido's John, with fair, outstretched, youthful arm; not emaciate with fasting, but rounded like that of an Antinous. Tangled locks hang around his face, enclosing his gentle eyes in their shadow.

How like, yet how very different, are the paintings of Murillo. They have not that beauty of radiance. Their thought and feeling is too deep to be expressed. Beside his fine pictures in the National Gallery and

Dulwich Museum, I remember a Cleopatra in which the coloring was very wonderful. There was a depth of darkness around her; self absorbed, and full of passionate earnestness. She attracts you with mysterious charm.

I never knew what a full length portrait was, till I saw those in the Bridgewater Gallery and Dulwich Museum, by Sir Joshua Reynolds and Gainesborough. Some of these female figures, like the portrait of Mrs. Siddons seated, or those of Mrs. Sheridan and Mrs. Moody standing in the open air, (both at Dulwich) had not perhaps the nobleness of Vandyke, but are so full of grace and nature, in attitude and movement, that they seem like a bit of real life, seized in a happy hour.

The building which contains the fine collection of paintings, purchased at a great expense by the British Nation, is in Trafalgar Square, and is considered a very poor piece of architecture. The paintings are in three large rooms, and two side-rooms. The inner room contains many treasures. A sweet St. Catharine by Rafaelle, and a serious looking Pope, with red cape and white drapery, by the same master; two Guidos, three Titians, two Murillos, and two exquisite Correggios, to say nothing of three fine Claudes, a fine Gaspar, and a large painting by Sebastian del Piombo, which Dr. Waagen thinks the finest painting in England, and one of the finest in the world. The paintings by Guido, are Lot and his Daughters, and Susannah and the Elders. The first is a picture full of power and finely grouped, the other is a beautiful front view of Susannah, who is sitting; the color pure white, the outlines soft, and the face expressing her trouble of mind.

Ganymede carried up by the Eagle, by Titian, the tone of which is rich, but soft and subdued; and another Titian, are both beautiful. The subject of the last is Venus detaining Adonis from the chase. His attitude as he moves away is most animated. She has turned suddenly around and caught him; he, thus checked, looks at her with bright face as though he said, 'Let me go now, I will be back soon.' The third Titian is a famous picture, of which there are several copies. It is Bacchus leaping from his chariot at the sight of Ariadne. Like the last it is full of animation, and in the highest brilliancy and harmony of color. The paintings by Murillo in this room are: first, a large 'Holy Family.' Little Jesus is in the middle standing on a high stone, and Mother Mary kneeling on the left holding his hand, and looking up with a deep human mother's look of love and awe. The boy holds his mother's finger with his right hand, and his left lies open in the open palm of Joseph. Joseph looks at the spectator, which is the only fault I notice in the design of the picture. The other painting is St. John and the Lamb, which has been so often copied that I need say nothing of it. The picture by Sebastian del Piombo, is remarkable, because it is believed that the design is by Michael Angelo. Michael Angelo, who could not paint well in oils, and who wished to paint something superior to Rafaelle, obtained the aid of Piombo, one of the great Venetian colorists, in executing his designs. The figure of Christ in this painting, is full of dignity, force and animation.

But, to my mind, the gem of this room and of the gallery, is the large Correggio. The subject; Venus and Mercury teaching Cupid. I know not with what words to describe the exquisite beauty of this picture. There is a loveliness resulting from the contours, the grouping, the coloring, the soft lights and shadows; which places this picture in the highest style of art. We must admit that the thought, the conception, want the depth of Rafaelle, but the liquid and flowing outlines, and rich soft color, dazzle and charm. Correggio is the most tender of artists. His pictures constitute the luxury of art.

The middle room in the gallery contains four large paintings by Rubens; a 'Judgment of Paris,' a 'Rape of the Sabines,' 'Moses and the Serpents,' and a mythological piece of obscure meaning. In these pictures of Rubens, you see his power as a colorist, and his knowledge of the human figure. But there is a coarseness of form and face, which almost amounts to vulgarity; there is an absence of any high meaning; and while we admire the exuberance of this great master's invention, we are left dissatisfied with the meagreness of his aims. It was not till I went to Belgium, and saw his great pictures at Antwerp, that I discovered that mighty dramatic power, which is his distinguishing excellence. Rubens must have a great subject, and a large canvass to crowd with figures, before he can manifest that immense productive energy and vital power, by which his pictures, destitute of deep thought and feeling, nevertheless remain among the wonders of the world.

On Wednesday morning, Mrs. Bancroft took me to see the Bridgewater Gallery, belonging to the Earl of Ellesmere. Though these paintings were distributed through the rooms and chambers of the Earl's house, in Belgrave Square, he allowed strangers to visit them. He has since finished a splendid palace, which is one of the finest houses in London. In this new house there is a picture gallery devoted expressly to these paintings, with a separate entrance for the public. The Bridgewater Gallery contains some of the most celebrated pictures in the world. In the front room on the lower floor, were the 'Seven Sacraments,' by Nicholas Poussin; seven large paintings in the highest style of elegant art. I use the word '*elegant*' advisedly, for N. Poussin is eminently the painter of elegance. His landscapes do not show us wild, fresh and joyful nature like those of Gaspar, nor dark and savage nature like those of Salvator, nor nature spiritualized like those of Claude, but nature made elegant by stately taste. His landscapes are parks and gardens; his trees and flowers are educated trees and flowers, and his figures, serene and noble, add a human dignity to the scene. N. Poussin is the head of the French school, and has embalmed in his pictures the courtly life of France in the age of Louis XIV. In them we see idealized the features of that stately court, and are forced once more to admit, that in every human tendency, there is something excellent. In that artificial life, with all its formality and etiquette, there was something true. Stately manners and elegance in all the arrangements of human life, are objects not unworthy of human thought, and this we find in the works of Nicholas Poussin.

The 'Three Ages of Man,' by Titian, and a picture of 'Christ and the Doctors,' by Spagnoletto. The child is holding up his finger with a pure high look; the heads of the old men are also fine. This subject, if well treated, is always interesting. It gives us one of the fine contrasts of life, that of the spirit and the letter. We love to mark how the fresh enthusiasm of youth outsoars the reach of pedantic learning; and how things hidden from the wise and prudent are revealed unto babes.

In the second room, over the fireplace, was a large painting by Titian, of Calisto brought before Diana. In this painting, the figures of the goddess and her nymphs show that animated life of which I spoke before, as being one of the excellencies of Titian. Every thing in the picture is either in motion or about to move; meantime, all the bright carnations of the flesh are mellowed by the green light from the overhanging trees. So that in this picture, also of Titian, I find the two chief points of merit to be animated movement of design, and rich harmonies of coloring.

There are two fine paintings, numbered 26 and 29, by Ludovico Caracci. One is the dream of St. Catharine, the other the marriage of St. Catharine. In the last, Catharine is leaning her cheek against the foot of the infant Jesus, which she holds in her hand. In this room was also hanging the famous portrait of Shakspeare, called the 'Chandos portrait,' painted in his lifetime by Burbage, the actor, and supposed to be the most authentic portrait extant. It was bought by the Earl of Ellesmere, for three hundred and fifty-five guineas. The portrait is not a fine one, but enables us to assure ourselves that the great intellect of Shakspeare had a worthy residence in a noble head. The three finest heads of which we have portraits, in fullness of development, are those of Homer, Shakspeare, and Goethe. Next to these, if not equal to them, are those of Plato and Napoleon. Passing by a grand sea view by Vandervelde, in which the waves tumble more magnificently than do those of Turner, and a sweet infant St. John, lying asleep, with his limbs spread all abroad, child-fashion, we must notice an entombment of Christ by Tintoretto. In this there are two groups, which are connected by the dead Christ, which is being borne toward that in front. The Virgin has fainted, and two women are bending over her. The colors are rich.

But we must pass over a multitude of admirable paintings, by the two Caraccis, Rembrandt, Claude, Titian, Domenichino, Ruysdael, Gerard Douw, Mieris, Cuyp, and Wouvermans, and come to the three Rafaelles, which are the glory of the gallery. Each of them is of inestimable value. They are pictures, which once seen are never forgotten. They linger in the memory like the parting look of a dear friend. They enable us to imagine a higher style of thought and feeling, than belongs to this common world. Faces so penetrated with spiritual expression, help us to a conception of the spiritual body which saints shall wear hereafter. These features overflow with the purest feelings of the soul, they adequately express that which is most within us. Like the highest poetry, they are utterances of an inspiration which unveils, for a moment, a higher region.

These three paintings have been often engraved. One of them which represents the mother and her child in the open air, and the boy John stooping to kiss Jesus, while Joseph, who is behind, looks over his shoulder, is one of the pictures bought by the Duke of Bridgewater, at the sale of the Orleans Gallery. Another is called the 'Bridgewater Madonna,' in which the child is lying at length in his mother's lap. In the third, Joseph, on his left knee, his staff in his right hand, is offering flowers in his left hand to the little Jesus, who sits on Mary's knee, with both hands grasping into the flowers, yet looking not at them but inquiringly into Joseph's face. Mary has her scarf wound about his body, and looks over his head at Joseph, watching apparently the effect which the child produces upon him. One of these Rafaelles goes by the name of 'La plus belle Vierge de Rafaelle;' and the other is 'La plus belle des Vierges.'

I must mention two other pictures in this gallery. One is a Magdalen, by Elizabeth Sirani. She is looking at the Bible under her left elbow, a skull rests on her knee, and her sweet, rich, sunny locks of auburn are brought forward on each side her neck, and pressed against her breast with her left hand. The other picture is a full length portrait of a lady, by Sir Joshua Reynolds. These full lengths by Sir Joshua Reynolds have none of the stiffness usual in such portraits. They are full of dignity and grace. The lights and shades, and the colors of the drapery, are so well managed, that you are attracted to the animated face, and to those movements of the limbs, which are expressive of the impulse. A full length, poorly painted, is nothing but an immense piece of canvass, but these are vital throughout.

From the Earl of Ellesmere's, Mrs. Bancroft took me to the house of Mr. Samuel Rogers, the poet, the banker, and the collector of curiosities. He has a small house, finely situated in St. James's Street, the garden behind opening upon Green Park. From his back windows you look into the Park, and over it to Buckingham Palace and Gardens. You see the trees wave, and the grazing sheep, and can scarcely believe yourself in the heart of London. This Park, though containing fifty-six acres, is one of the smallest of the parks of London. Beside the paintings, the house of Mr. Rogers is filled with rare curiosities. He has a little pencil drawing by Rafaelle, for which he gave five hundred guineas; he has, framed, the identical contract between Milton and his publisher, for the sale of Paradise Lost; he has a piece of furniture which was made for him by Chantry, the sculptor, when Chantry first came to London, and carved mahogany.

Many persons have heard of the breakfast-table of Mr. Samuel Rogers, where, during the last fifty years, have been seated so many distinguished men of all nations. Fond of society, and most agreeable himself in conversation, he has been for years the centre of one of the pleasantest circles in London. He seems to have been attracted toward every man distinguished either by force of intelligence, or force of character; and his tastes are so various, that there is room at his small breakfast table for the greatest diversity of guests, from the Duke of Wellington to the last young poet, whose timid volume has been just launched into the sea of literature by Murray or Pickering. Mr. Rogers, who seems fond of Americans, was especially fond of Mrs. Bancroft; and so I received, by her means, an invitation to his breakfast table. On Wednesday, August 9th, I found myself at 10, A. M., seated at that classic board with four other guests. Mr. Rogers I found a charming old man of eighty-seven years, and except a little deafness, as active in body and mind as ever. He talked on all subjects, changing from grave to gay. He spoke of art and society, of time and eternity, but mostly he talked of poetry, and read and recited many things. He quoted lines from Halleck, and then calling for the work, he read the poem beginning, 'Green be the turf above thee,' and said 'No man living can write such verses now.' He recited, with much feeling, passages from Gray, and from Milton's Paradise Lost. He thought that Milton had put an argument in the mouth of Adam, complaining of his punishment, which he had not answered. 'There's no answering that,' said he, 'there's no answering that, except, indeed,' he added, 'we admit that all punishment is corrective.' He liked Gray's letters better than his poetry, and thought good prose usually better than his poetry. He spoke of life, and compared it to a river, hastening to its fall. At the end it hurries us along, so that we cannot notice what we are passing. 'How well,' said he, 'I remember what I saw in my youth, when I went to the opera at Milan, in the evening, and said "to-morrow I shall be sailing on Lake Como,"' 'Sixty years ago, I dined with the Duke of Rochefoucault and twelve others; in one year, nine of them had died by the guillotine, or by some violent death. Lafayette I saw every day.' He said it was one evil attending success in life, that it is apt to separate us from our families. Said he, 'Sir Thomas Lawrence told me, "The day I got my medal, I put it on and went down stairs, but not one of my brothers asked me what it was. I went up to my room, and cried. If I speak of any distinguished person, they say, you told us that before."' The conversation fell upon Curran. Mr. Rogers said he was accustomed to use the most extravagant language. 'I was walking with him in London, and he said, "I had rather be hung on ten gibbets." A girl passing by said, "Would not one be enough?"' In this pleasant talk the hours flew by, and it was one o'clock before we knew it. But when the ladies rose to go, he asked me if I had seen the pictures in the British Institution, and said to Lord G. 'Let us go there.' After walking through the rooms, and pointing out to me some of his favorite pictures, he asked me, if I was not engaged elsewhere, to breakfast with him again the next morning, to which I gladly consented.

The British Institution is in Pall Mall, and is an annual exhibition of paintings, lent for that purpose by their owners. In the collection this year there were some very fine ones.

In learning how to study paintings, I found it often useful to compare together two pictures on similar subjects, by different artists. By noticing the differences in their mode of treatment, I was enabled to detect the peculiar style of each. Thus, to-day, I compared landscapes by Claude, and Gaspar Poussin, and noticed how the predominance of sky in Claude, gave unity and spirituality to his picture. The sky illuminates his figures, and fills his trees with light, and they lean and bend toward the sun. In Poussin, the horizon is at least a third higher; the land nearly fills the picture, and a hill in the middle, with its green slopes, and scattered trees, and groups of two or three persons on the ground, all impress you with the rich life of nature.

There were two large and fine paintings by Turner in this collection, one in his earliest style. The sun — seen in mid-sky a mass of white light — was reflected in the river winding below. In this picture there was a sort of double plot; a transaction in the heavens, and one on the earth.

The next day, after breakfasting with Mr. Rogers, I rode to Dulwich, to look at the gallery of paintings in that place. I rode on the top of an omnibus, across London Bridge, through Southwark and Camberwell, about six miles to Dulwich. I remember that I began the day with a depressed feeling, which was probably aggravated by a showery morning; but the weather presently cleared up, and the beautiful scenery through which we passed, and afterward the exquisite pictures, made me very cheerful again. England looks bright and dark alternately; like her capricious sky, which threatens rain, bursts in sunshine, sets in with a sudden shower, and presently smiles again in most heavenly blue. For the English weather is always changing — not like ours in the United States, in great extremes of heat and cold, but from clear to cloudy. Yet the abundance of moisture in the air gives, I think, a most picturesque effect to all objects. All things have a silvery or pearly gray tint. Sharp outlines melt away. You see the atmosphere itself, like a liquid ocean, rolling between you and the object, and not as a transparent medium.

In going to Dulwich, I passed the famous old inn of 'The Elephant and Castle,' in the borough. It stands where several great roads meet and part, and was formerly the place where many stages stopped, and now is the stand for many omnibus lines. When a child, poring over an old map of London, I saw this inn, and now was surprised to find what an insignificant affair it was; being only a small two-story brick house. But so you are very apt to be deceived in the sights of London, which have been made famous, not because they were remarkable in themselves, but as the scene of remarkable events, and as visited by remarkable persons.

The last three miles to Dulwich is through lovely suburban scenery. The road winds smoothly between high gray walls, overhung with ivy, and stained with lichen, or between well-trimmed hedges and long avenues of trees. Presently we came to an inn with odd gables and overhanging balconies, and men smoking or drinking as Teniers loved to draw them. Villas, inns, and cottages, are all embosomed in this abounding foliage.

The gallery at Dulwich contains many excellent pictures, and no bad ones. It consists of a suite of four rooms. The masterpiece, perhaps, is a St. Sebastian, by Guido, painted much in the manner of Murillo's joyful pictures. It represents a fine young manly form, tied to a tree to be shot with arrows. The arms are tied behind, the body is straining forward, and the head turned up. An arrow is in the side — 'hœret lateri lethalis arundo.' As you enter the door, you see it at the end of the suite of rooms. The sun shone upon it when I came in, and it seemed, in its glorious beauty, to be springing from the canvass into the room. A Venus asleep, by Titian, is the perfection of that perfect thing, the human form. The lovely serenity of the mouth and eyelids, the graceful outline, the rich depth of color, which yet is by no means warm, (as Rubens would have painted it) but pure, make it a charming thing. She lies asleep; her right arm bent back under her head, her face turned toward you, and the limbs in an easy and natural attitude, the flesh color relieved by the rich draperies and cushions.

In fine contrast with this picture, are two beggar-boys and a flower-girl, by Murillo. Like all his pictures, these figures look after you. They are not to be looked at merely, but they look at you in turn. The flower-girl is not *on* the canvass but seen through it, a fresh, live girl. The face is full of a single feeling; eyes, mouth, and hands all ask, 'Will you have my flowers?' The beggar-boys are just such as we have seen in the street; one has his mouth stuffed full of bread, and both are running over with drollery and fun.

Two remarkable pictures are two full-length portraits by Gainsborough; one of Mrs. Moody and her children; the other, of Mrs. Sheridan and her sister. These portraits are as fine as those of Sir Joshua.

They have a tone of cool, greenish-white color. The figures of both are in the open air. Mrs. M. holds one child on her right arm, leading the other with her left hand, and steps forward, her head bending to the right. The children, meanwhile, are looking forward at something on the left. The great skill of the artist, in these portraits, appears in the expression of the faces and attitudes of the figures, which are all so perfectly natural that they are like a bit of real life, seized in a happy moment.

This gallery has some good Cuyps. It is not easy to mistake Cuyp. Almost always he has a strong yellow sky-light, coming from one side, and falling fully over the foreground on the other. He has always cows and water; his pictures are rich in color, and his shadows not solid, but interfused with light contained within them. His horizon line is usually rather low, giving much sky-scape.

There are here three landscapes by Teniers. One contains a shepherd in the middle, leaning on his staff, with sheep in front. All have natural and careless attitudes. The sheep are moving forward toward you, suggesting some purpose, and so making the picture picturesque. In each of the other paintings, there are one or two figures, and a blue, cloudy sky, with light openings here and there, and multitudinous shadows.

'Jacob's Dream,' by Rembrandt is a famous painting, which, when seen and studied, leaves you profoundly impressed with the poetic power of this artist. It is a solemn, dark picture. All is dark, except the bright light from the sky, where the angels appear, and the half-lighted spot below, where Jacob lies. As you look fixedly at it, the faint outline of the hills come out through the gloomy air, and the rays of light, down which the angels are passing, are half perceptible across the darkness. Jacob is lying below, his arm thrown carelessly back over his head, and the white-winged angel figures descend toward him solemnly from above.

Notice a Samson and Delilah by Rubens. A splendid Samson; for the strong man could paint well strong things, as giants, lions, and elephants. Samson lies, lion-colored, tawny, asleep on the knee of Delilah, who, like many of Rubens' women, is coarse and vulgar.

A splendid horse by Vandyke. This noble artist sympathizes with the high spirit of the animal. The horse is stately, and stepping proudly out. Had Rubens painted him, he would have been struggling fiercely in some violent endeavor.

I remember also a portrait of Wouvermans by Rembrandt. A grave, fixed, serious expression, kindly and pure, as of one apprehending his thought. He has a look not soon to be forgotten, and a studious brow. He surely was a patient and faithful worker.

After looking at the fine masterpieces in this and the other galleries, I found some ideas had been fixed in my mind by this study. I became well satisfied that the object of painting was not to represent nature. It is not a merely imitative art. A daguerreotype, which gives us a faithful copy of outward nature, is not a work of art. The great artists do not give us nature, but give us *themselves;* their own highest thoughts, and deepest feelings. That part of the human soul which cannot express itself in exact propositions, 'wrecks itself on expression,' by means of poetry, music, painting, sculpture, and architecture. As Beethoven in his symphonies does not reproduce the sounds of outward nature, but, by means of his melodies and harmonies, expresses his own profound ideas of the beautiful and true,—as Erwin, in piling the Strasburg Minster to the skies, expressed in its multitudinous forms, and its lofty unity, the ascent of the thousand joys of earth toward the one God,—so the great painter expresses by his figures, and his colors, his own deepest idea of the universe and the soul. One evidence of this is the diversity of style among great artists. If their object was merely to copy nature with accuracy, the more successful they were, the more would their paintings resemble one another. But the very opposite is the case. Pictures of poor artists look very much alike, but each great master has his own style, which we soon become familiar with. We distinguish Rafaelle from Titian, as easily as Milton from Byron; and the difference in both cases lies in the matter, no less than in the manner; in the conception, no less than in the execution. Even in a landscape, by a true artist, there is more of human thought and human affection than of external nature. Even in a portrait, there is more of the artist than of his subject.

But while I thus consider the thought, the idea of a picture to be its chief element, I do not exclude truth of outward nature. A great painting includes both; it is a synthesis of the idea, given by the artist's creative mind, and the forms furnished by the outward world.

These forms are his words, his metaphors, his symbols, in short, his language. And as that poet alone is truly great, who combines poetic thought and poetic language, who has something worth expressing, and expression worthy of his thought — so that painter alone is great, who has profound conceptions of truth and beauty, and has so faithfully studied the forms of nature, that he has thus obtained a vast storehouse of language, a great vocabulary of expression.

Again it came to me in the study of the great masters, that their greatness showed itself chiefly in bringing a great variety into a perfect unity. The greater the variety in a painting, provided it be fully harmonized, the greater is the genius of the artist. Those painters are truly wonderful, in whose works you find the sharpest contrasts of lines and colors, the greatest variety of faces, figures, passion, and action, provided that these are subdued by one controlling idea. The cardinal sins of a painting are these two — want of variety, or want of unity. In the first case there may be harmony, but it is monotonous; and, therefore, is not really harmony. In the second case there may be variety, but there being no unity, the contrasts are glaring and offensive, and the result is discordance. Therefore, one painter aiming at harmony, but without genius, gives us monotones; another painter aiming at variety, but without genius, gives us discords. Genius alone gives us variety in unity and unity in variety, harmony without monotony, contrasts without discords.

And hence we see wherein consists the *inspiration* of the poet and the artist. He is an inspired artist, who sees the unveiled face of Truth and Beauty so distinctly, who can enter so livingly into his idea, as to polarize by it all the forms, and to make all contribute to the one expression. If the idea fades in his mind while his work is in progress, a failure is the result. Therefore the greatest works are done, as it were, in a moment. The preparation may have been long in making, the materials slow in being collected, but the creative idea, when it comes, makes quick work. Hence Rafaelle, who lived but thirty-seven years, was able to finish hundreds of paintings, each of them a masterpiece; and this is the explanation of the exuberance of genius. Its years may be few, but its life is long.

I saw, while in London, many modern paintings of the English school; but as I saw many more on my second visit to London, I will postpone all mention of them till then.

On Wednesday, August 14th, I set out for Paris to the Peace Convention, by the way of Southampton. Taking the southwestern rail, I went that afternoon to Salisbury. My object, in visiting this place, was to go to Stonehenge, which is nine miles from Salisbury, and to see the famous Minster, which is the finest work, perhaps, of the early English architecture. It is considered the type of that style, from being less mixed than any other building of the same importance. It was commenced in 1220, and finished in 1258. It has therefore, in a high degree, the element of unity, of which we have just spoken as a fundamental requisite in works of art. A cathedral, finished in thirty-eight years, is like a picture painted in a few days. Most of the great cathedrals were being built during several centuries, and consequently the idea of the original architect is usually lost; different styles are blended together, and the building wants unity. Not so with Salisbury Cathedral. This appears like a single majestic growth, which sprang up at once. It is of gray stone, has double transepts, a fine western front, with two high towers, and a majestic spire more than four hundred feet high, rising from the centre. The situation of the building adds much to its charm. Instead of standing in the middle of the city, crowded by poor dwellings and surrounded by pavements, it stands in a large enclosure, containing several acres of soft, green grass, surrounded by avenues of lofty trees. There is no remarkable beauty in the interior of the building, but the chapter-house and cloisters are very lovely. They were built between 1250 and 1260, and are examples of the early English style in its latest form, when it approached very closely to the decorated style. Already we see in the arches of the cloisters that tracery in stone, which afterwards became so highly ornamental in the window-heads. The cloisters enclose a soft, green lawn, and the chapter-house is a large circular room; the ceiling of stone upheld by a single column rising lightly in the centre, and from the top of which fan-like arches spring in all directions to the circumference. The floor is paved with old painted tiles, said to have been brought from the former cathedral, which stood at Old Sarum, and which was pulled down when the new city and cathedral were built at Salisbury. The ascent of the spire from the tower in the interior, is by ten long ladders, one above the other. When you reach the top of these, you are near a little window thirty feet from the top of the spire. This is as far as strangers usually go; but the man who oils the rod on which the vane turns, is in the habit of reaching out of this window, till he takes hold of a leaden handle, sunk in the stone above it. He then swings himself out of the window, and by means of a series of these leaden handles ascends to the top of the spire. It happened however, fortunately for us, that workmen were repairing the stone work of the spire, and a little platform was suspended outside the window, upon which we could stand in safety, three hundred and seventy feet above the ground, and enjoy a fine view of the city of Salisbury, the distant country, the cathedral and its grounds, with the bishop's house and garden directly below us. The spire is of stone to the top. It is supported by a square tower, which rests upon four immense pillars at the intersection of the nave, choir, and transepts. After the tower and spire had been carried up a short distance, one of these pillars began to settle with the superincumbent pressure. Stone arches were thrown across to support it, from one pillar to another, and, for greater security, the thickness of the stones used in the spire was diminished one half. But perhaps, in consequence of this, the spire has cracked down its side, and it moreover leans ten feet from the perpendicular. A physician from Philadelphia, whom we met in Salisbury, begun to ascend the tower with us, but when he came to this crack he stopped. The guide told him there was no danger, for the crack had been there five hundred years. 'No matter,' said he, 'it may fall to-day;' so he turned and went down. My companion Mr. C. and

I went in a carriage to Stonehenge. We rode over Salisbury Plain, which is a broad, open, rolling piece of country, as much like a Northern Illinois prairie as can be, except that the land is poor, and that there are no grouse upon it. It consists of one great stratum of chalk under a thin surface of soil. There are often no hedges or fences; the sheep are packed away together in folds, surrounded by wattled fence, which can be put up and taken down again very easily.

Riding over these high desolate plains, we gradually drew near to Stonehenge. We saw the stones at a great distance, rising alone in this desert, as though the life of modern England had left these remnants of a hoary past, respecting their ancient solitude. No one knows certainly when these great stones were placed here, or what was their object. They probably go back beyond the time of the Saxons, and beyond the time of the Roman Conquest, to the days of Pagan worship, and of the ancient Briton. The air blew cool around us as we sat among these relics of ancient days, — thinking of the procession of bearded Druids,* who once marched on the top of this great stony circle, and of the victims fastened to the central sacrificial stone. The air seemed to talk of the twenty centuries which had since drifted by; — but just then, I looked up and saw a little sparrow chirping on the top of one of these impostal stones — the gay child of nature, born yesterday, making merry over these solemn ages. How often these contrasts struck me, when in Europe. At Caernavon Castle, the child's playthings lying as he left them just before in the old stone corridors; at Heidelberg Castle, the playing girls, and the young flowers in the courts of the vast ruins — and here the sparrow on the dark remains of forgotten nations. These contrasts are expressed, how well, by Goethe, in his poem on the Traveller in Italy, finding a peasant woman with her cottage and infant among the remains of a Greek temple.

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* It is quite possible, however, that this place may have had nothing to do with the Druids, but have been a Thingstead or Doomring for the administration of justice, according to the customs of the Scandinavian nations. See Mallet's Northern Antiquities, Bohn's edition, p. 108. Some of the largest upright stones at Stonehenge are twenty-three feet long, with a stone tenon cut at top to fit into a mortice cut in the impostal stone.

CHAPTER IV.

PARIS.

On Wednesday, August 15th, I sailed in a little steamer from Southampton at seven in the evening. The night was clear, and the channel as well-behaved as it ever is; for between England and France there is always trouble, in a physical no less than a moral sense. The heavy seas in the English Channel are probably occasioned by the meeting of currents from the Atlantic and the North Sea. Whatever the cause may be, one's equanimity is sometimes more disturbed by a passage from England to France than by crossing the Atlantic. However, on this occasion, we arrived at Havre at eight in the morning, in very comfortable condition. The first thing to be done on landing was to get our passports 'viséd,' and our trunks through the douane or custom-house. Here we took our first plunge into a foreign language, which is almost as appalling beforehand as the jump into a cold bath; and I may add, that in both cases after the first shock, the difficulty is over. With a little conversational French, and by the help of the natural language of signs, one can find his way easily enough to what he wants. Our trunks were taken to the douane, and there locked up ; and we were told to come in an hour to get them. At the passport office we had our first experience of French politeness. The descriptions of our persons had been left blank in our passports. When the gentleman who examined them returned them to us, each man found himself described. The color of our hair and eyes, shape of nose, mouth, and chin, complexion, figure, and height, were all entered ; but none of us could remember that the gentleman had looked at either of us during the operation. In England or America, we should have been distinctly made aware of the whole process ; but in France no one *stares*.

As there is nothing especially to be seen in Havre, which is a new town, my companion Mr. C., and myself, after breakfasting at a small café, and getting our trunks from the douane, took the rail for Paris via Rouen. If we had more time, it would have been well to have visited Caen, the ancient capital of Normandy, which contains some fine churches of the time of William the Conqueror. As it was, we determined to pass a day in Rouen, the architectural remains of which are also very fine. We went to the railroad station (or débarcadère, as it is called in France,) and as there was a great crowding for tickets at the office, I asked Mr. C. to purchase both of ours. In his hurry, he got tickets to Paris instead of to Rouen. I crowded and pushed my way back to the ticket seller; and muttered all the French words I could find to make him understand the case ; but he either could not, or would not understand me, and said only ‘ Non, Non ; ’ then I appealed to a man who seemed to have some authority in the matter, being dressed in a military uniform, but he told me to go to Rouen, and keep the same ticket. But I was not quite satisfied that this would answer, so I inquired of still another, who brought me to a very gentlemanly person, also in military uniform, who directly informed me that our tickets would only answer to go to Paris with, that day, but said that he would arrange it for us. He therefore went with me immediately to the ticket-master, and told him to exchange the tickets for Rouen tickets, and give back the extra money. The ticket-master seemed reluctant, and argued that there was some rule against it, but my protector silenced him by saying, 'But these are strangers, sir.' Whereupon French politeness immediately exchanged the tickets.

Arriving at Rouen at two o'clock, we went to a hotel on the Seine, kept by a French lady who had married an Englishman, and who spoke English. I here commenced a custom to which I steadily adhered while on the Continent, and of which I found the pleasure and comfort very great; that, namely, of insisting upon having a front room in the hotel where I stopped, if only for a night, and of selecting a hotel fronting on a river, or some open space. A front room, in which the sun shines, is much more healthy as a sleeping-room, than those opening on the dark inner courts of the hotel. A friend, before I left America, quoted to me on this subject an Italian proverb, 'Where the sun does not visit, the physician does.' Then it adds very much to one's pleasure, to have a fine view from the room where you necessarily pass a good deal of time. Among my pleasant recollections are the views of the

Seine, from my window at Rouen; of the Rhine, from my windows at Cologne, Coblentz and Bingen; of the Maine, from the Mainlust at Frankfort; and especially of the Rhone, Lake Leman, and the high Alps from the Hotel de Bergues at Geneva.

Having deposited our trunks in our room, Mr. C. and I sallied forth to view the town. We first went into a restaurant to get some dinner. 'All beginnings are difficult,' says Goethe, and so we found it, in our first attempt at dining in France. Our first mistake was in going at the wrong hour; the dinner hour in France is late in the afternoon. At that hour you can get immediately whatever you want; but if you go at three or four o'clock you have to wait, and they charge you more for their trouble. Among these French dishes it takes some time to find out what you want. On the present occasion, we prudently confined ourselves to *biftek* — which stands every where in France for beef-steak — and 'pommes de terre au naturel,' which means simply, boiled potatoes. We also tried a bottle of the 'vin ordinaire,' but I believe we left the largest part in the bottle, and thought that vinegar and water would be quite as good. After this experiment we sallied forth to find the famous Cathedral. Presently we met with a young man who informed us that he was a *commissionaire*, that is, a guide, and offered his services. We were incautious enough to accept them without making a bargain beforehand, of which we found the disadvantage by and by, although this *commissionaire* was a gentleman, compared with the majority of those whom we afterward had dealings with.

Among the traveller's principal annoyances are these *commissionaires*, who swarm in every continental city. They insist upon going with you, whether you want them or not, and it is really quite an art to avoid them. They have a thousand tricks by which to persuade you to engage them, and if you do not make a strict bargain beforehand, and sometimes when you do, they will make you pay exorbitantly for their services. Usually by the aid of the guide-book and a map of the city, you can do better without them than with them. It is always pleasanter to find any thing out yourself, than to be shown to it. When you go about a city alone, every thing seems like a discovery. Also, the guide comes between you and the people, he tells you every thing which you otherwise would have to inquire about for yourself; and by making these inquiries you get acquainted with the people. Yet in order to save time, a guide is sometimes necessary. I usually agreed with them to pay them so much, to show me the way to such and such objects; and they were to walk at a distance, and not speak except when I spoke to them. Except you insist on this last condition, the *commissionaire* is apt to keep up a perpetual chatter, running like a parrot through the descriptions, which he repeats by rote. This must be prevented, at all hazards, if you wish to see any thing with your own eyes and mind.

We thought that Chester, with its double sidewalks, and Salisbury with the little brooks running through all the streets, were sufficiently old-fashioned and odd, but Rouen beats them all. The houses are at least five or six stories high, and many of the streets not more than ten or twelve feet wide. Some of the houses are of stone, with images carved on their front. Others, as those of Corneille and Fontenelle, are of oak, minutely carved all over their fronts. We first went to the Cathedral, in front of which was a flower market, where women in the curious costume of Normandy were selling flowers. One of the towers of this Cathedral, called 'Tour de Buerre,' or Butter Tower, was built with the money obtained by the sale of licenses to eat butter in Lent. The central spire of the Cathedral now erecting, in place of one which was burnt, is made entirely of cast-iron. The separate pieces are taken up, put in their places and riveted. When we saw it, it was three hundred and sixty feet high, but was to be thirty feet higher. We went to the top of this spire in company with some priests in their long black dresses and shovel hats, such as Sterne met with in his Sentimental Journey. We also tried to be sentimental, and talked the best French we could with our priests, who, in turn, gave us much information. From the top of the spire we looked over this compact city, with its narrow, crooked streets, its curious roofs, and houses each enclosing a square area or court. We looked down on the sweet gardens of the Bishop's Palace, on the windings of the Seine, and on the rich fields which surround the city. There was a great deal in this view which was curious, and much that was beautiful. The total weight of this iron spire, when finished, will be 1,200,000 lbs. It consists of 2540 pieces, and 13,000 iron pins. Its expense will be 1,000,000 francs. The Cathedral has many interesting historical associations. Rollo, first Duke of Normandy, was baptized in this church in 912. It was enlarged by Richard I. of England, in the tenth century. It was dedicated 1063, but, as it now stands, it is the work of several centuries, from the thirteenth to the sixteenth. The Cathedral is four hundred and fifty feet long, one hundred feet wide, and the nave is seventy-five feet high. It has three large rose-windows, and twenty-five side chapels. The rose-window, which is a large circular window filled with tracery, is a great peculiarity of French pointed architecture. It makes a principal feature of the western front of French churches, while in England it is comparatively rare. In the Rouen Cathedral are buried, Rollo of Normandy, who died 917; William Longue Epee, killed 944; the Duke of Bedford; the heart of Charles V.; and that of Cœur de Lion. In 1838, by digging in the place marked by an inscription, there was found a statue of Richard I. which was formerly on his tomb, carved of a single stone. The next day his heart was found in a box and under a stone, on which was this inscription in the letters of the time, 'Hic jacet cor Ricardi regis Anglorum.' There are also in this Cathedral the tombs of Peter de Breze, died in 1465, and Louis de Breze, died in 1531; the latter erected by Diana of Poictiers, his widow.

The Church of St. Ouen is as large and fine a building as the Cathedral. The restorations of this building are very fine. We also visited one or two other churches, the Palais de Justice, the old Palace of the dukes of Normandy, and especially the Place de la Pucelle, where the great tragedy took place of the burning of Joan of Arc, in 1430. A statue of the heroic maiden now stands in the centre of this square, on the spot where the execution took place. I lingered long here, recalling the events in the life of this girl. She was but twenty years old when she died; and, during her brief career, eclipsed by her genius the exploits of the greatest captains, while by the purity of her character, her deep sense of truth, and her profound religious enthusiasm, she threw a gleam of light across the darkness of that stormy age. Though uneducated, and leaving behind her no writing of her own, there is perhaps no personage whose words and deeds have been more minutely and accurately preserved. For this she is mainly indebted to the malice of her enemies, who, not satisfied with destroying her life by cruel tortures, wished also to blast her reputation, and so had her tried before an ecclesiastical court for sorcery and heresy. The records of this trial, and of that which was instituted twenty years after to reverse its sentence, have been preserved in the archives of France. Witnesses appeared at both, who narrated her words and actions during her youth at Dom Remy, and during the two years of her public life. Her own answers on her repeated examinations before the court, are also preserved. Nothing can surpass the union of womanly sweetness, native sagacity, and lofty faith, which appear in these authentic narrations. Her simple truth baffled the acuteness of her captious examiners. Her sincere religious faith overthrew their accusations of irreligion. The purity and nobleness of her past life furnished no foundation upon which to base an accusation; only the most outrageous fraud and falsehood could furnish even the shadow of a reason for which to condemn her. But her condemnation had been determined beforehand; and noble gentlemen in an age of chivalry, joined hands with reverend bishops in an age of faith, in fastening to the stake this pure woman and fair saint.

The next morning we took the rail to Paris, and went first to Meurice's Hotel, Rue Rivoli, and then to a boarding-house close by.[1] Here we were but a few steps from the Tuilleries and the Louvre, a short way from the Palais Royal, and near most of the sights which one wishes most to see. The houses in Paris are arranged in a way which strikes an American as quite peculiar. Half a dozen families usually occupy one building; each, perhaps, having all the rooms on one floor; thus there are parlors above parlors, kitchens above kitchens, chambers above chambers, all the way to the top of the house. You enter from the street by a large double door which stands open during the day, and at night is opened for you by the concierge. This person occupies a small room or rooms close to the street door; it is his business to open and shut it, to inform strangers where each member of the household is to be found, and whether they are in or out; and with him are deposited letters, cards, or parcels for the families on either floor. To live in such a house would seem to an Englishman or an American very much like living in the street; but to a Frenchman this is no objection. They are an out-door people; expansive, self-communicating; they have no concealments, no reserves. As you pass by the large shop windows, and look in, you see not only Monsieur but Madame, and all the children, either in the front shop, or in the room behind. When you go into the Gardens of the Tuilleries or Luxembourg, you see father, mother and children, walking or romping together. This open life is very charming to a stranger; it is a kind of hospitality, for it makes you feel at home every where.[1]

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[1] Madame Maffit, No. 3, Rue de la Convention, who speaks English, and where many Americans have found a pleasant home.

Yet the beauty of Paris is very great. The houses are large, and finely built. The houses in London are costly, but those in Paris are elegant. Paris is not made dingy with smoke, as is London; the air is clear, not foggy, and the fine French taste shows itself every where, in great things and small. The palaces, gardens, picture galleries, and churches of Paris, are all interesting. In the very centre of the city, close to the Seine, is a cluster of magnificent objects hardly to be rivalled elsewhere. Beginning with the great Palace of the Louvre, you have a magnificent pile built around the four sides of a square, and each side four hundred feet in length. The colonnade of the west front by Perrault is in the Corinthian order, and five hundred and twenty-five feet long. This is considered one of the finest fronts in the world. This palace, which occupies the place where stood an enormous castle, the residence of Frankish kings from the earliest times, is entirely filled with the public museums. These museums consist of sculpture, ancient and modern paintings and drawings, gems, armor, and a vast collection of other curiosities. They fill the three floors of the palace on the whole four sides. Beside this, there extends along the Seine the great Gallery of the Louvre, filled with the finest Italian and Flemish paintings, twelve hundred feet in length, and connecting the Palace of the Louvre with the Palace of the Tuilleries. This latter building is a collection of pavilion-shaped edifices, joined together by buildings of a different form. In front of the Tuilleries extend its gardens, which are of great size, filled with fountains, orange-trees, marble statues, beds of fragrant and many colored flowers, sheets of water, and terminating in walks shaded with fine trees, planted in the form of that Quincunx, so great a favorite with Sir Thomas Browne. Passing through these, you reach the great square, now named *Place de la Concorde*, where the guillotine stood in revolutionary times, and where Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette were beheaded, and through which also Louis Philippe and his family passed when flying from his throne. Groups of statuary, bronze horses spouting water from their nostrils, occupy the four corners of this square. In the centre stands the famous Egyptian granite obelisk, covered with inscriptions, ancient and modern. Looking in one direction from this square you see the Gardens of the Tuilleries, through which you have passed, and the palace itself. On the left you see the beautiful Church of the Madeleine, built of white marble, with its Corinthian colonnade. Opposite to it, on the other side of the Seine, are seen several public buildings; one of which is the Hall of the Chamber of Deputies; and turning around, with your back to the Tuilleries, you have before you the Champs Elysées, with their multitude of avenues, passing beneath shady trees. These extend a mile, and terminate at the barrier de L'Etoile. Here stands the triumphal arch de L'Etoile, a hundred and fifty feet high, of solid granite, covered with colossal carvings and figures. This, though a mile from you, is so large that it seems close at hand.

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[1] But it does seem strange to an American, much more, doubtless, to an Englishman, to see rooms in the palaces of the aristocracy let to strangers. There is no street so aristocratic, nor any hotel so superb, as not to contain apartments which may be hired even by a passing traveller. As, therefore, the wealthiest persons do not necessarily occupy a house, but suites of apartments in a house, they take no pride in the outward aspect of the mansion. Display in Paris does not take the form, as with us, of costly or showy buildings; nor is it necessary, in order to keep caste, to live in an aristocratic quarter, or in an elegant house.

Paris is certainly the best place in the world in which to amuse oneself. You have only to put on your hat and walk into the street to find entertainment. At the season of the year when I was there, August, the sun shone bright all the time, but the heat was not excessive. It was warm and pleasant all day; the air soft and strengthening. The sun attracts you forth. If you live near the Tuilleries, you go into its garden, and linger awhile among its fountains and statues. Then you pass out and cross the Seine on one of its bridges, which are all beautiful; and one of them, the Pont Neuf, says Sterne, 'is the grandest, lightest, longest, and broadest, that ever joined land to land.' Bookstalls and picture-stalls are all along the way, and you loiter and look as much as you choose. No one urges you to buy; on one occasion even, the master of the stall rebuked his boy for asking me to buy. 'The gentleman sees the books,' said he. Presently you come to some fine old building, richly decorated in front, and if you choose to enter, no doubt it has either a public library, picture gallery, or collection of curiosities; all of which are free to the public, or at least to strangers with their passports. But you do not choose to go in, and pass on. Then here is a church; the door is open, of course; in you go, and find yourself in the nave. You decline the holy water offered you on a brush by a man in black regimentals, who sits in an open box, by the side of the marble basin or perhaps enormous oyster-shell, which contains the sacred liquid. You pass the little old lady who sits by a box of tallow candles, which she sells, for a sous each, to those who wish to show their devotion by buying one, and sticking it lighted on an iron triangle, to burn in honor of the saint to whom one of the little side chapels is dedicated. But here you are, walking up the side aisle with chapels on your right hand, each with its altar, its paintings, its marble statues, and screen or confessional of carved oak. On the left is the lofty nave of the church, with its clerestory and triforium arcade above; and below, the pulpit stands on one side, perhaps carved of stone, perhaps of oak, and richly ornamented. Then there is the choir, shut off from the nave, and aisles, by a screen of stone or wood, and with its high altar either at the west end, or sometimes facing the nave, and close to it where it intersects the transepts. If it is a cathedral or an abbey church, you have the carved oak stalls for the canons, with open-work canopies above, and perhaps the bishop's throne. Behind the choir is usually a large Lady Chapel, that is, a chapel dedicated to the Virgin.

One morning I visited the Expiatory Chapel, built by Louis XVIII. and Charles X. to the memory of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. It is a small but beautiful marble building, and entirely secluded, though in the centre of the city. You enter a court surrounded by a high stone wall. From this, turning to the left, and ascending some steps, you pass through another court to the building. On entering the small circular church, I found mass being celebrated, which was attended by some twenty or thirty persons. I fancied them to be legitimists, who worshipped here with a reverend loyalty to the memory of their murdered monarchs; and I was glad to sit in this quiet place, surrounded by memories of the past, during the service. In front of me was the altar where the priest was officiating; on my right, a marble monument to the memory of Louis XVI., with a group representing the king and an angel. The inscription beneath was in very good taste; it contained neither eulogy nor invective, but was simply the last will and testament of Louis XVI., written by himself just before his execution, and breathing a spirit of resignation and piety. Opposite to this monument is one to Marie Antoinette. Here, too, are statues of the queen and an angel; and in like manner the inscription below consists of her last letter written to her sister-in-law, the good Madame Elizabeth. The whole was very touching. The chapel stands on the place where the bodies rested in the ground for twenty-one years.

Leaving this chapel at the end of the services, I passed again through the gardens of the Tuilleries and crossed the Seine by the Pont des Arts, then went up the Rue de Seine to the Palais Luxembourg. I was first shown the Chapel of the Peers, a small but beautiful chapel, painted, gilded and marbled, with rich paintings around the walls by Poussin and others. Then I went to the ante-chamber, and bed-chamber of Marie de Medici. This last is not a large room, but one of the most beautiful I have ever seen. There are beautiful paintings in the panels by Rubens, at whose house in Cologne, Marie de Medici afterward died in poverty. How difficult it is to describe these sumptuous apartments. For myself, I only remember a splendor of gold, marble, vaulted roofs, painted ceilings, immense mirrors, — that is all. Then I saw the Senate Chamber, where Napoleon's senators met; and the Chamber of Peers, unoccupied since the last Revolution, when the peerage was abolished. Around the last room were the busts of Massena, Augereau, and other French generals and marshals. My guide, who was himself apparently a soldier, said, 'Voici les hommes contre lesquels vous travailliez,' alluding to our Peace Congress. I replied, 'Pas contre les hommes, Monsieur, mais contre le système;' I added, 'Nous aimons le courage.' He said, 'Vous aimez le courage, pas le carnage.' The gardens and grounds of the Luxembourg are beautiful, and beautifully taken care of, — a sweet fragrance of heliotropes and other flowers comes to you as you walk. The upper part of the palace is appropriated to a gallery of modern French paintings. Some of these pictures are fine, and among them is the masterpiece of Horace Vernet, which represents Ali Bey watching the murder of the Mamelukes. But modern French paintings did not please me; there is too much glare, too much straining for effect, too little simple, profound expression. Returning from this palace, I went with my friend Mr. C. to take dinner in the Palais Royal. This is perhaps the most famous place in Paris, and is visited constantly by multitudes of Parisians. The palace was built by Cardinal Richelieu, and given by him to the king, Louis XIII. Up to that time it was called the Palais Cardinal; it then fell into the hands of the Orleans family, who retained it till the time of the French Revolution. The father of Louis Philippe enclosed the spacious gardens with high buildings, containing in the lower story an arcade with shops; and above, with cafés and restaurants. In these arcades are exhibited for sale all the curiosities, the jewelry, engravings, and works of art, which one can wish to see; and the gardens which they enclose have walks among the fountains, flowers, and trees. Thousands of wooden chairs stand around, where people sit, read the newspapers, smoke cigars, take their coffee, and chat together. Here I usually went for dinner toward the close of the afternoon. In these restaurants ladies as well as gentlemen dine; and you often see father, mother, and children seated together at one of the small tables. Indeed, it is usual not to dine at your boarding-house. For a stranger in Paris, the best way is to engage rooms ready furnished, and to go out for your meals. Parisians usually take but two meals in the day, breakfasting at nine or ten, and dining at five or six. You go to a café for breakfast, provided you have not agreed to take it at home; here you get good coffee and excellent bread. In fact, the Parisian bread is celebrated. Rolls, butter, and 'café au lait' is the usual breakfast. You get a very good dinner for a couple of francs. After dinner it is usual to go to a café for a cup of black coffee, that is, strong coffee without milk.

On the day of which I am speaking, I went after dinner to walk in the Champs Elysées. Here you find all sorts of amusements going forward, and one must be very difficult indeed who cannot be entertained. As I walked on beneath the trees, I saw a triumphal chariot drawn by four horses, which was surrounded by a crowd of people. A man was standing up in the chariot haranguing the crowd. I thought that perhaps this might be a candidate for the Chamber of Deputies, and that perhaps in Paris stump speeches were made from triumphal chariots. But on drawing near, I found the subject of the lecture to be the merits of a kind of paste for filling hollow teeth, a small box of which the orator held in his hand. Two or three gigantic teeth were painted on the side of the carriage, and the speaker diversified his entertainment by means of a band of music carried in his car. Then I saw another crowd attending a beautiful little carriage drawn by four goats, in harness. What the object was I did not learn, for I was attracted towards another crowd of people. They surrounded a man who had lost both legs. He sat down on the ground, pulled off his wooden legs, then stood on one hand with his stumps in the air, and in this agreeable attitude picked up a bugle in his left hand and played a tune. 'Truly,' thought I, 'there are many ways of making a living!' There were also a variety of revolving machines, hung over with little plaster images. The proprietor presented you with a cross-bow, and for a sous you were allowed to shoot several times at those little images as they revolved, and break off their heads, provided you could hit them flying. Among these images I observed the bust of Louis Philippe very frequent. A great number of roulette tables and other gaming tables stood around. Lotteries of rings and jewelry were being drawn. Among the spectators there were multitudes of soldiers of the line, of whom I was told 80,000 were in Paris at that time. Nothing seems more strange in Paris to an American, than to meet with soldiers every where. Our idea of a republic is, that the people are to govern themselves, and do not need half a million of soldiers to keep them in order, but the French Republic is very different from ours. As has been well said, 'It is a republic without republicans.' The one fundamental principle of republicanism, that of submitting to the decision of the majority until you can get the majority on your own side, the French do not understand.

Near the Champs Elysées are the *Bals-Mabilles*, which are large gardens fitted up for dancing. People pay thirty cents for admission, and may dance as much as they choose. On an elevated platform in the middle is the orchestra, and the people dance round and round, waltzing alternately with cotillons. The people seemed to be of the middle classes, and danced very violently, with more frolic than grace. After seeing enough of this, I went out, and soon came to a café which had a garden connected with it, where were many hundred small tables and chairs, and at one end an orchestra. In this, which was brilliantly lighted, were some eight or ten well-dressed singers, and a band of music. The singing was good; the people sat around the tables and listened to the music, and by way of payment had only to buy some coffee, wine or beer. After sitting awhile, and waiting for some coffee, which did not come, I walked out, and in a few minutes came to another establishment of the same kind. In each of them, I should think, there were seven hundred or eight hundred people, sitting around the tables.

The civility of the French has certainly never been exaggerated. They are always courteous, and the very tone of their voice in replying to your question, is sweet and gracious. French politeness is neither art nor artifice, but has its root in genuine good-nature. They are, to be sure, a very approbative people, as appears in all that they do. In conversation, they think more of the manner than of the matter; and the French definition of good conversation, is 'to talk well about nothing.' Their painters aim at brilliant effects rather than at the expression of profound thought or feeling. Their writers are distinguished by clearness and pointed manner, rather than by depth of original research. Thus their love of approbation, which is often a love of admiration, shows itself in every thing. But together with this, there is also, I am sure, real kindliness of feeling and refinement of taste.

CHAPTER V.

PARIS AND THE PEACE CONVENTION.

THE first meeting of the Peace Congress for 1849 took place on Wednesday, the 22d of August, in the Salle St. Cecile, Rue St. Antin. The number of members attending the Peace Congress as delegates was very large, four or five hundred having come over from England. The French government seemed disposed to show great civility to the delegates, allowing them to come directly to Paris without any detention. Their baggage was passed free, and their passports were not examined. Moreover, M. Coquerel announced to the Convention, that directions had been given to allow the Peace delegates to visit all national buildings and public places, by merely presenting their tickets as members of the Congress. Beside all this, the Peace delegates were invited to visit the Palace of Versailles, and that of St. Cloud, and to see the grand water-works at the former place, and the illuminated cascades at the latter. This was a compliment usually paid only to royal visitors, for the water-works at Versailles play only four times a year; and the expense of setting them going is ten thousand francs. When the delegates met we found that every thing had been arranged beforehand. The permanent committee of the Peace Congress had prepared a list of officers for the Convention, drawn up resolutions, arranged the rules, and, in fact, selected the speakers also. The advantage of this was, that no time was lost in discussing matters of business or form; and that we probably had much better speaking than if it had been left to accident to decide who should occupy the tribune. Probably the committee also feared, that if debate was left free, some things might be said of a troublesome kind, and that Socialists or Red Republicans might get possession of the floor. But the disadvantage of this arrangement was, that it deprived the discussions, to some extent, of reality and spirit. There was no real debate upon any question, but merely a succession of orations. The body of delegates, in fact, were merely spectators; they had nothing to do with the proceedings of the Convention, and are not to be held responsible for any thing which occurred. For instance, the Convention has been blamed for making M. Victor Hugo its President, a man of genius certainly, but not distinguished for a high morality; but M. Hugo was not selected by the Convention, but by Mr. Burritt and the other gentlemen of the committee. So too the Convention, as we afterward learned, was allowed to meet in Paris, by the government, only on the condition of not alluding to present politics. If any one is to be blamed for this, it is not the delegates, for they knew nothing of the matter until after the Congress was ended.

M. Victor Hugo was President, and on either side of him sat M. Coquerel, a Protestant minister, and the Abbé Deguerry, the curate of the Madeleine; both of them, as well as M. Hugo, very fine speakers. M. Coquerel speaks French and English equally well, having resided many years in England. He has a clear, strong intellect, and a very fine delivery, every word being admirably articulated. In his religious opinions he is said to be very liberal. I had a letter to him from Dr. G., in which he apologized for introducing me, on the ground, that it was so many years since he had seen M. Coquerel, that the latter might have forgotten him. When I called on M. Coquerel he said, 'Dr. G. is much mistaken, no one can easily forget him;' and then, after inquiring about his American friends, went on to speak of public affairs. He is a member of the Chamber of Deputies, and belongs to the moderate republicans, believing that France is better suited for a republic than for any thing else. 'They say, to be sure,' remarked he, 'that we cannot have a republic without republicans, but neither can we have an empire without an emperor.' He is probably of opinion, that Louis Napoleon is a very different man from the great Napoleon.[1]

It was, perhaps, slightly ominous of the approach of the time when the lion and the lamb should lie down together, to see on either side of the President, officiating as vice-presidents, the Roman Catholic curate of the Madeleine, and the Protestant pastor of the Oratory. The good Catholic distinguished himself by a very animated speech; the best, perhaps, that was made at the Convention. This speech, as it chanced, was spoken on the anniversary of the St. Bartholomew Massacre, of which some one reminded him; and immediately, whether from a movement of feeling or by an artifice of rhetoric, he seemed struck with sadness, his voice faltered, and he expressed fervent gratitude that the time for such horrors was forever gone. He did something far better than this. A note was handed him from some one, who inquired what he thought of the French intervention in favor of the Pope. He said, on reading it, 'I know it is contrary to our rules to refer to the politics of the present day; but this much I will say, I do not believe that good can *ever* come from compelling a people by a foreign force to submit to any government; they must submit of their own accord, or the submission is worth nothing.' An uproar of applause followed this utterance, for which, as I understand, the curate was sharply taken to task by some of his brother Catholics.

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[1] Since this was written, M. Coquerel has proved his republicanism by being of that number of the National Assembly, who persisted in meeting after they were dispersed by the traitor Napoleon, and who went to prison in company.

The best English speaker at the Congress was, undoubtedly, Mr. Cobden. His manner was a striking contrast to that of the French speakers; he spoke in a natural, business-like style, and in an almost conversational manner. The points which he made were clear and striking. There was no enthusiasm, passion, or eloquence in what he said, but wit, and cogent argument. Cobden looks about forty-five years old; he is well-dressed, easy, and familiar in his manners. There is no English stiffness about him.

Another very good speaker, among the French, was Emile de Girardin, the successful and famous editor of 'La Presse.' He has a head like a bullet, only pushed out behind; his manner is very energetic, he is quick at repartee, and deals much in facts and figures. He had much to do with the Revolution which overturned the throne of Louis Philippe. He forced his way into the Tuilleries, and told the king that he must decide on a change of government within half an hour. In his speech before the Convention, he strongly urged the necessity of disbanding the immense standing army of the French Republic; and proposed that the French should lead the way in a general reduction of the armies of Europe.

There was nothing remarkable accomplished in the way of speech-making, by the American delegates. Mr. Durkee, member of Congress from Wisconsin, spoke; so did President Mahan, of the Oberlin Institute; so, also, did Mr. Amasa Walker, and Elihu Burritt, and two men of color — Rev. Mr. Pennington, of New York, and William W. Brown, a fugitive slave. But they all seemed somewhat hampered by the arrangements, and did not do much justice to themselves, or to the American faculty of public speech.

The Convention was continued through three days. The hall, which is quite a large one, was much crowded all the time, and the speeches, though rather commonplace, seemed to give great satisfaction. The English applauded with the greatest vehemence every moral or humane sentiment, however trite and musty it might be, reminding me somewhat of the effect produced in the pit and galleries at the theatre, by similar sentiments uttered on the stage. If any of the speakers at the Congress chanced to say that it was better to do right, than to succeed and have worldly prosperity, this piece of originality was sure to bring a thunder of applause. One of my friends remarked that such sentiments must be very new to them.

On the whole, the Peace Congress probably did just as much good as any man could reasonably expect. The effect of these meetings is often exaggerated. To bring together those who hold certain opinions, by means of a Convention, does not necessarily increase the number holding such views. Indeed, if violent, weak, or extreme opinions are expressed, the Convention may injure the cause instead of helping it. The members, however, are seldom aware of this; they enjoy each other's sympathy, and mistake the sentiment of the meeting for public sentiment. The real good done by the Peace Congress, was to call men's attention to the subject. War, as an institution, is so opposed to the convictions and the spirit of the present age, that it rests upon the basis of custom almost wholly. Many interests, indeed, are engaged to maintain it; but the chief reason for keeping up military establishments, and attempting to settle international disputes by bombarding cities, and destroying lives and property, is, that this is the way which has hitherto been taken. What is wanted, then, is simply to throw light on the ruinous and decrepit foundations of the system, and to call men's attention to the subject. The Peace Conventions do precisely this; their proceedings are published in most of the European journals, they are criticised and ridiculed. The London Times argues that war is necessary, and so injures the cause of war as much as possible; for war cannot be defended by argument, only by silence. An attempt to defend it, injures it quite as much as any attack which can be made upon it. Darkness and silence are absolutely necessary to the continuance of some institutions. The opponents of war and of slavery gain their point, when people can be induced either to attack or to defend them.

On Saturday, August 25th, I visited Le Jardin des Plantes, the Gobelins, the Pantheon, and the Churches of St. Etienne, and St. Sulpice. There are few places more interesting than Le Jardin des Plantes. A large space is laid out for beds of flowers, and plants, and shrubbery, of those kinds which will grow in the open air. Part of the grounds are covered with a great variety of trees; among which is a cedar of Lebanon, eleven feet in circumference. Then there are five or six large buildings containing museums of different kinds, each arranged with admirable method, so that you cannot walk through them without learning something. One of these museums contains, in a succession of spacious rooms, specimens of the whole animated creation, from zoophytes up through mollusks, insects, reptiles and birds, to mammalia. Another building is devoted to osteology, and contains the bones of all creatures who have bones, arranged in such a way as to enable you to see at a glance the transformations they undergo in different species and genera. Thus, for instance, there is a row of crania, from that of the fish up to that of man; showing the gradual enlargement of the brain, and the increase of the facial angle, through this series. The study of comparative anatomy seems mere play with such facilities as these. Another museum is devoted to mineralogical specimens, some of which are very beautiful. Then there are very lofty hot-houses with a tropical climate, and containing full-grown palms, cocoa-nuts, dates, and other tropical trees. These gardens have also a great variety of living animals and reptiles. The gardens are open to the public, and free lectures are delivered in every department of science. There is no such place in the world for the student as Paris; here he finds the finest collections in every department, and all thrown freely open; beside gratuitous lectures of the highest order.

One might spend many days very pleasantly in Le Jardin des Plantes; but I could only devote some three hours to wandering through its infinite variety. Then I went to the manufactory of Gobelin tapestry, near by, which is well worth seeing, but has often been described. From there I rode to the Pantheon, a vast building of granite. It was formerly a church, but is now a public building, belonging to government, and on its portal accordingly, as on all the buildings of government, are written the three mystical words:[1]

Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité.

The vaults of the Pantheon, built of solid granite throughout, contain the tombs of the most distinguished Frenchmen. A guide shows you through these vaults, and, in rather a pompous manner, informs you concerning their tenants. Most of them, as usual, are generals and marshals; who may be as well buried there as any where else; but when you come to the tomb of Jean Jacques Rousseau, you cannot but think it hard that this lover of nature should be buried under such a solid mass of masonry. Robin Hood says, in one of the ballads:

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[1] Since effaced by Napoleon.

'Lay me a green turf under my head,
  And another at my feet,
And lay my bent bow by my side
  Which was my music sweet,
And make my grave of gravel and green,
  As is most right and meet.'

So, one would think that it was most 'right and meet' to lay Rousseau by the side of Lake Leman, among the vines of Clarens, or beneath the rocks of Meillerie.

From the summit of the Pantheon, above its lofty dome, you have a fine view over the Latin quarter of Paris. Beneath you lie the Gardens of the Luxembourg; not far is the Jardin des Plantes, the vast Halles de Vins, where the wines brought into Paris are deposited; you see the windings of the Seine, you look westward toward the dome of the Hotel des Invalides, and the noble triumphal arch of the barrier De L'Etoile. In another direction rise the towers of Notre Dame, the Hotel de Ville, and the Palace of the Louvre. No one should omit ascending to this place. Beside this, I had views of other parts of the city from the top of Napoleon's Pillar, in the Place Vendome, from the top of the Arc de L'Etoile and from the Heights of Montmartre. Descending, I entered the little Church of St. Etienne du Mont, which stands near the Pantheon on the West, and as I entered, the shadow of the great dome of the Pantheon, in the afternoon sun, was creeping up the steps of the church, recalling to my memory the truthful description in one of Wendell Holmes's little lyrics:

> 'I wandered through the haunts of men,
> From Boulevard to Quai,
> Till, frowning o'er St. Etienne,
> The Pantheon's shadow lay.'

The Gathedral of Notre Dame, immortalized in Victor Hugo's romance, is the oldest and finest church in Paris. Still, among cathedrals, it does not stand very high; it contains, however, some remarkable treasures which are well worth looking at. In the sacristy you are shown the splendid coronation robes, worn by Napoleon, and given by him to the church; also, the splendid robes given by the Emperor for that occasion to the archbishops and bishops. These were of velvet, silver, and gold, and very magnificent. This treasury also contained crosses, pyxes, and altar ornaments, of solid gold, set with emeralds, diamonds, and rubies. The most noticeable thing, however, is a real relic, more valuable, because genuine, than the doubtful bones, nails, and sticks often shown as such. This was the bullet which killed the Archbishop of Paris in June, 1848, when he mounted the barricades for the purpose of pacifying the insurgents in that bloody outbreak. He was shot dead, basely, from the window of a house, and died a true Christian martyr to the cause of peace. The two vertebral bones through which the ball passed, together with the bullet itself on the point of a golden arrow, which shows the direction it took, are contained in a rich casket.

Monday, August 27th. I went with the English and American members of the Peace Congress, by invitation of the government, to visit Versailles. This palace, with its grounds, is well worth visiting; being the most magnificent building of the sort that ever was erected, and perhaps that ever will be. The expense was so great that Louis XIV., 'le grand monarque,' feared to let it be known, and destroyed the accounts. It is estimated, however, to have cost forty million sterling, or two hundred millions of dollars. The debt incurred by this enormous outlay, together with that occasioned by the wars of Louis XIV. and his successor, was one of the direct causes of the first Revolution. This enormous palace remains as it was when occupied by Louis XIV., except that the last king, Louis Philippe, has turned it into a National Museum, and filled it with several miles of fine pictures. These paintings are almost exclusively of war and battle, representing all the battles fought by the French from the days of Clovis to the days of Louis Philippe himself. It was impossible to stop and look carefully at any picture; all one could do, was to walk slowly and steadily forward, and walking in this way without stopping, it took me two hours and a half to go through the palace. Some of the paintings are very good, especially those by Horace Vernet and Ary Schefer. There is one picture of immense length — say thirty or forty feet long — representing a detachment of French mounted soldiers making a dash at the caravan of the Pacha in Algeria. The whole scene is very spirited. The hot, sandy desert, the wild, half-naked Arabs, the rushing horsemen, the startled camels, and the women of the harem, leaping in terror from their pavilions on the camels' backs, make a very animated scene. Some of the battles of Napoleon are very well painted. Instead of a confused tumult of struggling soldiers, you have separate scenes, containing a few figures, and striking incidents of the battle. There are several portraits of Louis Philippe; one in his uniform as lieutenant-colonel under Dumouriez; and one room devoted to the incidents of the Revolution of 1830. In one picture, La Fayette is introducing Louis Philippe to the people as lieutenant-general. I did not see any pictures of the Revolution of 1848; those are yet to be painted; and then we may have the last scene in the eventful life of the citizen-king; namely, his running away in a sailor's jacket and tarpaulin. Perhaps the most interesting pictures in this collection are the portraits in the upper story, of distinguished persons in French history. I could have lingered long over these striking memorials of the kings and queens, the poets and philosophers, the statesmen and court beauties of the last three centuries. Among them, are portraits of the American Presidents; and under a good head of Benjamin Franklin is written, 'Franklin, President of Pennsylvania.' This vast palace contains a splendid chapel, and a fine theatre; the walls of both are covered with marble and gold, and the ceilings painted by the first artists of the age. There is also the bed-chamber of Louis XIV., which remains as when he occupied it, and where this martyr to etiquette used to be dressed and undressed by his noblemen; each having his special part assigned in the great transaction; such a duke putting on the garters, and such a marquis handing the teeth-brush. Then there is the famous Oeil de Bœuf,—so called from a long oval window at one end, the scene of court intrigues. You may also see the private apartments of Marie Antoinette, and the passages through which she fled when the raging revolutionary mob broke into her chamber; and the window recess, where Mirabeau declared to Louis XVI. that he must make certain concessions, or lose his crown. But the most splendid room is the immense 'Hall of Mirrors,' filled from end to end with mirrors and statuary; and which, it is said, large as it is, used to be crowded daily by the courtiers in attendance of Louis XIV.

After walking through the palace, the English delegation invited the American delegates to a collation in the famous Tennis Court; to which the third estate adjourned when they found themselves excluded from their own hall. The interest attached to such places, is a proof of the power of the soul. A single heroic action, a deed of devotion, even the utterance of generous convictions, will give dignity to a sandy plain, or a miserable building. Even the magnificent palace we had just seen, erected and ornamented with such lavish expense, and itself the scene of so many historic events, was hardly so interesting as these old walls, weather-stained and crumbling. For the French Revolution, with all its immense results, hung on the determined resolution which brought those plebeians to this spot. Then, first, the popular will asserted itself in opposition to the nobility and the king, and here its triumph was virtually achieved.

After dinner we went to see the grand Water-works, in the Park and Gardens of Versailles. This great park contains thousands of acres, filled with the finest shrubbery, the most stately trees, and the smoothest plots of grass. The fountains are of marble, and contain groups of sea-horses, gods, and goddesses. As the water is pumped up into a reservoir, and there is none to spare, they are made to play in succession, and not all at once; so you visit them in turn. My private opinion was, that the 'Grandes Eaux' were a grand humbug; while the parks and gardens, the statues and lakes, the flowers and shrubbery, constituted a scene of unsurpassed beauty. Nature perhaps is here too much subdued and controlled by art. There is nothing 'wild without rule or stint, enormous bliss' — all shows restraint, limits, the economy of art, not the exuberance of nature. Still it is always a comfort to see any thing well done; and surely palatial magnificence is here thoroughly done, — done once and forever. The stately pomp of Versailles can never be rivalled. From Versailles, we went to the Palace of St. Cloud, the favorite residence of Napoleon, but then inhabited by his nephew Louis Napoleon. The President did not condescend to show himself, but we were shown through the palace and gardens by officials in uniform. The fountains here were made to play; though, as I said before, any thing which is *made* to play possesses but a questionable beauty. Artificial gaiety, and fountains driven by means of forcing pumps, might as well be dispensed with. But the illuminated cascades at night were very striking, and of a peculiar beauty. The water fell down long flights of marble steps, where thousands of lamps burned behind the falling sheets, and vases in the midst contained blazing torches, surrounded by water spouting into the air. The glare of light was very great, and the reflection from the tumbling waters extremely brilliant. At the close of the exhibition, colored fires were kindled, and the flames, green, deep crimson, pure white, and blue, gave a mysterious character to the scene. At last darkness fell, and we walked in silent procession, between rows of tall footmen carrying torches, to the cars which were to take us back to Paris.

The next day, at six in the afternoon, I set out with three companions for Switzerland, by the way of Strasburg. We were to go some forty miles by rail to Epernay, and from there by diligence to Strasburg. But, instead of going to the railroad station and taking our seats in the car, as we should have done in America, we went to the Messagerie, or office of the Strasburg diligence, and took our seats in a diligence. The French diligence is the same thing now that it was in the days of Sterne. It consists of three divisions below and one above. The division in front is called the coupé, and contains one seat for three persons, with windows in front and on the sides, through which you look out under the driver's seat. Behind the coupé is the interieure, behind that the rotonde. These hold six persons each; on top, behind the driver, is the banquette, which contains seats for three and the conductor. In this lofty place we had engaged seats a week beforehand. The coupé is considered the best place, and the cost is the highest, but from the banquette you get a better view of the country. We climbed to our seats by means of a ladder, and set off, drawn by five horses, (one being fastened by the side of our wheel-horses,) for the railroad station. I could not understand why we and our luggage should be packed so carefully into the diligence, if we were presently to get into a railroad car; but the reason was soon made manifest. After rolling merrily through the streets of Paris, the driver screaming, shouting, and cracking his whip violently all the way, as is the custom of French drivers from time immemorial, we arrived at the Debarcadère. Here we found three or four other diligences, which had come from other messageries. Presently our diligence was driven under a kind of platform, and chains being attached to it, the coach-body, passengers, luggage, and all, were hoisted by machinery into the air, swung round and deposited on the railroad car, leaving our horses and carriage wheels behind. Off we went by rail to Epernay, where another driver, horses, and carriage wheels were in attendance to receive us; and being again hoisted and swung upon the wheels, we trundled off once more behind our six horses, and shouting driver, toward Strasburg.

The road from Paris to Strasburg is not very interesting. It goes mostly through a level country, with few large towns. It is macadamized, with stone walls in some places on either side, but more commonly separated from the fields by nothing but a ditch. It passes between avenues of trees, such as poplar, ash, and oak. Ever and anon you come to a little village, filled up compact with wooden buildings daubed with lime. The inhabitants of these villages are agriculturists. Farm-houses are not scattered as in America, each man living on his own farm, but are collected together here and there in these hamlets. They are often walled, reminding you of the times when feudal robbers prowled through the land like wolves. The necessity of clustering together for safety occasioned the villages to be thus arranged. Not only the road has usually no fence, but the fields are not separated by fences; and one man's field is distinguished from his neighbor's only by the different appearance of his crop. In order that every man may have access to the road, the fields are very narrow, and extend backward very far, so that you see the whole country around you divided into narrow strips of vegetation. The crops were grapes, hemp, flax, wheat, and at last we were pleased to meet with an old friend, Indian corn. By moonlight, the whole scene became strangely beautiful; we seemed to be riding among gardens and palaces; for the plastered houses of each village, glorified in the moonlight, shone like granite or marble. Meantime the sweet tones of the French talking to each other, filled the ear very pleasantly. The girls prattled, the diligence rolled rapidly along on the hard white road, on which the moonlight lay like water, and on which the shadows of the trees, which made an avenue on either side of us, fell at regular intervals, black as night. Anon, as I sank into a half dream, the conductor by my side wound his bugle, and we rattled over the pavements into some small village. I strained my eyes to discover whether the walls around me were fortifications or palaces; but, before I could settle the point, away we rolled again between green fields and other avenues of trees. Sometimes in the distance rose the spire of a church, or two loftier twin towers would mark themselves against the horizon. On and on through the silent night, under the blazing full moon of merry France, through her fair vineyards, on and on toward her eastern boundary we went, until as the second morning dawns — lo! there rose afar the well known form of the great spire of Strasburg. Nothing else was yet visible — all the city lay below the horizon or behind the woods; but far up into the air stood Erwin's lofty masterpiece, and drew us toward it as with a mighty charm.

The day on which we left Paris, August 28th, was the centennial anniversary of the birth of Goethe, and was celebrated in many parts of Germany by public addresses, dinners, speeches, and the representation of his plays. There is no great man of modern times concerning the character and measure of whose greatness, opinion — out of Germany at least — is so much divided. From Thomas Carlyle, who regards him as a demi-god, to Andrews Norton, who looks upon him as little better than a demi-devil, there is space for for a variety of opinions. For myself, having studied his writings more or less, for twenty years, it seems to me that a more profound and creative intellect has not visited the earth in these latter days. The basis of his mind is a healthy realism; he is a matter-of-fact man, no mystic, but in the possession of a clear, sharp, understanding, which draws accurate outlines around every thought and thing. His method is to take his departure always from actual experience. He received in his cradle the happy birth-gift of an insatiate curiosity, and a firm belief in the significance of all things. He studies nature, therefore, to find its meaning; and, with a sharpness of observation which makes him a modern Aristotle, he possesses a faith in the deeply marvellous character of the universe, which fits him for the companionship of Plato. There are no words which occur more frequently in his writings than those which express this feeling of the marvellous; such as 'Wunderlich,' 'Wunderbar,' and so on. This healthy balance of faculty, this harmonious union of unwearied powers of observation and large gifts of reflection, which led him ever from analysis to synthesis, which made his poetry philosophy, and his philosophy poetry, gives to Goethe the seal of commanding greatness. The chief advantage of studying his writings is, to see in them what a wealth of thought he could find under the surface of our everyday existence, and how to an earnest mind common life teems with wonders. Whatever other duties he may have neglected, one at least he faithfully fulfilled, that of thorough self-culture. Every thing in his career was secondary to this; rank, reputation, and all outward advantages, were to him merely opportunities for new experience, for new development of his own faculties. So, to copy his own words, concerning Schiller,—'So he went onward, ever onward, for eighty-three years; then indeed he had gone far enough.'

It is idle to sneer at such a life as this. The wise and good of his own land and time, who knew him best, loved and reverenced him the most. The reverence and love of such men as Schiller, Herder, Humboldt, Schleiermacher, and in a word, all the eminent Germans of his time, could not have been obtained by any mean-minded or shallow person. Those who profess to admire Schiller, and depreciate Goethe, should remember that no man loved and respected Goethe more than did Schiller himself, and that this affection was so returned that the death of Schiller was the great grief in the life of his friend. Their friendship, indeed, was like that of David and Jonathan, Henry IV. and Sully, Gustavus and Oxenstiern, and those few other instances where the true conditions of friendship have been fulfilled, of different characters, powers, and tendencies, united by a common aim.

The works of Goethe extend through a range of subjects, and a variety of studies unexampled perhaps in literary history. Voltaire was as various in his subjects, but not in his faculty. He wrote poems, and plays, history, philosophy and works of science, and through all these flashed the keen intellect, and glittered the light wit of the versatile Frenchman. But it is the same faculty which appears engaged in all these subjects. His poetry is witty poetry, the product of the understanding not of the imagination; his philosophy is witty philosophy, a sharp analysis, but no broad deduction. But Goethe, in his poetry, displays a lyric faculty, of which there is no other modern example. His smaller poems are each like a separate flower growing on its own stalk; each seems to have made itself, to have sung itself. In Faust, again, we have a wild flight of imagination, like that of Bryant's wild fowl beating with his wings all day at a far height 'the cold thin atmosphere.' A mysterious beauty, snatches of life, pathos, sharp observation, and daring reflections, make this work a perpetual astonishment. Again, in Iphigenia, we have a reproduction of the calm Greek muse. Purity, simplicity of plot, severe unity of aim, the absence of all exuberance, and a statue-like outline of each character, make this play a perfect antithesis to the Faust. Again, in Hermann and Dorothea, we have another poem, standing at the head of still another style of poetic creation. Like the Iphigenia, it contains few characters and a simple plot; but the spirit and tone is wholly modern, while that of Iphigenia is essentially antique. In Hermann and Dorothea there is the subjectivity of modern times. The interest arises wholly from the feelings and sentiments of the persons introduced. It is all developed out of their own inward states, and the events of the piece are merely the occasions which reveal this inward history. The reverse is the case in the Iphigenia. There, as in the old Greek drama, all is objective; the events do not reveal, but create the characters; they are swayed and moulded by their outward circumstances; a terrible fate sweeps them onward on its dark stream. Of all the works of Goethe, none perhaps is more sweet and lovely than the Hermann and Dorothea. The ancient form and the modern material give it a special charm. The same thing may be said of the Tasso. This, also, has a classic form and a romantic substance. Most modern in its feelings and sentiments, it is severely antique in its artistic shape. But though deeply interesting, it has not the joyful, sunny beauty of the other.

Passing from the poems of Goethe to his prose, we meet again with the action of entirely new powers in Wilhelm Meister. The substance treated here is once more modern life; but it is treated not poetically, but ethically. The object is not to paint life as it is, but to show how, being what it is, we are to make the best use of it. The book is thoroughly prosaic, and was sharply blamed by Novalis on this account, but unwisely; for the end to be obtained was thereby more surely reached. It is strange, indeed, that a mind so poetic in its whole structure as that of Goethe, could have written a work so thoroughly prosaic in its form as this. We look at the inside of life, not the outside. We see every character in its motives and springs of action, not in its manifestations. Goethe gives the inward history of all the events likely to occur in human life, but stops short as soon as he comes to their outward development. Some one compares reading this book to looking at the inside of a watch. You see the machinery of every character, and the causes of every event. To how many persons this book has been a revelation of life! How many have here seen, for the first time, that there is such a thing as an ART of life, and have learned what a complex wisdom is involved therein!

Of Goethe's numerous contributions to science,— of his labors in various departments of natural history, his studies of plants, of bones, and minerals, and his optical works,—we can only say that they are not like the scientific works of Voltaire,—a skimming over the surface of many sciences, or a *resumé* of the discoveries of other minds, but profound and original observations of an independent thinker. Accordingly, the discoveries of Goethe in those departments have opened the way for a new progress of science. In a word, in science he has done more than any other man to change the analytical tendency of the eighteenth century, into the synthetical tendency of the nineteenth; to change science from an arbitrary to a natural system; to make it dynamical rather than mechanical; a growth out of a living germ, instead of a mere collection of facts and laws. Thus his idea of the metamorphosis of plants, has shown to botanists how the various forms of stalk, leaf, bud, and flower, are variations of one original germ. In osteology, Goethe first detected the transformations of the vertebra, which have since been so thoroughly developed by Oken and Owen. Of course, the partisans of the old school of science, who are still governed by the analytic tendency, do not appreciate what Goethe has done here; but men like Geoffrey St. Hilaire and De Candolle in France, Owen and Whewell in England, Oken and Agassiz in Germany, recognise him as their leader in some of their most important discoveries.

Wednesday, August 29th, we rode all day in our diligence, the country being still level or slightly undulating, and the crops consisting of flax, turnips, potatoes, Indian corn, and grape-vines. The villages looked poor, and we saw women working in the fields. We stopped for breakfast at Barleduc, and for dinner at Nancy. We saw on our right the high towers of the church at Toul. Our breakfasts and dinners were rather curious. We had soup and claret at breakfast; at dinner they gave us first soup, then some boiled beef, and boiled mutton; then they took that away, and put some fried mutton and pork on the table; after that came fricasseed chickens; then roast pigeons; then a plate of cabbage, and after it was removed, another of potatoes; presently in walked a roast pullet, which was followed by calf-foot jellies, maccaroni, and sponge cake; and the dinner was wound up by grapes, plums, melons, and nuts.

We reached Strasburg at seven, A. M., on Thursday. This is one of the most strongly fortified cities of Europe. We passed over a moat by a draw-bridge, then through double walls into the city. Our great object here was the Minster, the famous work of Erwin of Steinbach, who died A. D. 1318. Its spire is the tallest in Europe, being four hundred and seventy-five feet high. When near to the building, this great height is not apparent on account of the extreme loftiness of the western front, which is covered with the most beautiful and light stone-work. The spire is a curious pyramid of open stone-work, and contains a series of spiral stairways running up within little columns or buttresses. Having read what Goethe says of this building, I expected to receive a great impression from it; but a great deal, on these occasions, depends upon the circumstances. We saw it under a hot noon-day sun, and were vexed by the troublesome conduct of our guides, whom we had not, as yet, learned to manage; so that, on the whole, the impression on my mind of this great cathedral was less marked than that of some others. We saw, of course, the famous Clock, which stands in one of the transepts, which contains a dial-plate showing mean time, and another of apparent time, and yet another giving the position of the sun in the sign of the zodiac. There is also on this clock a calendar which shows the moon's age; and when the clock strikes twelve, a cock on the top claps his wings and crows; then from a door some figures, representing the apostles, walk out, and, as they pass around, strike the hour on a bell. There is a boy, too, who turns his hour-glass, and a figure of Christ, who blesses the apostles as they pass. Then comes a chariot, bearing the name of the day of the week, and containing the god of the day. All this happens every day at twelve, and a crowd of persons come in and admire it.

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THE BLACK FOREST AND SWITZERLAND.

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freight train, from which we could see the fine country along the Rhine in either direction. In the cars were German peasants and Prussian soldiers, all smoking their pipes. Baden was filled, we found, with Prussian troops, in consequence of the insurrection which had just been subdued by the aid of the Prussian soldiery. Every little town was garrisoned by them, and several times while in Baden we were stopped by these Prussian soldiers, conspicuous with their leather helmets with brass spike on its top, who demanded our passports. When we reached Freyburg at nine in the evening, a small platoon marched up and surrounded our car, refusing to let us get out, and presenting their bayonets when we attempted it. We thought this rather an inhospitable reception, and what they wanted we could not tell. We tried them with our best French, and our worst German unsuccessfully, and then talked to them in English by way of relieving our minds. Still the bayonets remained immovable. At last I thought of handing them my passport, directing the attention of their leader to the Prussian visé on its back, and saying emphatically, '*Prusse*, *Prusse*;' this had its effect. He studied the passport awhile, turning it upside down and over and over, looking at its front, then at its back; finally he laughed, handed it back, and let us go. Whether they suspected us of being revolutionary leaders, or for what other reason they stopped us, I cannot tell; nor indeed why they let us go at last, for as to the passport, they plainly could not read a word of it.

We had found in Murray's Guide-book that there was a new inn in Freyburg, called the Fohrenbach Inn, kept by a man who spoke English. Thither accordingly, being disgusted with our experiments in German, we directed our steps. I found a boy who agreed to guide us, demanding, as his recompense, some mysterious German coin. He seized one of our carpet-bags and ran off, we following. The Fohrenbach inn we soon reached, and a very good one it was. The landlord was delighted to see us, for the insurrection in Baden had put a stop to the travels of the English, and he had no one in his house but some Prussian officers, who were quartered on him quite contrary to his own wishes. He gave us fine, large rooms, and comfortable beds, where we first made an acquaintance with the inevitable German feather-bed, laid over you by way of a comforter. After tea I went out to see the great Freyburg Minster by moonlight. Lovely in the moonlight arose its lofty spire, more fair and graceful, I must needs think, in its proportions, than that of Strasburg. I stood long gazing at it till it at last seemed like a giant sentinel guarding the city, or an angel placed to watch all night over the houses, or a saint keeping his vigils, and passing the hours in prayer. The architect of this is said to have been the master of Erwin of Steinbach, the builder of the Strasburg Minster. Most of this church was erected in the thirteenth century. The tower and spire are so admirably proportioned that they mingle together, and seem soaring from the ground toward the sky. Their height is three hundred and eighty feet, of stone throughout, and carved into tracery of open-work. I found on ascending it, the next morning, that from the top of the tower upward, the spire was entirely hollow within, without a tie-beam of any kind to hold it together. As you stood inside, you looked up, two hundred feet to the top. I was very reluctant to leave this building, and I was reminded of what Scott says of the expediency of looking at the ruins of Melrose by moonlight. It seems to me that this applies to all great and solemn works of architecture. Also he is right in saying, 'Go alone.' In the daytime, at least if the building stands in the midst of a city, with the noise of common life going on around, you fail often of the great impression. You can no more look at a building to advantage from the tumult of a street, than you could see to advantage a painting or a statue in a like situation. In the day, you cannot stop to look at a building, without being pestered by the importunity of guides. But in the night, when the streets are still, and all commonplace objects veiled in darkness, the vast cathedral rises before you like a dream of the past. It speaks of the ages when it was built; each stone being laid in awe and love by men who

'Wrought in a sad sincerity,
Themselves from God they could not free;
They builded better than they knew —
The conscious stone to beauty grew.'

It speaks of the generations who have worshipped therein from year to year through the intervening centuries, of the countless prayers and hymns which have saturated its walls with their devotion; it speaks of the unity of faith, hope, and love, amid the changes of the world; it tells us that while churches fall, worship endures; that while human institutions crumble, human knowledge passes away, human opinions change, there are undying convictions of the heart which renew themselves evermore from age to age.

Next morning, rising by break of day, though it was midnight before the Minster let us go to rest, I climbed with one of my companions a high hill close to the town, where the old men take their exercise, and the young people make love. Here we saw the town, spread below us like a large map. Prussian troops, the size of mosquitoes, were parading in the great square, which was the size of a sheet of letter paper. Before us rose the spire of the Minster, — graceful and airy in the morning light, as it had been grand and solemn the night before. I felt concerning this building, more than any other that I had seen, as if it had a conscious soul.

Gradually acquiring a little German, we began to help ourselves along in emergencies. For instance, we asked our way to the hill by saying, with an intensely interrogative tone, 'Zum Schlossberge? Rechts? Links?' Then we could buy grapes, or peaches, in the market, by the use of the simple phrase 'Wie viel?'—On my putting this question to a simple maiden, pointing to a basket of plums, and showing a kreutzer — about half a cent — she said 'Zwanzig,' which somewhat puzzled me. Was it twenty plums for half a cent, or ten cents for one plum? She, however, solved the difficulty by first placing five plums in one of my hands, then five in the other, then she piled five more on the two, and was proceeding to add other five, when I put down a part, and took instead a bunch of grapes.

As there were four in our party, we thought it best to take a voiture, or carriage, to Schaffhausen and Zurich. So after breakfast we went out to make some inquiries on this subject, and to see the interior of the Minster, with its beautiful painted glass windows, its bas-reliefs, and the monument and effigy of the Duke of Zahringen. From 'Murray's Hand-book' — which we found such an invaluable companion, and so correct in all its information, that we soon familiarly named it 'The infallible Murray' — we learned that there were such things as return-carriages. A return-carriage is a carriage which is going back *to* where it belongs, and the price of such an one, is only half the charge for a carriage going *from* where it belongs. Our landlord told us that there was a return-carriage for Schaffhausen and Zurich stopping at his hotel, and the price for this distance — about eighty miles — was seventy-five francs. He, of course, highly recommended the voiturier, and said that seventy-five francs was very cheap. 'Perhaps it is,' thought we, 'but let us inquire further.' So, going to the other principal hotel, I found a second return-carriage, the driver of which was highly recommended by the master of *that* hotel, and who proposed to take us for sixty francs. As soon as the first driver heard of this, he reduced the charge to sixty francs too; whereupon the other offered to take us for fifty. Fearing that they might come down in their ardor of competition quite too far, after grave deliberation on the appearance of the drivers, their horses, and their carriages, we accepted the fifty-franc voiturier; saying that if he drove to suit us, we would add a five franc piece at the end of the journey for 'bonnes-main,' or 'trink-geld'; by which these drivers derstand a small additional gratuity given on such casions.

It was eleven o'clock in the morning of a hot day, en we set forth in our voiture. The way went ough the valley made famous by Moreau's retreat 1796 with the French army, in the wars of the ench Revolution. It is called 'Hollenthal,' or Hell- lley, and like most places with similar names is an ceedingly romantic and lovely spot. In one place e road goes through a pass somewhat like the Notch the White Mountains. The rocks rise steep and gh, green with moss and overhanging vines, and as e way winds on among them, the pass expands, and e high hills are clothed with the dark green verdure the fir and beech. The river Treisam, bordered ith turf and with mills here and there along its course, ns beneath the overhanging rocks. At the town of eig we stopped an hour, and took a dinner of bread d fruit, with a bottle of the country wine which in merica we should call bad cider. While the horses ere resting, I walked down into a field behind the use, through which meandered some little talkative ooks. By one of these I sat down, and thought of hakspeare's brook, of which he says, that

'When his fair course is not limited,
He makes sweet music with the enamelled stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
And so by many a winding nook he strays
With willing course, to the wild ocean.'

s I looked at the play of light on the surface of this ny stream, I thought that, after all, it was the most beautiful thing I had seen in Europe. I also reflected that there were fifty such within an hour's ride of my own home. 'Why then,' said I, 'should we come to Europe to see the Falls of the Rhine, and the snowy Alps, when we have this inexhaustible beauty all around us at home? Perhaps, however, it is a sufficient reason for coming, that we may learn by our journey that we *have* the same beauty at home.'

Departing from Steig, we ascended a steep hill, leaving the fine scenery behind. Then we went on to Lensfeldt, and came to an inn where we stopped; and while the horses were eating their black bread, we went in, and chiefly, in order to see the people, called for some bread and butter. The host and his wife both spoke a little French, and we were surprised to find how much at home we felt with any one who could speak French. As soon as they found we were from America, the landlord and the men, standing around, began to ask questions about America,—how to get there, the rate of wages, the price of land, the expense of living, &c. Meantime the old lady, the innkeeper's wife, came and stood behind us, and occasionally, in a quiet tone, asked some question about America, and about different places there. I knew by her manner that she had friends in the United States, and presently she told me so. She had a son in Cincinnati, and nephews in Reading and Pittsburg, and a young son at home who wished to go to America too. We every where found the common people in Europe interested about the United States. Not a man we saw and spoke to, but was thinking more or less seriously of emigrating.

Our good landlord in this little inn advised us not to go so far as Stuhlingen, to pass the night; telling us that we should find that place full of Prussian soldiers, and should have difficulty in getting lodgings. Stuhlingen being close to the Swiss frontier, the soldiers were posted there to arrest fugitives escaping from Baden. We therefore stopped at Bonndorf. Here no one spoke French, and we were greatly amused at our own perplexity in endeavoring to explain the smallest of our wants. Our driver spoke nothing but a German patois, and could not help us. The inn was poor enough, the beds bad, and our supper wretched; but what cared we? We were close to Switzerland, that was enough. So, at five in the morning we were off, and soon passed the Castle of Stuhlingen, and descended by a winding road to the town, which lay beneath. Here, as we expected, we were stopped by Prussian soldiers who pretended to examine our passports; but it was so evident that they could not read them, that we laughed in their faces, and rode on. Directly after, on passing a small stream, the driver told us that we were in Switzerland; on which announcement we all stood up in the open carriage, and waving our hats, gave three cheers; partly on account of what was before us, and partly because we were leaving behind us the Prussian soldiers.

We reached the Falls of the Rhine just below Schaffhausen, at nine o'clock, and stopped at the 'Hotel Weber,' which stands on the top of the right bank just below the falls, in full view of them, like the Clifton House at Niagara. It is unjust to Europe, to compare its best fall (as this is said to be) with our great cataract; nevertheless, the Falls of the Rhine are much like a small Niagara. The river here tum-

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and round arches in the interior. The minister stands in a very high pulpit, and the people sit on the most uncomfortable of wooden benches. The sermon was in German, and we could understand very little of it; but the singing by the congregation was good, and, as we had a hymn-book, we could gather its meaning. In the afternoon I walked to an old bastion which has been fitted up as a garden and observatory, where the people were sitting and enjoying the beautiful view, which included the houses and gardens of Zurich, the lake, and the distant Alps of Glarus, Uri and Schwytz. It was about four in the afternoon, the sun was bright and warm, and the rich country in the neighborhood of Zurich looked very attractive. I therefore walked with one of our party about four miles among the green pastures, orchards, and farm-houses, to the top of a hill called the Uetliberg. It was higher than we thought, and sharp climbing, and when we reached the summit, the sun was set, and we could see nothing. On the top stands a small pleasure-house, where one can procure a cup of coffee. In climbing up to it, I observed the remains of the foundation of some larger building, which probably was the old castle which was attacked and taken by Rodolph of Hapsburg, in the middle of the thirteenth century. We came down the steep ravine path after dark, but in a fine moon-light.

On Monday morning, our party, which consisted of four gentlemen, set out from Zurich for a pedestrian tour of a week, through the Bernese Oberland. We sent our baggage by the mail-coach to Interlachen, which we intended to reach by the following Sunday, keeping with us only what was absolutely necessary.

Our plan was, to go first to Mount Rigi, then to Lucerne, then up the Lake of Lucerne to Fluellen, and by the St. Gothard route to Hospital; from Hospital we meant to go over the Furca to Grimsel; from Grimsel to Meyringen; from Meyringen to Grindelwald; and from Grindelwald, over the Wengern Alp by Lauterbrunnen, to Interlachen, to pass the Sunday; from Interlachen we proposed to go by Kandersteg and the Gemmi Pass, into the Canton Vallais to Martigny, and across from there into the Valley of Chamounix. To this plan we adhered, and were satisfied that it could not have been improved. It led us during a fortnight through the most striking scenery of Switzerland, and we found, at the end of the fortnight, that we had walked more than two hundred miles.

We left Zurich on a little steamer, which carried us up the lake a few miles to the town of Horgen. Here, to our surprise, we took an *omnibus* like those which run through the streets of New York, in which to ride over the ridge of Mount Albis; but the macadamized road is so good, and the grades so well arranged, that the ascent was easy enough. Descending, we soon reached the little town of Zug, on the borders of Lake Zug. From there the road ran close to the lake, along the foot of Rossberg to the town of Arth, at the other end, which is at the foot of Mount Rigi. Houses stand along this road, built Swiss fashion, with small roofs or pent-houses over each row of windows, and covered down their sides and front with little shingles cut in a semicircular form, which look like scale-armor, giving the house the aspect of a mailed warrior. We reached Arth at one o'clock, dined, and having purchased each an *alpen stock*, or long staff with an iron spike at one end, and a chamois horn at the other, began the ascent of Rigi. We took these staffs with us through Switzerland, and found them very useful in climbing mountains, and still more in descending. In fact, they did duty (as in the riddle of the Sphynx) as a third leg, and enabled us to relieve our wearied limbs not a little. The ascent of Rigi is steep and tiresome. It is about seven miles up to the top, and, as the day was very hot, it was almost sundown when we reached the summit. The path, part of the way, went up by steep ravines, and part of the way over broad, bare shoulders of the mountain, from which we had fine views. We had a guide with us, by name Melchior, who belonged to Meyringen, and whom we had found on the steamer on Lake Zurich. He was on his way home, and we engaged him for six days, at five francs a day. Melchior of Wiesenflue was a pretty good fellow, though rather fond of his bottle of wine and his glass of kirchenwasser; he asked leave to take with him a friend, a young man named Fritz, who was educating himself to be a guide, and who went for the sake of learning the way. Young Fritz made himself very useful by carrying our cloaks when Melchior was tired; and was more refined and better educated than the other, so that we were glad to have him with us.

On arriving at the culm or summit of Mount Rigi, we were so fortunate as to get good rooms at the hotel. The white, tempestuous looking clouds were drifting up from below, and the glimpses of lakes and mountains, which we caught between them, were soon obscured. So we went into the hotel, where were collected, in the lighted dining-room, some sixty or seventy guests.

Long before sunset, the signs of an approaching storm had been quite apparent. The clouds had been mustering in the different parts of the sky, and from this lofty elevation we could see, far and near, thin dark masses swelling and rolling up higher and higher every moment. While the company were dining, or taking tea, in the salle-a-manger, the storm broke. Torrents of rain fell, the wind howled fearfully around the house, vivid flashes of lightning and heavy thunder indicated the violence of the tempest. Some of us tried again and again to go out and see this tumult of the elements, but the moment the front door was opened the wind and rain came in so furiously, that we thought it best to relinquish the attempt; and indeed it required the strength of one or two men to shut the door again. Still unwilling to relinquish the opportunity of seeing this magnificent scene, an opportunity which I knew was never to return, I wrapped around me my large shepherd's plaid, and found my way out of the house by the kitchen-door, which was on the leeward side of the building, and protected a little from the gusts. Then I stumbled on, till I found a little path which led up a distance of a few rods to the summit. Here the scene was sublime beyond conception. At each flash of lightning the whole panorama below would leap out of the darkness, and for a moment, the mountains around, Rossberg, and Mount Pilate, became distinctly visible. Especially, and this was the most striking feature of the scene, the two great lakes beautiful thing I had seen in Europe. I also reflected that there were fifty such within an hour's ride of my own home. 'Why then,' said I, 'should we come to Europe to see the Falls of the Rhine, and the snowy Alps, when we have this inexhaustible beauty all around us at home? Perhaps, however, it is a sufficient reason for coming, that we may learn by our journey that we *have* the same beauty at home.'

Departing from Steig, we ascended a steep hill, leaving the fine scenery behind. Then we went on to Lensfeldt, and came to an inn where we stopped; and while the horses were eating their black bread, we went in, and chiefly, in order to see the people, called for some bread and butter. The host and his wife both spoke a little French, and we were surprised to find how much at home we felt with any one who could speak French. As soon as they found we were from America, the landlord and the men, standing around, began to ask questions about America,—how to get there, the rate of wages, the price of land, the expense of living, &c. Meantime the old lady, the innkeeper's wife, came and stood behind us, and occasionally, in a quiet tone, asked some question about America, and about different places there. I knew by her manner that she had friends in the United States, and presently she told me so. She had a son in Cincinnati, and nephews in Reading and Pittsburg, and a young son at home who wished to go to America too. We every where found the common people in Europe interested about the United States. Not a man we saw and spoke to, but was thinking more or less seriously of emigrating.

Our good landlord in this little inn advised us not to go so far as Stuhlingen, to pass the night; telling us that we should find that place full of Prussian soldiers, and should have difficulty in getting lodgings. Stuhlingen being close to the Swiss frontier, the soldiers were posted there to arrest fugitives escaping from Baden. We therefore stopped at Bonndorf. Here no one spoke French, and we were greatly amused at our own perplexity in endeavoring to explain the smallest of our wants. Our driver spoke nothing but a German patois, and could not help us. The inn was poor enough, the beds bad, and our supper wretched; but what cared we? We were close to Switzerland, that was enough. So, at five in the morning we were off, and soon passed the Castle of Stuhlingen, and descended by a winding road to the town, which lay beneath. Here, as we expected, we were stopped by Prussian soldiers who pretended to examine our passports; but it was so evident that they could not read them, that we laughed in their faces, and rode on. Directly after, on passing a small stream, the driver told us that we were in Switzerland; on which announcement we all stood up in the open carriage, and waving our hats, gave three cheers; partly on account of what was before us, and partly because we were leaving behind us the Prussian soldiers.

We reached the Falls of the Rhine just below Schaffhausen, at nine o'clock, and stopped at the 'Hotel Weber,' which stands on the top of the right bank just below the falls, in full view of them, like the Clifton House at Niagara. It is unjust to Europe, to compare its best fall (as this is said to be) with our great cataract; nevertheless, the Falls of the Rhine are much like a small Niagara. The river here tumbles over a ridge of old volcanic rocks; the falls are about sixty feet in height, with an additional fall of forty more in rapids. It is divided, as at Niagara, by a large rocky island into two falls, and by a smaller island into two smaller ones. The best and highest fall resembles the great Horse-shoe Cataract; and over it, like a Table Rock, hangs an artificial platform, where you get a sense of the might and rage of the waters. We crossed in a small boat from the Hotel Weber to this side, where is an old castle which has been bought by an artist named Bleuler, and fitted up for company. From different positions around this castle, which is called Schlosslaufen, you obtain the best views of the fall. This Mr. Bleuler has certainly chosen a picturesque residence; for his castle hangs directly over the maddest tumult of the cataract. Nevertheless, it is annoying at such a scene of grandeur to have your attention invited from the sublimest work of nature to engravings, shells, minerals, stuffed birds, and ice-cream. Therefore, leaving Mr. Bleuler and his modernized castle, we recrossed the river, and then were rowed in the boat to the Rocky Island, between the two falls. Climbing through the tangled vines and bushes to its narrow summit, we stretched ourselves on the ground, and enjoyed without abatement the uproar around us. The water is of a rich bluish green, not an emerald green, like Niagara. Leaving the Rhine Fall, and the Hotel Weber, at one P. M. of an extremely hot day, (though it was the first of September,) the road ascended gradually to upland meadows, apparently the interval deposit of some large lake or river. After crossing the Rhine at

Eglisau, the road again ascended to some high table-land, where we got our first view of the high Alps. By an irresistible impulse we rose in the carriage and gave three cheers in their honor. There they lay exquisitely delicate in outline, sharply, though faintly, traced against the sky. Their snowy summits glittering in the sunset, rose pile beyond pile, massed and clustered in pyramids and cones, looking almost transparent, as though next moment they might all melt into the clouds. These were the high Alps of the Bernese Oberland, the inaccessible Alps which cluster round the Jungfrau. They were distant in a direct line (measured on Keller's very accurate map) seventy-five miles.

We were now in the Canton Zurich, a Protestant canton, where the houses and the people reminded us of Massachusetts. The land was well cultivated, the houses neat, and the people seemed decidedly superior to those we had seen before; their faces were intelligent and handsome.

Just after we caught our view of the Alps, we reached the little town called Beulach, and stopped at the Poste Inn. Before we were aware of it, to our surprise, a pretty Swiss girl, who ran out of the house, had opened the carriage door, and pulled down the steps. We made many apologies in English, French, and German, confusedly mixed together, for having allowed this; but she, with sweet and winning words, invited us in. The innkeeper spoke a little French, she only German; but so ready and gracious was she, so ready to be entertained by our poor German, and to help us to a word when we wanted it, that we much preferred ordering our coffee and bread of her. She was a charming specimen of a Zurich girl. Presently she told us she was the landlord's wife, and that they had been married three weeks; which turned the *Madchen* into a *Frau.* It was pleasant to see how the essential secret of fascination is the same every where. In a different rank of life, I have known one or two persons who possessed the same charm. But this German girl in humble life, with little beauty and no culture, equalled them in this extraordinary power. And why? Because she had that overflowing sensibility and sympathy, which interested her in the present moment and present persons; because the impulse of life was so full and fresh; because, like a child, the soul went perfectly into every word and act. She seemed so glad to talk with us, to do every thing for us; she ran up with outspread hands so gracefully, to ask her questions, blushing and hiding her face on her husband's breast when she made some mistake in pronouncing an English word, that we were all quite captivated. Her husband enjoyed her triumph, for proud was he of his little wife; and when we asked him if he would go to America, he called her and said—'Ma femme peut-être.' She with many graceful gestures endeavored to explain that she was afraid of the ocean; and so we talked about other things—about her church and preacher, asking if he was a good one? 'Ah nein,' she replied, very mournfully. 'Sehr alt.' 'Is he old?' 'Nein,' said she, but presently added, 'Er spricht nicht zum Herzen.' 'He does not speak to the heart,' pressing both her hands upon that active little organ. So we bade the good people farewell, parting with many signs of good-will on both sides, and rejoicing that we had taken no courier, who would have prevented us from having any of this intercourse with the people of the country.[1]

Riding down the hills, we reached Zurich at nightfall. It was Saturday night, and we proposed to pass the Sunday in this place. We stopped at the Hotel Baur, a noble inn of vast size, and well kept. Here we found Galagnani's English newspaper, and some good black tea, neither of which we had met with since leaving Paris. After walking out to look at the town and the lake by moonlight, we went to our comfortable chambers, and slept soundly through our first night in Switzerland.

It is the custom in Switzerland, and various parts of Germany, for the first service in Protestant churches to take place early in the morning. At eight o'clock we heard the bells of Zwingle's Cathedral ringing for church, and I went with Mr. C. to attend service there. It is an old-fashioned building, with large stone columns and round arches in the interior. The minister stands in a very high pulpit, and the people sit on the most uncomfortable of wooden benches. The sermon was in German, and we could understand very little of it; but the singing by the congregation was good, and, as we had a hymn-book, we could gather its meaning. In the afternoon I walked to an old bastion which has been fitted up as a garden and observatory, where the people were sitting and enjoying the beautiful view, which included the houses and gardens of Zurich, the lake, and the distant Alps of Glarus, Uri and Schwytz. It was about four in the afternoon, the sun was bright and warm, and the rich country in the neighborhood of Zurich looked very attractive. I therefore walked with one of our party about four miles among the green pastures, orchards, and farm-houses, to the top of a hill called the Uetliberg. It was higher than we thought, and sharp climbing, and when we reached the summit, the sun was set, and we could see nothing. On the top stands a small pleasure-house, where one can procure a cup of coffee. In climbing up to it, I observed the remains of the foundation of some larger building, which probably was the old castle which was attacked and taken by Rodolph of Hapsburg, in the middle of the thirteenth century. We came down the steep ravine path after dark, but in a fine moon-light.

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[1] Many people engage a courier to travel with them on the Continent. His business is to engage lodgings, hire voitures, look after the luggage, and pay the bills. A courier is, I am satisfied, a great plague. He effectually prevents all social familiar intercourse between the traveller and the people; he is very apt to scold with landlords and drivers about the bills, and so keep you in a perpetual quarrel; he carries you only where he wishes to go himself, and prevents your acquiring the information which comes from attending to your own wants.

On Monday morning, our party, which consisted of four gentlemen, set out from Zurich for a pedestrian tour of a week, through the Bernese Oberland. We sent our baggage by the mail-coach to Interlachen, which we intended to reach by the following Sunday, keeping with us only what was absolutely necessary.

Our plan was, to go first to Mount Rigi, then to Lucerne, then up the Lake of Lucerne to Fluellen, and by the St. Gothard route to Hospital; from Hospital we meant to go over the Furca to Grimsel; from Grimsel to Meyringen; from Meyringen to Grindelwald; and from Grindelwald, over the Wengern Alp by Lauterbrunnen, to Interlachen, to pass the Sunday; from Interlachen we proposed to go by Kandersteg and the Gemmi Pass, into the Canton Vallais to Martigny, and across from there into the Valley of Chamounix. To this plan we adhered, and were satisfied that it could not have been improved. It led us during a fortnight through the most striking scenery of Switzerland, and we found, at the end of the fortnight, that we had walked more than two hundred miles.

We left Zurich on a little steamer, which carried us up the lake a few miles to the town of Horgen. Here, to our surprise, we took an *omnibus* like those which run through the streets of New York, in which to ride over the ridge of Mount Albis; but the macadamized road is so good, and the grades so well arranged, that the ascent was easy enough. Descending, we soon reached the little town of Zug, on the borders of Lake Zug. From there the road ran close to the lake, along the foot of Rossberg to the town of Arth, at the other end, which is at the foot of Mount Rigi. Houses stand along this road, built Swiss fashion, with small roofs or pent-houses over each row of windows, and covered down their sides and front with little shingles cut in a semicircular form, which look like scale-armor, giving the house the aspect of a mailed warrior. We reached Arth at one o'clock, dined, and having purchased each an *alpen stock*, or long staff with an iron spike at one end, and a chamois horn at the other, began the ascent of Rigi. We took these staffs with us through Switzerland, and found them very useful in climbing mountains, and still more in descending. In fact, they did duty (as in the riddle of the Sphynx) as a third leg, and enabled us to relieve our wearied limbs not a little. The ascent of Rigi is steep and tiresome. It is about seven miles up to the top, and, as the day was very hot, it was almost sundown when we reached the summit. The path, part of the way, went up by steep ravines, and part of the way over broad, bare shoulders of the mountain, from which we had fine views. We had a guide with us, by name Melchior, who belonged to Meyringen, and whom we had found on the steamer on Lake Zurich. He was on his way home, and we engaged him for six days, at five francs a day. Melchior of Wiesenflue was a pretty good fellow, though rather fond of his bottle of wine and his glass of kirchenwasser; he asked leave to take with him a friend, a young man named Fritz, who was educating himself to be a guide, and who went for the sake of learning the way. Young Fritz made himself very useful by carrying our cloaks when Melchior was tired; and was more refined and better educated than the other, so that we were glad to have him with us.

On arriving at the culm or summit of Mount Rigi, we were so fortunate as to get good rooms at the hotel. The white, tempestuous looking clouds were drifting up from below, and the glimpses of lakes and mountains, which we caught between them, were soon obscured. So we went into the hotel, where were collected, in the lighted dining-room, some sixty or seventy guests.

Long before sunset, the signs of an approaching storm had been quite apparent. The clouds had been mustering in the different parts of the sky, and from this lofty elevation we could see, far and near, thin dark masses swelling and rolling up higher and higher every moment. While the company were dining, or taking tea, in the salle-a-manger, the storm broke. Torrents of rain fell, the wind howled fearfully around the house, vivid flashes of lightning and heavy thunder indicated the violence of the tempest. Some of us tried again and again to go out and see this tumult of the elements, but the moment the front door was opened the wind and rain came in so furiously, that we thought it best to relinquish the attempt; and indeed it required the strength of one or two men to shut the door again. Still unwilling to relinquish the opportunity of seeing this magnificent scene, an opportunity which I knew was never to return, I wrapped around me my large shepherd's plaid, and found my way out of the house by the kitchen-door, which was on the leeward side of the building, and protected a little from the gusts. Then I stumbled on, till I found a little path which led up a distance of a few rods to the summit. Here the scene was sublime beyond conception. At each flash of lightning the whole panorama below would leap out of the darkness, and for a moment, the mountains around, Rossberg, and Mount Pilate, became distinctly visible. Especially, and this was the most striking feature of the scene, the two great lakes lying just at the foot of Mount Rigi, Lake Zug and the bays of Lake Lucerne, came out like two enormous mirrors reflecting every flash of lightning. Every bay, every little island, even every tree overhanging the shore, was sharply marked at each successive flash. It seemed as if the storm king was taking the opportunity of seeing himself at full length in these great looking-glasses. The lightning ran along in keen continuous bolts through the clouds like a fiery serpent, seemingly on a level with the eye. The dark and ragged peaks of Mount Pilate from the opposite side of Lake Lucerne, reflected each peal of thunder, as the lakes reflected the lightning. It was a chaos of sounds; 'every mountain' found its tongue, and contributed its special note to the pealing chorus. At intervals, as the nearer tumult died away, there came a more silvery echo from the high Alps at the south, whose summits, icy clear, rose high above these tempest-clouds. A thunder-storm in the night-time is always superb—a thunder-storm among the mountains is equal to half a dozen any where else; but to witness a thunder-storm from a peak a mile high, in the night-time, surrounded by lakes and mountains, is one of the experiences of a life.

The next morning we had another benefit from the thunder-gust, in that it had cleared the sky, and given us a sunrise free from clouds and mists; a thing which seldom happens on Mount Rigi. Three times out of four, those who climb the mountain to see the sunset and the sunrise, see neither the one nor the other. The custom here is, to blow a horn at break of day, and then the tired travellers rouse themselves as well as they can, and go out shivering into the cold to see a collection of clouds and vapors. A fine of a franc is imposed on every one who carries out his blanket or comforter; which does not prevent this custom, but rather seems to suggest its expediency. The day dawned in cloudless splendor, and we looked far away in every direction over the grandest view in Europe, and therefore in the world. Elsewhere, it is possible, there may be wilder scenery, but nowhere I imagine can there be such a combination as here. You see towns and villages scattered in every direction; richly cultivated fields and orchards, the magnificent lakes, with their branching bays, Rossberg on one side, with the bare sloping strata of rock from which, on one fearful day, slid the masses of earth which overwhelmed three Alpine villages; Mount Pilate on another side, with all its traditions and superstitions clustered around it; just below you the Bay of Kussnacht, and the places made memorable by the exploits of William Tell. On the other side, the great peaks of bare granite pyramids of nature's handiwork, which rise behind the town of Schwytz;[1] and yet further, are the snow-covered peaks of the Oberland, Titlis, the Jungfrau, the Finsteraarhorn, the Schreckhorn, the Waldhorn, and Eigher, which tower to the height of eleven and twelve thousand feet, fair and pure in their eternal snow. One of the most peculiar features to me in this scenery, were the shadows of the mountains themselves. The shadow of Mt. Rossberg stretched, purple and misty, across Lake

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[1] Over the cradle of Swiss liberty and the first battle-field of freedom.

Zug; and the shadow of Rigi lay across Lake Lucerne, and far beyond, till we could see its extremity many miles away near the horizon. Then as the sun rose, the shadow contracted, and came moving up closer to the base of the mountain.

It seemed a pity to leave such a scene as this. How absurd to come so many thousand miles to see the grandest panorama in the world, and then go away again in an hour or two. But still it was necessary to go, and after lingering as long as possible we strapped our knapsacks on our shoulders, and began to descend with rapid steps toward the town of Kussnacht. It is usual for travellers who ascend from Arth, and are going to Lucerne, to descend to Weggis in order to meet the steamboat. We did not do so, for two reasons; first, that we might stay till nine or ten o'clock on Rigi, and have a longer view; and secondly, because we preferred to be rowed from Kussnacht to Lucerne, in one of the lake boats. Nothing could be more charming than this descent in the fresh bright morning, with the magnificent prospect before us, changing at every step and opening out new beauties. As we approached Kussnacht, we came to the lane where Tell is stated to have shot, with his cross-bow, the tyrant Gessler, and where stands a small chapel built to commemorate that event. At Kussnacht we found a boat and three men to row it, in which we had a very pleasant row to Lucerne, which we reached about one o'clock. Here we had merely time to go and see the famous lion of Thorwaldsen, just outside of one of the gates of the city. This lion is carved on the bare face of a perpendicular rock, in honor of the Swiss who were killed at the Tuilleries defending Louis XVI. Above it are written the words,

HELVETIONUM FIDEI AC VIRTUTI.

Lucerne is a quiet comfortable little town with all social, literary and artistic luxuries, and in full view of noble mountains and snowy glaciers. On the right, looking down the lake, rises Mount Pilate, whose craggy tops, bare of all vegetation, pierce the sky like sharp spears.[1]

At two o'clock of this day of wonders, we set sail a second time on the lake, but now in the steamer, through what Sir James Mackintosh pronounces the finest scenery in the world. We sailed around the foot of Rigi, touched at Weggis and at the port of Schwytz, and saw the bare, rocky pyramids, called the Mitres, rising behind the town. We passed Grutli, where the three Swiss confederates took the oath of freedom, and, lastly, sailed up the extraordinary Bay of Uri, where mountains descend on all sides, sheer into the water, so that not even a foot-path can be formed along the margin of the lake. Here we saw the place where Tell jumped ashore, after steering

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[1] There is said to be a singular colossal statue in a cave in Mount Pilate. It is inaccessible and can be seen only from one point. How it could have been placed there, no one can tell, for no one has ever been able to enter the cave, which is on the bare face of the precipice. COXE's *Switzerland*, (Vol. I., page 260.) Murray says it was reached in 1814 by a chamois hunter, at the risk of his life, and that he asserted it was only a rock which had been rounded into this form by natural causes.

Gessler's boat up to it in the storm. A little chapel stands on the spot, which was built only thirty years after Tell's death, and at the dedication of which many persons were present who had known him when alive. At Fluellen we disembarked at the commencement of the St. Gothard route. There we took a voiture for twelve miles on to Amsteg. We passed through Altdorf and the market-place there, where, according to the legend, Tell shot the arrow at the apple on his son's head. The places where each stood are marked by statues. We thought it necessary, if we were to reach Interlachen by Saturday night, to go still further this evening; so, after supper, we told Melchior, our guide, that we should walk twelve miles further that evening, to Wesen. But Melchior had evidently no intention of going; he had found some friends, and was having a very merry time over his bottle of wine. 'We must give him a lesson,' said Mr. C.; 'let us take all our baggage ourselves, and push on.' So we did; and in half an hour Melchior came running after us, somewhat surprised, for he evidently had supposed that we must wait till he was ready to carry our knapsacks. He seldom tried to loiter after this.

I shall not soon forget this evening's walk to Wesen. The road is a romantic way, ever climbing higher and higher by the side of the rushing, tumultuous Reuss. Lofty mountains shut us in, their sides dark in the night, their summits glittering beneath the rising moon. We all walked on in silence, feeling that the best way to enjoy such a scene was to talk about it as little as possible. At last, about eleven o'clock, we reached the town of Wesen, with its little chapel perched on the top of a steep rock, by the rise of the road. The guides and one of our company had gone forward, and waked up the people in the little inn, and when we arrived we found very comfortable rooms provided for us. Melchior, in order to keep us from leaving Amsteg, had told us that the inn at Wesen was poor; but here, and almost in every other place where we stopped at a common Swiss inn, we found very fair accommodation, especially if we had previously consulted 'The infallible Murray.'

Leaving Wesen at eight o'clock in the morning, we walked ten miles to Hospital, near the summit of the St. Gothard Pass. The road this morning went through some of the most extraordinary scenery in Switzerland. The rocks rose almost perpendicularly from the side of the foaming river, and our road clung to their sides wherever a few feet of rock could be found for it to rest upon, but jumping across the stream, backward and forward, on little stone bridges, in order to take advantage of the levels on either side. In some places it was cut out of the solid rock, in other places arched over to protect travellers from the winter avalanches. At one point it goes on a little bridge over an abyss, into which the roaring stream falls in foam and thunder; again, there is a gallery or tunnel through the mountain itself, after passing which, the road finally emerges into a little valley, with a piece of meadow and a few trees. This is at Andermatt, a mile or two before reaching Hospital. From Hospital we went four miles further to a place called Realp, where Goethe had stopped before when on his way to Italy.

The place is no larger now than it was then, consisting of two houses; one an inn, the other a *hospice*, which is an inn kept by monks, where you may pay just what you choose. Bare, desolate hills surround this spot, and as we reached it, it began to rain; so we stopt at the inn, and in an hour or so the rain ceased. But the weather still looked threatening, and Melchior insisted that we were to have an 'orage.' But in Melchior's predictions we had no assured faith; so the landlord came to his assistance, and predicted a bad night. He told us, — what indeed we knew from Murray, — that we had a steep mountain to cross, and no shelter nearer than twelve miles. 'Messieurs,' said he, with a very foreboding countenance, 'il n'est pas sage.' So, though very reluctant to stop, and having little confidence in an innkeeper's predictions concerning the weather, we finally decided to remain, rest ourselves, and write up our journals and letters.

CHAPTER VII.

SWITZERLAND. BERNESE OBERLAND.

The next morning, Thursday, September 6, we left Realp at a little after five, taking with us our breakfast to eat on the way; for our purpose was to make a long day's journey, going, if possible, as far as Meyringen.

From Realp, a foot-path carries you up over steep bare hills, higher and higher, toward the Furca Pass. This word Furca frequently occurs in Switzerland, wherever two high peaks leave an opening between them, like a fork. This mountain separates the sources of the Reuss from those of the Rhone. The Reuss, after passing through Lake Lucerne, unites with the Aar and the Limmat, shortly before they enter the Rhine below Eglisau. In this central region several rivers take their rise. The Tesino, which empties into the Lago Maggiore and Gulf of Venice, rises just to the south; the Reuss in the east, and the Rhone commences its course from the great glacier just below the Furca. On reaching the summit of the Furca Pass, we had a fine view of some of the loftiest peaks of the Oberland. We were now very near the Schreckhorn or Peak of Terror, the Wetterhorn or Peak of Storms, and the Finsteraarhorn or Dark Peak of the Aar. These high, sharp summits, most of them inaccessible to human feet, rise from the midst of a great wilderness of ice, out of which descend several glaciers. Coming down this pass, which was the highest spot we had yet reached, being eight thousand three hundred feet above the sea, we came to the great glacier of the Rhone, which is one of the finest in Switzerland. It comes down from the lofty mountains, filling a vast ravine between them, and resembling a cataract three or four times as large as that of Niagara, frozen in the midst of its fall, and

> 'Stopt at once amid its maddest plunge.'[1]

We descended upon this glacier, and walked for some distance upon it. The surface was like snow half melted, and then frozen again. Indeed, glaciers are throughout not solid, but semi-fluid, or rather viscous, according to the observations of Prof. Forbes, made with great care upon the Mer-de-Glace, at Chamouni. They move forward at the rate of one or two feet per diem. By taking observations from some fixed object by the side of a glacier to some object, like a block of stone, upon its surface, this rate of motion was ascertained. The lower part of the glacier where it terminates in the valley, does not, however, necessarily partake of this onward movement; for after reaching a certain point, it melts as rapidly as it advances. During some seasons, it may push onward further into the valley, then during other seasons recede again; marking the distance it has advanced by the terminal morraines, or heaps of stones, which it has deposited. These morraines are one of the striking features of a glacier, and are themselves indications of its onward movement. Masses of rock, detached by the frost above, are brought down on the glacier, and thrown from it at its sides, as a river leaves logs and driftwood along its banks. Or else the stones are carried down into the valley, and left at the extremity of the glacier. In the first instance, they are called lateral morraines; in the other, terminal morraines. Where two glaciers unite, they join their lateral morraines at the point of union, and carry the stones down in the middle, forming a central morraine. As you approach a glacier, you first come to this lateral morraine, forming a ridge of rocks, piled one on the other, and sometimes thirty or forty feet in height, over which you must scramble before you can get upon the glacier. But perhaps the most extraordinary fact concerning the glaciers, relates to holes or wells, which are found here and there upon their surface, caused by the water on the surface, where the ice is melted by the sun or rain. This water runs through various channels to these wells, called *moulins*, into which it falls sometimes to a great depth. The curious fact concerning the *moulins* is, that while the whole glacier is moving forward, carrying with it even rocks which weigh many tons, these moulins remain permanently in the same places. The ice through which the hole sinks, moves on, but the hole remains in the same place. This phenomenon is explained by the analogy of the little whirlpools and ripples which we see on the surface of running water. The water moves, but the whirlpool, or ripple, remains in the same place. We have a moving substance, and a stationary form. In some parts of the glaciers there are cracks, crevices, and fissures, and in some places the surface is thrown up into sharp pyramids and broken fragments, so as to make it difficult or impossible to cross it. These fissures and ruptures in the ice are occasioned by the pressure of the banks on either side. When the ravine, through which the glacier is moving onward, becomes narrow, the ice is crushed together and forced upwards, and the surface is necessarily broken. The same thing also occurs when there is a sudden descent; and in both these cases the analogy with running water is preserved, and a proof given of the semi-fluid character of the glacier.

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[1] The best description of a glacier is by Coleridge: —

'Ye ice-falls! Ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain, —
Torrents methinks, which heard a mighty voice,
And stopt at once amid their maddest plunge;
Motionless torrents, silent cataracts,' &c. &c.

This glacier of the Rhone, being the first we had seen, was very interesting. We then began the ascent of the hill on the opposite side, on our way to the Grimsel. This hill is called the Meenwand or Meadow-wall, and was indeed almost as steep as a wall. The sun was blazing upon us, and we found it the hardest climbing any where in Switzerland; but, as soon as we reached the summit, the invigorating Alpine air refreshed us immediately, and we pushed on over bare, black rocks by a small pond, which has neither inlet nor outlet, and is called the 'Sea of the Dead,' on account of some fight which occurred near by, after which the dead bodies were thrown into this water.

From the summit of this pass, which was about two thousand feet above the valley we had just left, we descended into the Valley of Grimsel, and a sufficiently grim and terrible site it was. It is a narrow ravine, wholly surrounded with steep, bare, black precipices of stone, all as desolate and savage as one can imagine. There is but one house here, the Hospice, the walls of which are of stone and three feet thick, to protect it from the winter avalanches. The family who keep the Hospice, however, do not remain here in the winter, but return to Meyringen, which is their home. The river Aar, here a small stream, runs through this valley, taking its source in two glaciers a short distance above. The family who keep this house are intelligent, and one of the ladies the prettiest woman we saw in Switzerland. She was well acquainted with Agassiz and Desor, who were here frequently while examining the glaciers of the Aar, and she inquired particularly concerning the former. Although every thing which is used in this house, even to the fuel, has to be brought on the backs of mules some ten or twelve miles or more, we found every thing excellent. Arriving here at twelve, we left at half after three, and walked to Guttinnen, which was half way to Meyringen, making the day's walk about thirty miles, in which was included also the ascent and descent of the two mountains. On our way we saw the Falls of the Aar, at Handeck. The river here leaps headlong down a deep chasm, and at the same place another stream of less size joins it, both plunging together into the same abyss; reminding me of nothing so much, as of two children rolling over each other down hill in their play. We stopped to-night at a Swiss cottage inn, which was neat and well kept.

Leaving Guttinnen on Friday, at five in the morning, we walked ten miles to Meyringen before breakfast. Our mule-path still wound along the side of the Aar, which it had followed since we left Grimsel, and was overhung with steep rocks, the roots of the lofty mountains, between which the impetuous stream finds its way. Before reaching Meyringen, we stopped to admire one or two valleys, sweet in themselves, and more sweet from the contrast with the previous barrenness and desolation. Here were meadows, with men at work among the new-mown hay, and small gardens by the side of the neat Swiss cottages. We met a good-looking man, with an intellectual face, whom the guide told us was the pastor of one of these little communities. It seemed to me that one might pass a very pleasant life in the pleasant vales of Hasli, surrounded by the sublimest scenes of nature, and among her gentlest.

Instead of stopping at Meyringen, we crossed to the other side of the valley, to the baths of Reichenbach, where are mineral springs and a good hotel. Here, to my satisfaction, I found a douche-bath, and after the long walk in the hot morning it was sufficiently refreshing. To those unacquainted with the mysteries of the water cure, I may say that a douche is a stream of cold water, the size of one's arm or smaller, falling on your back and limbs from a height of twelve to twenty feet. The reaction from this bath is very great. Though it seems and is a vigorous application, and makes a part of what is technically called the 'heroic system' in the water cure, it is in reality not so dangerous as the plunge-baths, which people fear much less. As only a small part of the body receives the shock of the water at one time, the effect is not to chill the whole system; and the reaction, which brings the blood to the service, is more easily obtained.

We were here detained awhile by a party of English gentlemen and ladies, who are just setting out from the hotel, and who received the whole attention of the landlord and servants. Here we had occasion to notice the difference between the manners of the English at home and abroad. In England I found every one disposed to enter into conversation; but the English on the continent are a taciturn race. The English whom you meet regard you with suspicion, and it is far from their thoughts to say a pleasant word, or vouchsafe a kindly look to their fellow-travellers. When they meet you, they usually look at the ground, and seem engaged in botanical or mineralogical researches. With the French and Germans it is quite another thing. The English are civil and cold; the Germans, sociable but rude; the French alone are both courteous and refined. But I am disposed to think that Americans know how to travel quite as well as the people of either nation; at least, the Americans we met in Europe had none of the suspicious manner of the English, for the simple reason that they feel abundantly able to take care of themselves, and are afraid of nothing. In fact, Americans are by nature a travelling nation, and are most at home when they are away from home. They are, beside, naturally sociable and inquisitive, and, more than any other people, perhaps, know how to adapt themselves to new customs and conditions of society. Like the Indians, from whom they may have learned it, they are never astonished at any thing. A genuine American girl, taken from the middle of Kentucky, would be not at all embarrassed by an introduction to Queen Victoria, and would probably acquit herself to her own satisfaction and that of every one else. The annoyances of inns, the knavery of guides and landlords, which drive an Englishman frantic, rather amuse an American; he sets it all down as so much information gained, and, knowing that it cannot be helped, makes the best of it. The American intellect, likewise, is naturally active, and an American understands sooner than most persons what is expected, and what is proper to be done in each situation.

So much for the reflections occasioned by the behavior of the English party at Reichenbach. Like English travellers generally, they were laden with luggage. The horses they rode were weighed down and half concealed with carpet-bags, valises, umbrellas, surtouts, and mackintoshes; while from the pockets of their shooting-jackets protruded telescopes, and the red covers of the inevitable Murray. One or two guides followed, leading other horses equally laden with bundles and baskets. The Romans, I thought, as I looked at all their apparatus, did well to call baggage *impedimenta.* A traveller soon learns that conveniences are often very inconvenient. A young traveller has his trunk and carpet-bag, his valise and hat-box, but he learns to carry less and less, until sometimes he arrives at the point of taking nothing but what he can put in his pocket. For ourselves, in this walk among the Alps, we found the greatest advantage in having nothing but what was absolutely necessary. Great coats, and those warm ones, you must take; for while the valleys are very warm, the mountain-tops and high passes are always cold. A change of under-clothes is also necessary; the English mackintosh surtout is a convenient thing, being water-tight, and also very light; but we found that, beside the cloaks and umbrellas which the guides carried, two knapsacks would contain all that was necessary for the use of our party of four persons during the week. To be sure, we were very glad to find our carpet-begs waiting for us on Saturday night.

Leaving the inn of Reichenbach at half past ten, we began to ascend the very steep hill behind, on our way over the Scheideck to Grindenwald. After mounting awhile, we came to the Falls of Reichenbach. The water here falls an immense distance, and as you look up to it from below, seems reluctant to take the leap. In this it is quite a contrast to the falls at Handeck. There the two streams leap joyfully together in wild excitement into the deep gulf below. Here the water clings to the rock and slides off, and does not jump at all. Climbing still higher, we passed on among five green fields, and woods to Rosenlaui, where we turned aside to see the glacier, which is one of the most beautiful in Switzerland on account of the character of the ice, which is pure blue. We went into a cleft or cave within the glacier, and it seemed like transparent sapphire. Such a color I never saw; the blue light gave a ghastly character to our faces.

After leaving the glacier, the weather which had been so beautiful in the morning grew cloudy, and presently it began to rain. We clustered together under a wide-spreading tree, and wrapping our cloaks around us, placed our backs against the trunk, and spent half an hour either in dreams or in waking dreams. Then the rain held up, and on we went. Soon we passed out of the forest, rising along the sides of the great Scheideck, with the vaster forms of the highest Alpine peaks on our left. So steep were these peaks, that neither earth nor snow rested on their sides, but all was bare, dark granite. These two mountains were the Wellhorn and the Wetterhorn, and between them came down the glacier of Schwarzwald. Here for the first time we heard avalanches. So much does the echo of the avalanche resemble thunder, that we thought a storm was coming on till the guide told us that the noise was occasioned by avalanches. Presently came a louder roar, and the guide pointing to the side of the mountain, said, 'Look! there is the avalanche;' we looked, and at first saw nothing, for we expected a large part of the mountain would be covered with the falling snow. To our surprise, we at last discovered the avalanche in a small white thread, which looked in the distance like the falls of a mountain stream. This white thread we presently saw reappear further down the mountain, as the snow fell from rock to rock. The fact was, that the clear Alpine air had deceived us altogether as to our distance from the mountain, and what seemed to us like a small stream, a short distance off, was in fact a mass of ice thousands of tons in weight, two or three miles away from us. The distance which had so diminished the size of the avalanche to the eye had multiplied its sound to the ear, by numerous reverberations. But it was some time before we could realize that these thunders were occasioned by a cause so apparently trivial.

A summer avalanche among the Alps is a very different thing from a winter avalanche. Winter avalanches are occasioned by accumulations of snow, which slide down, where the mountains are steep, into the valley. These occur in the winter, when the snow is falling, and in the spring when it begins to melt, and grows more compact and less tenacious of its position. These snow avalanches often fall upon the traveller's path, and are very dangerous; but the summer avalanches are of ice, being in fact masses of the glaciers, which are pushed on by the steady movement of the body of the glacier till they overhang a precipice; then they break and fall, and the powdered ice looks like snow in the distance. These avalanches are constant to particular spots, and are repeated at regular intervals as the glacier advances over the precipice.

Passing further on, and higher up, we came to the shop of a dealer in echoes; a boy about sixteen, who lived there by himself to entertain travellers by firing a small cannon, and by blowing through a wooden horn. The echoes are not remarkable, but we were struck with the boy's mode of life. Here he lived by himself, seeing no one all day but an occasional traveller, and sleeping at night in a little rough berth made of boards nailed up against the side of the cabin. Three or four stones in the corner of the house made his hearth, and the chimney was the cracks in the roof, through which the smoke easily found its way; his furniture consisted of one settee, which was a board with four legs to it. This boy had lost his right hand by the bursting of his cannon on some previous occasion, but he still pursued the same business.

It was six o'clock when we reached the top of the Scheideck, and our guides had made up their mind that we should stop for the night at the small inn on this summit; but we walked straight on, leaving them to sit in the inn as long as they might see fit. In a few minutes, however, they came running after us, as we passed on down the mountain, which is 6700 feet high, to Grindenwald. We reached the hotel after dark, and very well tired, for our day's work had been more than thirty miles, with an ascent of 5000 feet.

On Saturday we closed this week's walking among the Alps with the finest scenery we had yet enjoyed. Commencing in the morning with the scenery of the Valley of Grindenwald, we saw at noon the Jungfrau from the Wengern Alp, and in the afternoon the exquisite beauty of the Valley of Lauterbrunnen. We were accompanied all day by Lord Byron's poetry, for we passed among the localities of Manfred; and here, as in many other places, we felt the reaction of genius upon external nature. Sublimity and picturesqueness in the outward world awaken the poet's mind, and his mind throws a new charm around the external world.

He leads us into the secrets of nature by his magical symbols, reveals things hidden to the common eye, and shows us not only what nature does, but what she means. And then, in return, the scenery and objects which awoke his genius, and suggested his thoughts, place us in communion with those feelings in the poet's soul, which lay behind his expressions. We look at the terrific cliffs, or the lovely vales, which he attempts to describe in his immortal verse, and we understand better what the thought or feeling was which he labored to express. In a word, the poet gives us an interior view of nature, and nature in turn gives us an interior view of the poet. So, when looking at Windermere, I became better acquainted with Wordsworth; on Lake Leman I grew more intimate with Rousseau; and on the Wengern Alp and the Rhine I understood Byron.

The Valley of Grindenwald is famous among Alpine valleys for that which constitutes their peculiar feature. In these deep vales, protected on all sides from sharp winds, and irrigated by a thousand streams, trees, grain, grass, and flowers grow luxuriantly in the neighborhood of utter barrenness and perpetual frost. The Valley of Grindenwald is very fertile; every house has its garden, and its fruit-trees, and the grass is of the richest green. Meantime, three of the tallest peaks in Switzerland rise above it, and enclose a space of a hundred square miles of perpetual ice, never visited by the foot of man. From this icy ocean two large glaciers descend into the valley itself, passing down among the orchards and grain, which grow only a few feet from these icy masses.

Our way from Grindenwald up the Wengern Alp led us first through pine woods, and then over bare and bleak hill-sides. The heavens were filled with driving mist, which concealed appropriately enough the summit of the Peak of Storms, and the neighboring summits of the Giant and Monk. We passed a lady and gentleman on foot; for ladies, though they usually ride on mules over these mountains, sometimes also find their advantage from walking. Mule-riding indeed, is almost as fatiguing as walking. Presently we reached a chalet, in front of which stood tables with delicious strawberries and cream to refresh the traveller. Strawberries in September were a luxury which we gladly accepted. Presently it began to rain, and as we passed on we reached, higher up, another chalet where echoes were sold as on the Scheideck. After resting awhile, and finding that the rain would not stop, we went on once more by a slippery walk, and at last came to the summit. Alas! the modest Jungfrau had veiled her head in clouds, and we saw nothing. We descended a mile to another chalet, where we stopped a couple of hours to dine, and to wait, if mayhap the clouds might drift from the face of the Mountain Maiden. Avalanches were falling continually down the sides opposite to us, and we could hear their thunder echoing among the ravines, and sometimes see their silvery threads winding their way down among the precipices. We ate our chamois-meat cutlets, and sat outside the chalet looking at the avalanches, and the terrible mountain-side opposite to us. The Wengern Alp on which we stood, is wholly barren and dreary. Between it and the Jungfrau, there is a deep abyss or ravine, on the other side of which, the mountain rises precipitous, rocky, and desolate. No human being has ever scaled those cliffs; even the chamois-goat cannot climb their sides. For miles in length, and many thousand feet in height, these bare precipices of rock extend themselves; then above them comes another vast region of snow and glaciers; out of which rise peaks which in themselves are mountains, wrapt each in its dazzling sheet of snow. This region was hidden from us by mists, and after waiting as long as we dared, we reluctantly set off at four o'clock on our way down to Lauterbrunnen; but we had only gone a few rods, when the sun came out, and the clouds began to drift away. One by one the magnificent snowy peaks of the Jungfrau emerged from the mists, pure and silvery as the turrets of the New Jerusalem. No one can tell, from the sight of other mountains, the peculiar impression which these serene, snow-covered heights, produce upon you. They are more like heaven than any other earthly thing. Away by themselves in the skies, untrodden by human foot, covered always with unsullied snow, dazzlingly bright under the noon-day sun, rosy red in the sunset, and pale in the moonlight. They affect the heart like a special revelation of celestial beauty. How could we turn our back upon this mountain — how leave it as soon as we had seen it! It needed the guide's assurance that we should see it all the way to Interlachen, and there too, before we could resolve to go; and all the way down we stopped to look back and see the glory of the Jungfrau behind us. So on through the warm sun we went, descending toward

Lauterbrunnen, and in the course of half an hour's walk, passed from a region of utter barrenness to one of luxuriant vegetation. Thousands of feet below, lay the valley toward which we descended; the path down was so steep that it went in zigzags, but on each side, nevertheless, were fields of grass. How they could ever be mown, and the hay raked, passed our wit to tell. One of my companions thought to make the way shorter by crossing these fields in a straight line, instead of keeping to the zigzag road; but he soon found it too steep to justify his standing upright; so he sat down, and attempted to slide down; but this also was dangerous, and there he sat, holding on to the grass, uncertain what to do. By the aid of his alpenstock however, he reached the road, with this practical experience of the portentous faithfulness of Swiss agriculture, which can make hay in places so steep that any body but a Swiss cannot stand upright.

No where in the world, I think, can such a combination of beauty be brought together as is to be found in the Valley of Lauterbrunnen. The name in German means, 'Nothing but brooks,'—and indicates one of its characteristics. The valley is a long and narrow one, extending from the foot of the Jungfrau, between precipitous and lofty hills, toward Interlachen. Over these perpendicular walls fall a thousand brooks, which hang like white threads or ribbons along their sides. The presence of so much water gives a peculiar character to the trees. Trees always conform to their situation. In forests all trees, no matter what may be their typical form, imitate the pine, and strain upward to the light in perpendicular shafts. By the side of running water, all trees imitate the willow and bend their limbs downward in bowery masses; and wherever the atmosphere is charged with moisture, the trees expand their branches in a peculiarly indolent and luxurious manner difficult to describe, but easily recognised. Whenever, therefore, you see a tree with its limbs hanging downward like those of a willow, you may be pretty sure that there are brooks running below the surface, if not visible above it; and when you see trees spreading themselves out in every direction, leaning their branches this way and that, like the trees which the Italian painters loved to draw in their picture of the Flight into Egypt, you may recognise the presence of an excess of aqueous vapor in the air.

Thus leaned and expanded the limbs of the walnuts, and beeches, and chestnuts, as we passed down toward Lauterbrunnen. High above us, the snowy Alps seemed to overhang the valley, though in fact miles away. Opposite to us waved in the wind the Staubbach, made famous by Byron, who compares it to the waving tail of the White Horse in the Apocalypse. This mountain torrent, on reaching the edge of the precipice, falls eight hundred feet without touching the rock on its way into the valley; before it has descended a third part of this distance, the resistance of the air has changed it into spray, and the wind drives it and bends it, this way and that, in snake-like curves.[1] We reached Lauterbrunnen at six o'clock, and I said to our guide Fritz, 'We must call this, not Lauterbrunnen but Lauterschönheit' — that is to say, 'Nothing but beauty.' This fancy pleased our young guide, who enjoyed the beauties of scenery quite as much as we did; and after this he always spoke of this place as the Valley of 'Lauterschönheit.'

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[1] 'The torrent is in shape curving over the rock, like the tail of a white horse streaming in the wind, such as it might be conceived would be that of the "Pale Horse" on which Death is mounted in the Apocalypse. It is neither mist nor water, but a something between both; its immense height (nine hundred

There is, however, one serious drawback to living in such places, and that is the absence of sunshine. It must be many hours after the sun is up, before it can penetrate into this valley; and long after it is sunset here, the snowy peaks of the Jungfrau are glittering in its splendor. I do not see why I may not propound a theory, as well as others, to explain the presence of goitre in these Alpine valleys. Some say that this disagreeable swelling is occasioned by the use of snow-water; but then it is found in Madagascar, and on the Monongahela River, where no snow-water probably is used; and it is not found to any extent in other places where the snow-water is most abundant. Others say it is owing to dirt, and where it prevails, unquestionably the people are dirty enough; but then people are dirty in other places. There is no goitre in the streets of London, or the cellars of Ann Street in Boston, or in the cabins of the Irish. Suppose then we say, that it is owing to the want of sunshine. However, to spare any body else the trouble of refuting this theory, I will refute it myself, by reminding the reader that there is no goitre that I ever heard of, in the coal-mines of

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feet) gives it a wave or curve, a spreading here or condensation there, wonderful and indescribable.' — *Journal in Switzerland. Works of Byron.*

England, where people do not see the sun once a month. Determined to reach Interlachen to-night, we walked on, ten miles, over a level, macadamized road. This we found more tiresome than climbing mountains; and we arrived at last, utterly fatigued, at this beautiful town, which is nearly composed of hotels. It is said that some fifteen hundred strangers, mostly English, reside here. Its advantages are, that it is admirably situated, near most of the finest scenery, and is itself a lovely place; beside which, it is easily accessible from Berne. Tired as we were, we refused to stop till we could find rooms opposite to the Jungfrau; so that we might see it as soon as we opened our eyes in the morning. This being accomplished, we sat down, and I called for a pair of slippers. One of my companions seeing them, inquired where I got them. 'I asked for them,' said I. 'But by what French word?' said he. 'Pantoufles.' Not catching the sound, he called the chamber-maid, and politely asked her to give him '*des soufflets*,' — that is, some slaps. The amusement and perplexity visible in the face of the young lady may be easily imagined. The perfect gravity on his part, and the astonishment on hers, were irresistible; and we ended our day with a very hearty laugh.

CHAPTER VIII.

SWITZERLAND. MONT BLANC.

Glad were we, after our week's walk, at the arrival of a day of rest. Sunday morning rose clear on the pleasant meadows of Interlachen, and the snowy peaks of the Jungfrau, which glittered above us in pale brilliancy, embosomed in the serene blue of the morning. On the soft green fields around, stand clumps of noble trees; the walnut and linden, and other forest trees, all stretching out their limbs, and bending down their branches, enjoying the moist atmosphere. The Aar which empties into Lake Brienz, runs out of it, and passes in numerous channels through Interlachen and Unterseen, before it empties into the Lake of Thun. The names of these two contiguous towns, Interlachen and Unterseen, mean the same thing, and are derived from their situation between the two lakes. The buildings in Interlachen are mostly new and in good taste, surrounded with shrubbery and flowers, and the whole valley is shut in by mountains, not craggy but green to the tops, covered with pines, and in their mellow distance, tinted green, purple, and blue, color shading off into color with an infinite variety, and glimmering through the airy sea which rolls between. The bells ringing for church at eight o'clock, in the old town of Unterseen, drew our feet in that direction. We entered a little Lutheran meeting-house, where on plain wooden benches the men sat on one side, and the women on the other, as in our Methodist churches at home. The minister, in a black stuff gown, with a ruff around his neck, sat in a chair in front of the congregation. The women were all in black, with black caps and lace trimmings, and with black ribbons down their backs. Hymns were sung by the congregation, and then the minister ascended a pulpit on one side of the building, and delivered with animation and without notes, a discourse, the subject of which was the Lord's Supper. After his discourse and prayer, he came from the pulpit, and seated himself in his chair with a small table before him, on which stood the bread. On a seat behind were the deacons, with the goblets of wine; the congregation then passed in regular procession and single file; the men first, and the women afterward, from their seats to the minister, from whom each took a piece of bread; then on to the deacons, who handed to each a cup of wine, and then back to their seats again. This method of administering the sacrament did not appear to me an improvement on our own. It seems to be intermediate between the Catholic and Episcopal custom of kneeling around the altar, and the Presbyterian or Congregational custom of remaining seated. In like manner, the Lutheran doctrine of the Lord's Supper, stands half way between the doctrine of the Church of Rome, and that of Calvin and the Presbyterians.

Both the Lutheran doctrine of the sacrament, and the Lutheran method of its administration, seem to have met the fate of most compromises, and proved failures. In fact, nothing seems more easy, and nothing is more difficult, than to find the middle way and take the middle ground between extremes. The golden mean is that which shall unite the truth and the advantage of the two antagonisms. It is the synthesis or reunion, the marriage, of the two truths, which in their divorce give strength to the warring antithesis. But instead of this synthesis, the middle doctrine usually turns out a mere compromise; having the advantages neither of one extreme, nor of the other. Now, the Roman Catholic doctrine of the Eucharist, which teaches that God is really present in the elements, inspires sentiments of awe, and makes a deep religious impression. The Calvinistic doctrine, which denies the presence of God in the elements, and makes of them symbols of his spiritual presence, and of spiritual communion, has the advantage of being both intelligible and rational. So, likewise, of the modes of communion. If we believe with the Roman Catholic that God is in the wafer, it is proper to kneel in receiving it, for its reception is an act of worship; if we believe with the Calvinist that the bread is merely a symbol, to kneel would be an act of superstition, and the Presbyterian custom of sitting is thereby justified. But the Lutherans deny the doctrine of transubstantiation, which teaches that the substance of the bread has been changed into the body of Christ, and yet maintain that the body of Christ is present with the bread, and that the bread is not a mere symbol. This middle doctrine neither satisfies the religious sentiment, nor the intellect; it leaves the mind confused and the heart empty. Unquestionably there is religious sentiment among the Lutherans at the administration of the Supper; but not on account of the Lutheran doctrine, but in spite of it. Whether any synthesis remains to be discovered which shall truly reconcile the Roman Catholic and the Calvinistic view of the Eucharist, is yet to be seen.

After church, I took a walk over the meadows toward the Lake of Brienz, and sat down on a stone to make a sketch of the surrounding scenery. The whole village seems to stand on a piece of rich interval land lying between Lake Brienz and Lake Thun. Some of the trees standing near were of great size. I measured one walnut, and found that, four feet above the ground, it was twenty feet and four inches in circumference. This is larger than the largest tree in the State of Massachusetts; the largest of which, sycamores or elms, seldom exceed eighteen feet. The great elm on the Boston Common is between sixteen and seventeen feet in circumference; the great elm at Pittsfield is, I think, less than eighteen feet. In the Valley of the Mississippi, trees grow to a much greater size. I measured one many years since, which grew near Louisville, Kentucky, which was forty-two feet in circumference, or fourteen feet in diameter, at some distance from the ground. This was a sycamore, and I have been told of others which reached the vast size of seventy-five or eighty feet in circumference. Probably these large trees are never closegrained; they all grow like those we saw at Interlachen, in rich interval land, and where there is a great deal of moisture. Yet there are few sights in nature or art, more imposing than that of one of these enormous trees. They are the oldest of living things; they carry the mind back hundreds of years, as only that can do which has lived in former times; and when fallen and in ruins, blown down by storms, or struck by lightning, their enormous shafts mouldering on the ground are as touching as the fallen columns of Palmyra or Persepolis. I think one can easily become attached to a tree. Its presence is always cheering. It gives us an infinite succession of new sights and sounds; every breeze which passes, wakens its leaves to music, and makes a variety of light and shade on their flickering surfaces. I remember a large cottonwood tree which grew near my study window, the leaves of which, on account of their long foot-stalks, were in perpetual motion, like the limbs of little children. This tree was never still; it was the most talkative companion I ever had; sometimes when there seemed to be no air stirring elsewhere, its leaves were all alive, and one could hardly help thinking that a company of birds were fluttering about among them. The student of trees learns soon that each variety has its characteristic beauty. Every species has a typical form toward which it strives, and which, under the most favorable circumstances, it sometimes attains. Thus, the typical form of the American elm is that of a Grecian vase, and I remember an elm in the Deerfield meadows in Massachusetts which, standing alone, looked as if carved by Phidian art into that form. The maple endeavors to become an egg, and often succeeds; the pine is a tent, &c. During this digression on trees, suggested by the Interlachen walnuts, I have been diligently finishing my sketch. As I draw, a gentleman and lady pass by, whom my companion discovers to be neighbors from Boston. Americans certainly do their share of travelling in Europe. This summer there were in Switzerland more Americans than English; and in a Salle-a-manger at Coblentz, at breakfast one morning, the greater part of the company turned out to be Americans.

On Monday morning, September 10, our party of four set out again, to walk to Chamounix. On this occasion we took no guide but young Fritz, who had never been over the way any more than ourselves. But we trusted to finding temporary guides whenever it should be necessary. To-day we were to walk from Interlachen to Kandersteg, up the Valley of the Kander; and our way the whole distance was by carriage-roads, where no other guide was necessary but Keller's map. The rest of the company set off without me, as I lingered behind to fix the outlines of the Jungfrau in my memory, by means of a parting sketch. In following them, after reaching Unterseen, I had some difficulty in finding the road which I knew was to lead us along the left bank of Lake Thun. Some Germans directed me by a cross-way over the meadows; and at last I found myself in this rich and fertile country, surrounded by grain-fields, where men were reaping, with a broad river in front of me, which seemed to cut off all further progress. I inquired the way again of the

German peasants; but we could not understand each other, and so, trusting to luck, I pushed along the bank of the stream, following its course downward; for I argued that, as I was intending to go along the left bank of the lake, by keeping the left bank of the river which emptied into it, I should be sure to be there by and by. This sagacious calculation was verified by the result; for in a few minutes the river made a sharp bend to the right, and on going around this turn, I saw my friends before me at a little distance waiting my arrival. For many miles our way this morning lay along the Lake of Thun. Opposite, on the other shore, rose sharp peaks of old volcanic mountains; below us the blue waters of the lake; before us, on a promontory in the distance, an old castle. After a while the road diverged to the left, toward the town of Asche; from this we descended to the high road which goes up the Valley of Frutigen. We passed near the foot of Mount Niessen, which rises like a vast pyramid, in form like those of Egypt, but covered with rich lines of verdure and foliage up to its sharp pointed summit. Standing alone, separate from any neighboring hills or adjacent peaks, bathed in sunlight, clothed in verdure, it is tinted and tinged with a thousand shades of blue, purple and gray, by its forests, rocks, and bare soils. It seemed to me one of the most sublime and lovely objects on which the human eye can rest in this world. I thought, as I looked at the various tints upon its sides, the dark blue lines of the ravines, the light colored mountain pastures, and the purple woods, that there could be scarcely a greater luxury than to live in the constant presence of such a mountain; to see it in the morning and evening twilight, when its lofty summit became the companion of the morning and evening star; to observe its tints changing with the changing seasons; to look at it when the early mists slowly ascend its sides; when clouds hang about its summit; when the driving storm conceals and reveals portions of its woods; or when the snows of winter dress it in purest white. It seems impossible that any person can live in the neighborhood of such majestic objects, and not be influenced by them. Nevertheless, such is often the fact. And are we not all surrounded by wonder and beauty, of which we are unconscious? Man has the terrible power of being able to close his eyes, and shut his ears, and harden his heart against all truth and all beauty. But for an open eye and a wakeful mind, I can conceive of no natural influence so great as that of mountains. The ocean rolling on the beach, or contending with the shore all day long; Niagara, with its exquisite beauty of color and motion; and forests with the music of their leaves, are all ennobling influences; but to me there is a calm majesty in the mountain which surpasses them all. The mountains are the altars of earth, from which ascend to God not the smoke of victims, but the incense of thoughts raised by them above earthly desire and care. The ocean gives us the sublime sense of abstract infinity, but the mountains impress us with a presence of personal infinity. The ocean takes the mind out, and the mountain carries it up. The ocean expands, the mountain elevates.

Passing Mount Niessen, we went up the Valley of Frutigen and reached the town of Frutigen at three,

P. M. Setting out again at five, we passed into the Valley of Kander, and a three hours' walk brought us to Kandersteg at eight. This is a small village at the upper extremity of the valley close to the mountains, and where the carriage road terminates. The Kander is a small stream which takes its rise in Mount Gemmi, and empties into the Lake of Thun. At Kandersteg we were still not far from the Jungfrau, although it had taken us thirty-five miles to reach this spot in our circuit around the mountains. At this little village and in a very poor inn, the worst but one which we found in Switzerland, we passed the night. The only travellers there beside ourselves were two young Prussians, and a French gentleman. The latter was a very intelligent and agreeable person. I found in his case, what I had before noticed, that high culture approximates men of all nations to each other in manners. This Frenchman had nothing specially French about him. He resembled in all respects a highly cultivated Englishman or American. Moreover, there was nothing in his manner by which one could guess at his profession; he might have been a statesman, soldier, or literary man. His information seemed extensive and accurate; there was nothing of prejudice or violence in his tone of thought; he made many inquiries about the United States, and appeared well acquainted with our institutions. The only drawback on my satisfaction, while conversing with him, was the difficulty of managing the language. For I found, while I could do very well in speaking French on all occasions of necessity, that I became strangely embarrassed whenever I attempted to launch forth into general conversation. One reason was, that I did not care if I made mistakes when it was necessary to speak; but if I volunteered remarks, I was ashamed if they were not correctly expressed. It would seem that one whose knowledge of a language was derived from books, would be able to find words most readily upon subjects treated of in books; but I did not find this to be the case.

One thing which struck me frequently while among these mountains, was the remarkable way in which they separate one from all familiar thoughts and things. They put a great gulf between the mind and all its accustomed subjects of contemplation; and in this way give a sense of entire repose to the faculties. The soul is wholly at peace; resting from its usual cares, anxieties, and interests. In the very heart of Europe, I cared no longer for European affairs. There seemed to be nothing near me but nature; I was in her element. Of the revolutions going on around me, I heard and knew nothing. By accident, I read a few days after this, in a little Savoy paper, that Venice had surrenderd to Austria; that the insurrection in Hungary was finally overcome by the Russian armies. But to such matters as these, the news of which we listened for so eagerly in America, I was almost indifferent, as also were all around me. So that the Alps stand firm, and attract by their mighty masses a sufficient number of travellers, with plenty of francs for bonne-mains and trinkgelt, these people care little for what is going on in the rest of Europe. Secure in their high intrenchments, they are lifted above all anxiety about what is happening below. 'So, then, the life of the world,' I thought, 'may roll on as it will; I am taken for once out of its stream; neither my own business nor the world's history affects me now. I am calmed by these mountains; I am cooled by these glaciers. These torrents pouring free, and rushing in headlong course down the ravines, attract me more than the course of revolutions.' In this clear Alpine air the distant mountains seem close at hand, but the nearest social facts far away. The atmosphere of the hills is a telescope, with which we look at nature through the eye-piece, but at the world through the object-glass. One comes much nearer; the other recedes to an illimitable distance.

Tuesday morning we arose at five, and began the ascent of the Gemmi. It took two hours of steep climbing to reach the top of the first rise behind Kandersteg. Our party consisted of six, — Mr. C., of Montreal, and I, who carried one knapsack alternately; two Mr. F's, also of Montreal, who carried a knapsack in like manner; our young Fritz, who came with us from Rigi to carry our cloaks; and an extra guide from Kandersteg over the Gemmi to Leukerbad. These guides and porters sometimes carry immense burdens on their shoulders on a frame of wood. We met a party to-day, who had ascended from the other side with the porter, who carried two large trunks, either of which would be a load in America, on a level surface, for one man, and three or four carpet-bags beside. With these he had ascended the tremendous precipice from Leuk.

After our first climb of two hours, we came to a valley, where we passed from Canton Berne into

Canton Vallais; then crossed some mountain pastures, where a few starved goats and sheep just keep themselves alive, and even lichens turn white and die. Then we came to a region, the type of desolation, surrounded by bare cliffs, glaciers above and the ruins of rocks below; and, crossing the ridge of broken rocks, we reached an inn, the scene, many years ago, of a murder, which Werner made the subject of a tragedy called 'The Twenty-fourth of February.' The inn was a miserable one enough, where, though very hungry from our morning walk, we could get hardly any thing to eat. Here our manly and modest French gentleman, with his companions, passed us on horseback. We went on, around a lake called 'The Daubensee,' about three miles in circumference, into which empties a torrent from one of the glaciers. This lake has no apparent outlet for its freezing waters. On our left rose the high, sharp, snow-covered peaks of the Altis. Consulting our guide-book, I found that, by ascending a ridge of rock on our left, we should obtain a fine view of the mountains of Savoy. One of our party diverged from the path with myself to get this view; the rest preferred to push on. I had somehow unfortunately lamed my knee, and it was with much difficulty that I could walk; but I would not lose this prospect, and it turned out a very fine one. Below our feet was an almost perpendicular precipice of more than two thousand feet in depth, down which the road found its way in some inexplicable manner. In the valley beneath lay the village of Leukerbad; so near, that it seemed as if we could throw a stone into its streets, but in reality a mile or more from the foot of the precipice. Beyond the village rose steep, dark mountains, upwards of a thousand feet in height, but over the tops of which we saw the snowy tops of the Piedmont Alps. These mountains were perhaps thirty or forty miles from us, but their snowy summits were very conspicuous. We could distinguish the three great peaks of Monte Rosa, and the sharp pyramid of Monte Cervin, which is perhaps the most extraordinary mountain for its shape among the Alps. It rises to the height of some thirteen thousand feet, in a perfectly regular and wholly inaccessible pyramid, approaching in sharpness to an obelisk. After enjoying this view, we followed the mule-path down the side of the wall, on whose summit we stood. In many places the mountain is almost perpendicular, and the road is hewn out of its sides in zigzags. We were more than an hour in reaching the bottom, the distance being about six miles from the top to the plain; and when thus looking up, you cannot discover the least trace of a road, and see nothing but a mountain wall behind you. This road in some places quite hangs over the precipice, and at one spot, it is said, you can drop a stone fifteen hundred feet plumb. In other places, it is a hollow way, the rock projecting over it for some distance. This road was built in the middle of the last century, at the joint expense of the Cantons Berne and Vallais.

As we approached Leukerbad, the question arose, at which hotel we should stop to dine. One of them was a new large building; the other, the Maison Blanche,' was a smaller house, well spoken of by Murray. 'Let us go the large hotel,' said one, 'that is the newest, and promises to be the best.' 'No,' said another, 'the other travellers will go there; let us go to the Maison Blanche, and perhaps we shall be the only guests, and so have better attention.' The last argument carried the day, and we found on this occasion, as on others, that it was often a good plan not to go to the most fashionable hotel, if one wished for real comfort.

Leukerbad is much visited by invalids on account of its hot, medicinal springs, where the patients bathe, and drink the water. Where the water issues from the ground, it is heated to a hundred and twenty of Fahrenheit, and contains a good deal of sulphur. The customs at these baths are very peculiar. The rule is to spend eight hours every day, sitting in this hot water. As this is naturally somewhat tedious, people bathe in company, the bath-rooms being large enough each to accommodate twenty or thirty persons. These sit in their bathing-dresses under water, their heads emerging all around, and amuse themselves by conversation, reading, and playing chess, — the chess-board or book-stand floating under their nose on the water. I did not join this bathing company, but took a douche of hot water, which I fancied improved the condition of my knee. I should have preferred a douche of cold water, but that was not to be had.

Feeling still a little lame, I determined to ride twelve miles to Siders on our way to Martigny. Our landlord let me a horse, with a German woman to run by the side and bring him back; which latter addition to our suite, I could have willingly dispensed with, but it seemed to be the custom, and to customs travellers must submit. So I mounted my horse, which was a broken down hack, resembling Rosinante, as I myself in my equipments not a little resembled Don Quixote. On my head was a conical white limp hat; in my hand I grasped a long alpenstock, not unlike a lance; over my dress floated an enormous shepherd's plaid. So that, on the whole, I appeared in costume half way between Don Quixote and John Gilpin. Add to this the German girl trotting by the side, with a stick in her hand to incite the horse, shouting and talking to him, and occasionally taking hold of his tail when he went too fast, to help herself along; and the aspect was such as to awaken inextinguishable laughter among my companions. I tried to persuade my fair attendant to walk by the side and say nothing to the horse; but this her sense of duty would not allow. Meantime my companions, to shorten the way, had crossed a pasture; when, on climbing the fence again into the road, a singular adventure befel one of them, which gave him his share of the ridicule which I had hitherto monopolized. When about half way over the fence, he fell backward, and holding firmly by his hands to the top rail, his feet went straggling up in the air, his head hanging toward the ground, and his body in a perpendicular position, but reversed. The difficulty was, having once assumed this attitude, how to get out of it. He could not let go, for then he would fall on his head; it was impossible to pull himself up again; and he seemed to have made up his mind to remain there. Just then a Roman Catholic padre, in shovel hat and black gown, passed by, with three or four parishioners. Attracted by our peals of laughter, they turned around, and all their French politeness could not prevent them from joining; for it really seemed as if our friend had taken up this remarkable position as a matter of choice.

Determined to get rid of my ruthless attendant, I took the opportunity when she had loitered a little behind, to whip up my horse and ride away. The road along which we passed toward Siders, was strikingly picturesque and beautiful. The first part of the way led along a stream which emptied into the Rhone, and a steep precipice overhung the path from above, and descended sharply from below to the river Dala. This road is called the Galleries, and is hewn along the face of the rock, passing through tunnels in some places, where we could hear the water running behind the rock. The abyss below is so deep that the river at the bottom cannot be seen. After passing the Galleries, the way led through vineyards where ripe grapes overhung the walls, so that we could stretch out our hands and pluck clusters. We met a woman with a basket full which she had picked, very large and fine, which she sold us for a few sous. On reaching Siders, just at dark, we took a post-carriage and rode on twelve miles further to Sion,—an ancient and picturesque city, the residence of the Bishop of Sion, who was formerly absolute sovereign over the greatest part of the valley. He still possesses a limited civil authority. The Canton Vallais is in fact the Valley of the Rhone, and extends from the glacier of the Rhone in Mount Furca to the Lake of Geneva. The people are indolent and dirty, and suffer from goitres and cretinism.

At Sion we found a good inn, and in the Salle-a-manger met once again with our friend the French gentleman, with whom we had passed the previous evening at Kandersteg. He asked me to stop with him the next day and see some fine wood-carving, which he said was in the possession of one of his acquaintances in Sion, which I lamented that I had not time to do. I arose in the morning at day-break, and walked out to see the place, and found myself literally obeying the Psalmist's direction to 'Walk around Sion, and consider well her bulwarks, and admire her palaces;' for of these palaces or castles there are three, built on three rocky cliffs, which rise in the middle of the city, as though one should build a castle on a high rock in the middle of Washington Street, and another in the middle of Pemberton Square in Boston. Before one of these castles was a body of Swiss soldiers going through their morning exercise. At the gate of the castle stood a sentinel, who refused me admittance, but directed me to the major, who was drilling the troops. He said I could go in after the drill. So I walked away, and presently came to castle number two, larger, older, and more ruinous than the first. After having made a little sketch of this, I left it and presently came to the third, the largest and most ruinous of all, which no doubt was the old Episcopal Palace. This hill, I afterward found, is called Tourbillon, the second Valeria, and the third Majoria. Sion was formerly the capital of the Seduni, who inhabited the country in the time of Julius Cæsar. Taking another post-carriage we rode this morning on to Martigny, which we reached in three hours, by a way beautiful and admirable, if one had time to notice all beautiful things in this land of wonders. We were now on the famous Simplon Road, which passes up by the right bank of the river through Canton Vallais, until it turns south across the Alps into Italy. This part of the valley is extremely fertile, and is filled with large umbrageous trees, leaning over and stretching out their long limbs in a manner which seems to indicate great contentment. Vineyards are on each side of the valley, and continued on terraces of the mountains.

We were now travelling by post, which differs from travelling by voiture only in this, that, instead of continuing on with the same driver and horses, you take new ones every ten or twelve miles. The routes and prices are also fixed by the government. It is a convenient method of travelling, and not very expensive, provided your party is large enough to fill a carriage. The horses and carriages, however, are not particularly good, of which we had an illustration the night before, in going from Siders to Sion. The carriage given us was an old and poor one, and the driver had neglected to grease the wheels, in consequence of which one of them took fire. We became aware of a smell of fire, and, looking out, observed sparks falling from the wheel. We told the driver, but he merely remarked that he was glad of it, and wished the carriage might burn up. To that, we replied, we had no objection, provided we were not in it. In fact, there seemed danger that the wheel at least would be consumed, so fast did the sparks fall from it. So the driver took his hat, and scooping up water out of the ditch, attempted ineffectually to extinguish the fire. Nothing could be done till we reached the village ; so we moved slowly on in the fashion of a comet, with a fiery tail streaming behind. At the village the whole household of the inn turned out to inquire into our misfortune; and such a chattering I have seldom heard. Landlord and landlady, gârçons and filles de chambre, all stood around the carriage lamenting or advising. Meantime the driver procured a large dish of butter, and proceeded to anoint the wheel. While he was doing this, the gârçons brought out a dish of black bread and fed the horses with it, for horses in this country eat bread. Presently a traveller came out, and flew into a violent rage at seeing our horses eating the bread which he had ordered for his own; but our driver was much pleased at the mistake, and merely laughed at the traveller. At Martigny we procured a guide, and I took a mule to ride over the Col de Balme into the Valley of Chamounix. The ascent from Martigny gives a fine view of the Valley of the Rhone. You see the river through a great part of its course, with the fertile meadows and fields through which is runs, till it is lost in the blue distance near its source in the Furca. On your left, beyond the valley, rises the mountain wall which separates it from Canton Berne; on your right, the high mountain range which separates the valley from Piedmont. The day was hot, and the hill steep, but in about two hours and a half we came to the descent into the Trient Valley. Immense dark mountains crowned with snow shut it in, and high on the left was the glacier of Trient. When we reached the bottom of the valley, we found a hamlet of two or three houses, where we obtained some bread, and the delicious mountain cream and honey. Then began the steep ascent of the Col de Balme. Up, and still higher up, we climbed, first through a pine forest, where the mule was obliged to step very cautiously along. In these ascents, no matter how narrow the path is, the mules never go straight up, but ease themselves by crossing from side to side continually; and where there is a steep precipice on the side of the path, they keep as near the edge as they can, much to the discontent of the traveller, who does not understand their motive; but the reason is, that they are accustomed to carry packages on their backs, and if they go near the hill-side the package sometimes strikes against it, and pushes them over the edge. When the mule thinks the road unsafe, he stops and feels it with his foot, and smells it with his nose, and at last, if satisfied, steps on. After passing through the pine forest we came up into high barren pastures, and at last, four hours after leaving Martigny, reached the summit. Here we anticipated a fine view of Mont Blanc and her surrounding peaks, for the sake of which we had taken this route in preference to another called Tête-noir, the road by which has finer scenery along its course, but no single view equal to this from the Col de Balme. But alas! clouds hung over the summit of the mountain, and we could see nothing but its sides, and the glaciers descending from them into the Valley of Chamounix. Here we sent back the mule and guide, and walked down about twelve miles to the village of the Priory in Chamounix. Although well tired on our arrival, we determined not to go into a hotel till they promised to give us rooms from which we could see Mont Blanc. At the Hotel de Londres, where we first stopped, this could not be done, so we went on to the *Hotel de la Couronne*, or, as it was translated on the sign-board for the benefit of the English, 'Crown's Hotel.' Here we obtained rooms, the windows of which looked toward the mountain, and found ourselves, also, the only guests, so that we had undivided attention.

Next morning, when we looked out of the window, it was raining hard, and the summit of the mountain surrounded with clouds. So we spent the forenoon in resting and writing letters. At one o'clock it cleared up a little, and we set out with a guide and our friend Fritz to ascend the Montanvert, which overlooks the Mer de Glace. As we could only stay at Chamounix two days, we had determined to select from the different excursions laid down in books, this, and the ascent of the Flegere. The Mer de Glace, or Sea of Ice, is a confluence of three or four large glaciers, which descend from different parts of this great mountain chain, and uniting together, finally come down into the Valley of Chamounix in the Glacier de Bois. On this glacier Professor Forbes instituted many of his experiments and observations, which are recorded in his interesting work on the Alps. The path to the Montanvert takes you up through the woods, to the region where the woods cease. After a walk of between two and three hours, we came to where it was snowing instead of raining. After another hour's walk we reached the house.

It was snowing hard. We descended from the house to the morraine, which consisted of enormous blocks of granite, crossing which, we went up the Mer de

Glace. The guide led us among the crevices a little distance, but the snow was falling rapidly, and there was little advantage, and some danger in proceeding; so we returned to the mountain-house and warmed ourselves by a great wood fire. Here, as every where in Switzerland, we found carved specimens of wooden ware for sale. Paper-cutters, nut-crackers, needle-cases, &c., beautifully carved of cedar, cameo-fashion; the dark heart of the wood being the ground, and the figures carved in relief upon it from the white wood. There were also ornaments of crystal, agate, cornelian, onyx, topaz, and amethyst,—all found among these mountains, but chiefly brought down by the glacier L'Argentiere. These stones are sent into Germany to be cut and polished, and then brought back here for sale as souvenirs of Mont Blanc. After making some purchases we descended to La Couronne, where we found a regular 'table d'hote' dinner, with an innumerable number of courses, awaiting our arrival. The next morning our good fortune, in respect to weather, came back. The sun rose clear, and from our windows we could watch the rosy color stealing over the summit of Mont Blanc,—the monarch of mountains. No one can look at this without remembering the noble lines of Coleridge:

> 'Hast thou a charm to stay the morning star
> In his steep course, so long he seems to pause
> On thy bald, awful head, oh sovran Blanc?'

This poem, which, with Wordsworth's on Tintern Abbey for its companion, stands perhaps at the head of English descriptive poetry, is continually in one's mind while in the neighborhood of Mont Blanc. No words of your own can express, like these, the sublime features of this scenery. It some how, I know not why, differs from the poetry of Byron and of Wordsworth in this, that it adds nothing to the scenery borrowed from the poet's dream. It seems an exact and adequate expression of the feelings awakened in every bosom by the sight of these vast mountain masses, and these enormous glaciers; but it does not, like the poetry of Byron, Rousseau and Wordsworth, add a deeper human feeling to the scene. Perhaps this is owing to the nature of the mind of Coleridge, which was intellectual rather than passionate. His imagination was filled with light, not heat. I am not sure that this was a defect. It may have checked the exuberance of his genius — in which, in truth, there is no tropical luxury or profusion — and resembles it rather to the stately pine forests of a northern clime; vast, imposing, and making pure sweet music in the morning breeze.

After breakfast we began the ascent of the Flegere, which is part of the mountain range shutting in the valley on the side opposite to Mont Blanc. The cross of Flegere is about thirty-five hundred feet above the village, and we must go as high as this to obtain a platform from which to look at Mont Blanc.

But the view from that summit I shall not forget as long as I live. It was a warm, sunny day, the air a little misty, but only enough to give the idea of a liquid medium. Sitting on the edge of this steep declivity, we looked over the valley, which seemed not more than a mile wide, to the opposite side, where rose the enormous accumulation of peaks and mountains, of which Mont Blanc is the highest and central elevation. This bare, glittering dome receded far up and beyond all the rest, being still eight or ten miles away from us, and two thousand feet higher than the gigantic peaks and domes which surround him. The Aiguilles, or needles of sharp, bare granite, shoot up to the height of eleven thousand, and twelve thousand feet above the sea; but Mont Blanc is fifteen thousand six hundred. A white vapor, like a fleecy cloud, kept rising from his crest. This was the new-fallen snow, blown off by the storms which roar almost ceaselessly around him. The vast masses of snow, the white fields and hills of ice, which terminate below in the glaciers which they feed, and above in the granite peaks, too steep to allow any snow to remain in them, dazzled the eyes by its quantity and brilliancy. We looked downward, to repose them, on the forests of pine which clothe the lower part of the mountain, and the meadows in the valley through which run the Arve, and the Arveiron. Just opposite to where we sat, rose the perpendicular cliffs which terminate in the Aiguille Dru and the Aiguille Vert. Below these are fields of snow which slope downward to the Mer de Glace. The Mer de Glace again seems to be rolling its billowy snows downward, till they are precipitated in a vast cataract of pinnacles of ice, forever falling, but always there, which descends into the Glacier de Bois. From this glacier tumbles a cascade of water, the roar of which comes across the valley, occasionally deepened into a sound like the rolling of thunders by avalanches, which fall into it from above. So there I sat, with this vast picture of ice, snow, granite peaks, glaciers, and waterfalls before me, — sat for an hour or more, wondering if, indeed, this was the Mont Blanc of my school-boy's studies, of my childhood's dreams. The intense beauty of the scene exceeded all that I ever imagined. These great peaks, seen through the transparent Alpine air, seemed close at hand, and the vast glacier was spread out under my eye like a map. Mont Blanc, indeed, remained inaccessible — remote. You came close to the Princes and Kings of his court, but the Emperor held himself aloof.

On this summit I met an English gentleman and his family, — a gentleman of London, a man of wealth and taste, a lover of pictures, an admirer and friend of Turner, an acquaintance and neighbor of Ruskin; who invited me to come and see him in London, when he would show me his pictures, and, if possible, carry me to see Turner's private gallery. Such courtesy to a stranger almost induces me to retract what I have said of English reserve.

After coming down from the Flegere, stopping frequently on the way to look again at these many beauties, we walked across the valley to the Glacier de Bois, the source of the Arveiron. It came down through the meadows and into the pine forest; at a distance looking as if you could walk up on it, but when you came near, its sides are smooth walls of ice, some fifty feet high. Out of a cavern of ice rushes one branch of the Arveiron. Thousands and tens of thousands of tons of granite are scattered about, which it has brought down with it from above.

CHAPTER IX.

CHAMOUNIX TO FRANKFORT.

On Saturday we left Chamounix on our way to Geneva. The road for a good part of the way follows the river Arve. It is very beautiful, having a view of Mont Blanc for a great distance, and yet passing along valleys, fertile, full of vineyards, and where noble trees are growing in the full luxuriance of Italian foliage. I fancied that I could see traces of Italy in the fields and air, and in the indolent manners of the people; for Savoy, in which we were, belongs to the kingdom of Sardinia. On this account we had found it necessary to have the visé of the Sardinian consul added to the others on our passport. We rode in the remarkable vehicles which bear the name of char-a-banc; and the name describes the thing sufficiently well; for it resembles a bench, or sofa, placed lengthwise on wheels; so that you sit with your side to the horse, facing the landscape on one side of the road, as though an omnibus were split lengthwise. The road at first passed through deep ravines and forests; afterward, it descended into luxuriant fields and fertile plains. On one side of the road were steep mountains, with bare, rocky sides, where the strata were bent and twisted in a most extraordinary manner. Near Sallenches is a small but picturesque lake, and from this town there is a view of Mont Blanc, so fine, that one would willingly spend the day in looking at it. The road from Sallenches to Geneva is almost level; in one place, a beautiful fall of water, called the Cascade of Arpenas, tumbles into the valley, like the Staubbach, from the top of a perpendicular cliff. There is also a grotto, or cave, called La Balme, of which, in passing, we see the mouth. At the town of Cluses we passed through a gap where the mountains come near together. From Sallenches to Geneva, we rode on the top of the diligence which goes between those places. We arrived at Geneva just before sundown; and here, to my great satisfaction, I found two letters from home, which had been forwarded, by my direction, from London. Following our usual plan, we took rooms in front at the Hotel de Bergues, a splendid house, the front windows of which command a view of Mont Blanc, and look down upon the Rhone; beside having the greatest part of the city in sight, on the opposite side of the river.

On Sunday morning, at eight o'clock, we attended worship in Calvin's church, the old Cathedral of St. Peter. It is a large and fine building, and the interior is very handsome; the exterior is plain, and has nothing remarkable about it. There happened to be on this occasion, a public fast appointed by the central government of Switzerland, to be kept in all the cantons. This fast is kept by going to church, shutting all the shops, and walking. The large cathedral was crowded full, and here I saw a fashion which surprised me, a number of the gentlemen keeping on their hats during the service. This custom in Europe has originated from the fact, that few of the churches are ever warmed; which again is probably owing to their great size, which would render it very difficult. The sermon this morning was on the love of country, and the duties of a citizen, and was delivered with a good deal of oratorical effect; but in substance was about equal to a class oration at an American college. There was an abundance of common-places about virtue being the only stay of a nation, and the duty of citizens to maintain and support their country by living righteous and good lives. I should think there were two thousand people in the church; the nave, choir, and transepts being all well filled.

After church I found the *concierge* of the building, and ascended one of the towers, from whence I had a good view of the city and vicinity. The concierge pointed out all the places of historical interest in the vicinity; showing me where Byron and Madame de Stael and Gibbon had lived, pointing out Rousseau's island, &c. 'Now,' said I, 'show me where Servetus was burned.' He pointed to the place, but said, 'Sir, you must not think that Calvin burnt Servetus;' and proceeded with great volubility to mention the facts usually quoted in excuse of Calvin. Mr. C. touched my arm, and said, 'You had better not argue the point.' So we descended without any attempt to disturb his hero-worship.

I went home to my hotel to write letters; after which I sat at my window during a good part of the warm Sunday afternoon, enjoying the fine prospect.

Directly below the window was the swift and blue waters of the Rhone, which here issues from Lake Leman,—'The blue and arrowy Rhone,' as Byron calls it. The water is so clear that I could see to its bottom, and the boats on its surface seemed to float in the air. A fine bridge on stone piers crossed the river, from the middle of which a shorter bridge went to a little island covered with poplars and other trees, called the Island of Jean Jacques. On the other side of the river rises the city along the side of the hill, on which it is chiefly built. St. Peter's Church stands about half way up, with two large towers and a central turret. Beyond is a very steep hill, whose crags overhang the city, and still further off the long range of snowy Alps visible, with Mont Blanc towering distinct above them all. It was a lovely scene, and I wished that I could put it on paper, either with pen or pencil, and take it away. Had I known at the time that Colame the artist, whose views of Switzerland are so admirable, resided in Geneva, I should have endeavored to find him, and to obtain some specimens of his art.

The weather still continued very warm and pleasant, although we were in the middle of September. In my letter from home, a north-east storm of three days' duration was mentioned, which was difficult for me to realize, since, during the time I had been in Europe, it had not rained where I was for more than half a day at a time. On Sunday evening I took a walk through the old streets of the city, and found it still warm as midsummer. We had been living on grapes, and peaches, and figs for several days.

We dined at six to-day at the table d'hote; the only objection to which was, the length of time occupied, which was an hour and a half. In Switzerland, in the large hotels, there are commonly two table d'hote dinners; one of them at half after twelve for the Germans, the other at six for the English. This is convenient for travellers, who can select the dining-hour which is most convenient to themselves.

We left Geneva on Monday morning, taking a steam-boat up the lake to Villeneuve, at its upper extremity. Lake Leman was as lovely as a bride on her way to the altar, in its pale and serene lights, while we sailed over a surface so smooth and clear, that the usual similes of glass, crystal, and mirrors, quite break down and come to nothing as illustrations. We walked from Villeneuve to Vevay, along the bank of the lake, which was then as lovely as the same radiant bride blushing with happy love as she returns from the altar. The vapory air, full of warm sunlight, melted mountains and lake into one, in a joyful embrace. The mountains rose around, grand and strong, of the royal Alpine family, but so softened by their affection for the sweet lake, that they partook of her winning ways, and shone hazy, purple, bright or dark, with each changing light. The sun assisted at this love-feast, and shot his rays through the clouds and the rifts of the mountains, carrying messages from the rocks of Meillerie to the deep bays which nestled in their shadow. We walked among vineyards, and bought, for the smallest sums, immense clusters of ripe grapes of the choice Vevay variety. Villas, cottages, English country-seats, French hotels, crowded the banks, and had taken possession of the hill-tops. One fine house, with gardens, conservatories, and gateway lodge, was to be let furnished, as an inscription on the gate indicated. So I stopped and asked the price. It was two thousand francs by the year, or about four hundred dollars. I wished to live in it, for it stood finely, above the lake,—and where else but in Clarens!

'Clarens, sweet Clarens! birth-place of deep love,
Thine air is the young breath of passionate thought,
Thy trees take root in love; the snows above
The very glaciers have his colors caught,
And sunset into rose-hues sees them wrought
By rays which sleep there lovingly. The rocks,
The permanent crags, tell here of love, who sought
In them a refuge from the worldly shocks
Which stir and sting the soul with hope that woos, then mocks.'

On our walk from Villeneuve to Vevay, along the shore of Lake Leman, a walk which lies along the steep hills terraced with vineyards, we passed the ancient Castle of Chillon, also made famous by the immortal muse of Byron. We went through the castle, and saw the dungeon which is described by Byron in his 'Prisoner of Chillon.' The sides and roof are of stone, vaulted and supported in the middle by a row of round stone pillars. The castle stands partly in the lake, and the floor of this prison is below the surface of the water. They show you the gallows on which the prisoners were hung, and the *oubliette* or dungeon into which they were precipitated. One of these places in this castle gives you some idea of the fiendish cruelty of the middle ages, or 'Ages of Faith,' as they are sometimes called. There is an opening in the floor, with steps apparently descending to the room below. The prisoner was told that he was to be set free, and he was directed to go down these steps. But they terminate with the third, and the miserable wretch fell some twenty feet upon an apparatus armed with knives and spears to receive him. Wise was the man who wrote, 'Say not, Why were the former days better than these?'

Our guide through this castle was a young woman, who had taught herself to speak English, in order to talk to travellers. She discovered that we were Americans by our enunciation. She said she could understand 'the American language' better than 'the English.' This confirmed me in the opinion, that the English speak more rapidly and with less distinctness than ourselves. We walked slowly on, enjoying at every step the glassy surface of the lake, and the soft lights lying along the hills. Every thing in this region talked to us of Rousseau, that wonderful man,— misunderstood, despised, disliked by the men of his own time, and wondered at as a phenomenon they could not understand. The simple explanation of his whole history was this,— that he did not belong to his own age. He was possessed and ruled by ideas which are the ideas of the nineteenth century, and which in the eighteenth only excited hostility and derision. He is commonly classed with Deists, but in his spirit he was as distant from the cold, deistic skepticism of Voltaire, as from the earthly atheism of Diderot. Both of them accused him of being too religious; and he himself claimed to be a Christian. His famous passage concerning the character of Christ, in 'The Profession of Faith of a Savoyard Vicar,' resumes, in a few brief vivid lines, the strongest argument for the truth of Christianity which has ever been stated. It is the argument from the character of Jesus, and consists of two simple statements. *First,* — That the character of Jesus, if real, is not human, but divine; and, *Second,* — That it must be real, for the invention of such a character would be as extraordinary as its existence. The miracles of Jesus, Rousseau neither denies nor affirms, but professes himself to be in doubt concerning them. Yet it was because of this book containing these statements, that a process of heresy was instituted against him by the Archbishop of Paris, and he was compelled to fly in the night from that city, and take up his residence in Switzerland. Meantime the works of deists and atheists were published and circulated, and neither the works nor their authors were pursued by the ecclesiastical power. In his exile, at Neufchatel,[1] Rousseau asked leave of the Protestant pastor of the village in which he was living, to partake of the Lord's Supper with the other communicants, and expresses his satisfaction at being allowed fellowship by a Christian community. There are few things more brilliant and unanswerable than his 'Letters from the Mountain,' addressed to the Archbishop of Paris on the occasion of this banishment. In controversial literature it stands only second to the 'Provincial Letters' of Pascal. Byron calls Rousseau a 'self-torturing sophist.' Rousseau may have been an inspired madman, but he was no sophist; for no man ever believed his own assertions more strongly than he. This is the whole secret of his eloquence; this fills his words with fire. Rousseau was the prophet going before the nineteenth century, and crying in the arid wilderness of the eighteenth; announcing the coming of an age of faith to an age of skepticism, preaching a gospel of love to the disciples of selfishness. 'The Gospel of Jean Jacques,' as Carlyle scoffingly calls it, was not, indeed the gospel of Christ; but it was much more like it, than the Christianity which surrounded him. The hatred or determined opposition which Rousseau encountered from such men as Marmontel, Diderot, Hume, and Voltaire, shows that they, — more sagacious than the Christian church, — understood well how fatal to their system of unbelief would be the triumph of his ideas.

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[1] Rousseau was, in 1762, first driven from Geneva, afterwards from Yverdun by the government of Berne. He found a refuge at Motier, in the Valley of Travers, under the protection of Lord Keith, Governor of Neufchatel. While here, the King of Prussia offered him a pension of £100, which he declined, preferring to maintain himself by copying music, than to forfeit his independence. Driven from Motier, after a three years' residence, by a popular tumult, he took refuge in the Island of St. Peter, in the Lake of Bienne, from which he was expelled, at the end of two months, by the intolerant decree of the government of Berne. Dr. Johnson, the high tory, in his Dictionary, defined 'Pension, — a bribe paid by government to make traitors;' and then took from a whig king a pension of £300 per annum, and ever after spoke well of the king. Which is the most respectable character, — the high-

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toned English moralist and orthodox Christian living on his pension, or poor Rousseau copying music?

have exercised in the various departments of science. Probably, more than any one else, he has effected the revolution, which consists in substituting the methods of Nature, for the arbitrary systems of the Schools. The whole science of education is indebted to him for the impulse which has caused so many improvements in methods of teaching during the present century, and especially for that most important idea of all — the idea of education as development, not instruction. In a notice of Von Raumer's History of Education, in the 'Studien und Kritiken,' for 1846, it is said that Rousseau represents 'the reaction of human nature against a stiff dogmatism and an external form of worship; against an over-refinement and artificial life in society, and against a hard pedantry in the schools.' That the views of Rousseau were narrow, that he exaggerated the natural excellence of the human heart, and that his own conduct was in many respects extremely faulty, may well be granted. His sending his children to the Foundling Hospital, his connection with Madame Warren, his foolish marriage with Theresa la Vaseur, show how little he understood the value of marriage, and of the Christian family. The excuse which Raumer makes for him, that he himself had never known the care of a mother, or the blessings of a home, deserves consideration; as well as the remark, that Rousseau, in the midst of the refined sensuality of his time, kept himself for the most part free from the excesses of the society around him, and preserved a healthy body, and a soul open to the ideas which he held it his mission to express and diffuse. But the chief excuse for Rousseau's extravagance, must be found in the natural conformation of his mind. His genius was a wild Pegasus which ran away with him; there was wanting in him that faculty of good sense, that healthy understanding, which mediates between the world of ideas and the world of facts. He saw more profoundly than any man of his time (if we, perhaps, except Swedenborg in theology, and Kant in philosophy,) the ideas of the coming age, and he expressed, more eloquently than any man of his century, these ideas. That he did not possess also the sharp sagacity of Franklin, or the healthy understanding of Goethe, cannot be accounted his fault; though the mistakes and misfortunes of his life may, in a large measure, be ascribed to it. Baur (in the review to which I have referred) compares the coming of Rousseau in the realm of thought, to that of the French Revolution in the realm of politics. Both events were attended by terrible errors; but both poured a fullness of new life into the lethargy which oppressed mankind, and gave posterity, after it should emerge from the wild conflict of the time to a truer peace, new materials for thoughtful study and use. So much, on Lake Leman, I feel moved to say of the man of genius and sorrow, whose muse has immortalized her shores.

Vevay stands on the borders of the lake, and many of the houses have porticoes and balconies which overlook it. We stopped to dine here at about six, P. M., in a fine large hotel of the first order. The roof of the hall was supported by marble pillars; the chambers were finely finished and furnished, each with double doors to exclude noise; and I noticed that the table d'hote was illuminated with costly mechanical lamps. After dinner we went on in a voiture which we took from Vevay to Freiburg, thirty-six miles. The way was mostly up hill, and we stopped at Bulle at night. In the church-yard at Vevay are the monuments of Ludlow and Broughton, two of King Charles I.'s judges.

Tuesday, September 18, we left Bulle at six and a half, and arrived at Freiburg at half after nine. The day as usual was bright and warm. Freiburg stands, situated in a very picturesque manner, on the summit of a crag, round which flows the river Sane, a branch of the Aar; and is surrounded by old walls and peaked towers, which find hard work in standing on the steep sides of the hill.

Freiburg is a most picturesque old place, with its towers perched around it on every rock, and its walls clinging for dear life to the steep hill-sides, and armed to the teeth with its old bastions and turrets. But then, to spoil all the sport, come some modern engineers, and hang two suspension bridges quite across these deep ravines, and so make its walls and towers of not the smallest use. Well, they are still very picturesque, and so are the two bridges, nine hundred and seven hundred feet long, suspended by wire cables from stone towers one hundred and seventy feet above the valleys, and looking quite delicate as seen from below or above. I walked over these bridges down to the 'Gorge de Gotteron,' over which one passes on one of them, and from which are fine views of the picturesque old city, and then came back over an old bridge into the lower town. From this to the upper town, the street is so steep that it is actually made into stairs all the way up. At the 'Zahringer Hof,' a large and fine hotel close to the suspension bridge, where we staid, I found a Mr. P. of London, who knew many of my friends, and who was just making up a party to go and hear the famous organ. The organist played about half an hour; and the instrument is certainly very melodious and powerful, combining sweetness and strength in a high degree. The deepest and loudest notes do not growl and grumble, but are as pure and musical as the soft ones. The human-voice stop is very good and natural.

Leaving Freiburg in a voiture at half after one, we went on to the old city of Berne, where we arrived at six and passed the night.

Berne, with its Bears, and old Minster, and lovely walks between avenues of chestnuts, walnuts, and lindens,—but above all, with its snowy Alps in the distance, and its historic associations, remains in my memory as a place of peculiar interest. It is a small, old-fashioned city, with narrow streets, and curious houses, built on arcades somewhat like those of Chester. We reached Berne just before sunset, and walked out of the city gate to some fine groves and avenues of trees; saw a rosy collection of clouds, but saw not the Alps which were hidden by mist. Next morning I was out before sunrise, and went to the high platform behind the Minster, from which are seen the fine range of high Alps of the Bernese Oberland. I saw their white summits, first pale, then rosy in the early light. They were my old acquaintances of the Jungfrau chain, but from no point of view before, had

I seen them, as now, all together. On the left, was the Wetterhorn, or Peak of Tempest; then rising sharp and alone, the Peak of Terror, or Schreckhorn; a little further to the right, the Finsteraarhorn; then the two Giants, great and small, and then the accumulated snowy masses, out of which arose the Jungfrau. Further to the right was a succession of snowy peaks, terminating in the Blumlis Alp; in front of which, but not so lofty, stood the dark pyramid of Niessen. From this platform I looked down on my old friend the Aar, which runs immediately below. The burghers of Berne have fine gardens, terraced down the steep banks to the side of the river. We were glad to see again our old acquaintance the Aar, which, having long ago left its glacier source in the Peak of Storms, and flowed through many a mountain valley; having thundered down a dreadful precipice at Handeck, and thought it all fine sport; having loitered in Lake Brienz, enchanted with its beauty, and then, (to make up for lost time,) having run hastily through half a dozen streets of Unterseen, not stopping a moment in Lake Thun to admire the pyramid of Niessen; now goes tranquilly and gravely on, winding about Berne, and carefully picking its way among the stones. One would think it had never known such wild sport at all, and would be afraid of a fall six feet high. Ah! roguish river, you cannot cheat us with your pretended gravity. Did we not see you at all your mad sport in the Grimsel; did we not walk by your side for many a long mile, when you would not be still for a single rod, but must run, and tumble, and foam all the way? Were we not by, when at last you found a playmate, and both of you leapt together pell-mell, down that dreadful chasm, tumbling over each other as though you were merely rolling down a sunny bank? We saw all that, most demure of streams; we saw how glad you were to get away from your stern mother the glacier, and your dark father the Peak of Storms; a gentleman and lady of the old school they, who maintain grave state from age to age, quite careless of the opinions of Messrs. Agassiz and Desor, but much bemoaning the changes of modern times, and the misbehavior of their riotous children, the mountain streams.

This platform behind the Minster is planted with trees, and in the middle stands an equestrian statue, richly gilt, of some heroic knight of the middle ages, I forget who, probably some Duke of Zahringen, or other founder of the city. In front of the Minster are handsome bronze casts, the size of life, of the patron saints of Berne, that is, the Bears. Bears are much reverenced in this place; for the city is supposed to have taken its name from them. Just outside of one of the gates is a place where bears are maintained at the expense of the city, and it is related by the authentic Murray, that a wealthy lady left her whole fortune for the support of these city bears. Certainly patriotism sometimes takes remarkable forms. About a mile beyond this Gate of Bears, is a high platform, shaded by grand trees, from which you have a good view of the Berne and its walls, and a better one of the high Alps than from the Minster platform. This place is called 'The Enge,' and is well worth visiting. All these things I saw before breakfast, and afterward went through the old Minster and to its top, as was my wont, and saw an old clock in the street, surrounded with figures, go through its various evolutions. The cathedral is ancient, and contains some rich carved wood, and a tower built by Erwin, the Strasburg architect.

At eleven o'clock in the forenoon we departed from Berne in a voiture, on our way to Basle through Soleure. The Canton of Berne, through which we were now travelling, is the largest and the most important of the Swiss cantons. The Protestant religion is established here. The city of Berne was built by the Duke of Zahringen about the year 1200, and from the first has possessed many privileges. In 1353, the city and canton of Berne joined the Helvetic Confederacy, of which it has ever since been a leading State. The country through which we passed on our way to Soleure, is fertile and well cultivated. We rode among fine orchards, and rich groves of beech. At Soleure we saw a fine cathedral, which is modern.[1] Riding on, we passed through a gap in the Jura chain, where stood the ruins of three castles; all which, in ancient times, levied tolls on the travellers passing through. At Bodsthal, a small village, we took tea, and then rode on to Waldenburg, where we passed a night at an inn, marked as 'tolerable' by Mr. Murray.

Leaving Waldenburg early, we arrived at Basle at ten. This is another ancient city surrounded with many fortifications. We drove to 'The Three Kings,' a spacious and splendid hotel. There is in this house a private chapel for the benefit of English travellers, where the Church of England service is read. The Cathedral of Basle is a very old and interesting building. There is a room in one part, in which the Council of Basle met four hundred years ago; a council which deposed the Pope. The furniture remains exactly as it was at that time, except that a bust of Erasmus stands in the middle of the room. I sat on the old benches, and went back in my mind four hundred years, and imagining myself a member of the council, considered what opinion I should give about the deposition of the Pope when it came to my turn. Then I looked at the bust of Erasmus and said,— What business has that scoffer and innovator among us? Afterward we went into the crypt below the Minster, and immediately I was obliged to think myself back four hundred years more; for that place was built in the eleventh century. I walked up and down through the shadowy vault, and thought, with alarm, that in four hundred years a council would be held above to depose the Pope. I had got so far back then as to be quite out of sight of Erasmus and the Reformation.

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[1] Soleure is said by some antiquaries to have been built by the patriarch Abraham. This is doubtful. The cathedral was finished in 1772, and cost $400,000. It is in the Corinthian and Composite orders.

I love the crypts, or hidden subterraneous churches underneath these old churches. Solid, compact, with nothing of decoration, no high altars with gilding and carving, no Madonna in muslin petticoats, they seem to belong to the era of primitive religion; of the strong faith which dwelt among the roots of things. They impress me in the same way as mountains. Like vivid lines, the strongest argument for the truth of Christianity which has ever been stated. It is the argument from the character of Jesus, and consists of two simple statements. *First*, — That the character of Jesus, if real, is not human, but divine; and, *Second*, — That it must be real, for the invention of such a character would be as extraordinary as its existence. The miracles of Jesus, Rousseau neither denies nor affirms, but professes himself to be in doubt concerning them. Yet it was because of this book containing these statements, that a process of heresy was instituted against him by the Archbishop of Paris, and he was compelled to fly in the night from that city, and take up his residence in Switzerland. Meantime the works of deists and atheists were published and circulated, and neither the works nor their authors were pursued by the ecclesiastical power. In his exile, at Neufchatel,[1] Rousseau asked leave of the Protestant pastor of the village in which he was living, to partake of the Lord's Supper with the other communicants, and expresses his satisfaction at being allowed fellowship by a Christian community. There are few things more brilliant and unanswerable than his 'Letters from the Mountain,' addressed to the Archbishop of Paris on the occasion of this banishment. In controversial literature it stands only second to the 'Provincial Letters' of Pascal. Byron calls Rousseau a 'self-torturing sophist.' Rousseau may have been an inspired madman, but he was no sophist; for no man ever believed his own assertions more strongly than he. This is the whole secret of his eloquence; this fills his words with fire. Rousseau was the prophet going before the nineteenth century, and crying in the arid wilderness of the eighteenth; announcing the coming of an age of faith to an age of skepticism, preaching a gospel of love to the disciples of selfishness. 'The Gospel of Jean Jacques,' as Carlyle scoffingly calls it, was not, indeed the gospel of Christ; but it was much more like it, than the Christianity which surrounded him. The hatred or determined opposition which Rousseau encountered from such men as Marmontel, Diderot, Hume, and Voltaire, shows that they, — more sagacious than the Christian church, — understood well how fatal to their system of unbelief would be the triumph of his ideas.

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indeed, sometimes, as was to be expected in that early period of art, but always earnest and lofty, and often filled with a tender grace. You see where Retsch studied for his men and women. There is a Dead Christ here of Holbein's, terribly faithful to nature; some fine portraits of Erasmus, and a Last Supper, which is original throughout. Here Judas is the principal figure, and is dressed like a mendicant friar. But the finest of Holbein's paintings is a picture of his wife and children, which is indeed admirable. All these things we saw before dinner, which we took at the one o'clock table d'hote. The only objections to these dinners are, that they are too long and too good. No one, to be sure, eats of every thing which is handed him, but you must wait, in that case, while others are eating it. The golden mean would be about half way between one of these two-hour dinners, and those in our American hotels which are devoured in five minutes.

After dinner we walked all over the city, which is full of old and curious buildings, and departed by rail at half after four, for Freiburg in Baden, bidding farewell to Switzerland, in which we had during three weeks enjoyed so much.

We reached Freiburg at half after eight, and I went directly to see, by starlight again, the old cathedral which I had first seen by moonlight. By starlight it has a grander, more solemn aspect. It rises from earth, not like a building, but an organic growth. This tower and spire seems the type of a pure, serene soul, — a soul forever tending upward, which has passed above all raptures, which has gone beyond the found in the natural conformation of his mind. His genius was a wild Pegasus which ran away with him; there was wanting in him that faculty of good sense, that healthy understanding, which mediates between the world of ideas and the world of facts. He saw more profoundly than any man of his time (if we, perhaps, except Swedenborg in theology, and Kant in philosophy,) the ideas of the coming age, and he expressed, more eloquently than any man of his century, these ideas. That he did not possess also the sharp sagacity of Franklin, or the healthy understanding of Goethe, cannot be accounted his fault; though the mistakes and misfortunes of his life may, in a large measure, be ascribed to it. Baur (in the review to which I have referred) compares the coming of Rousseau in the realm of thought, to that of the French Revolution in the realm of politics. Both events were attended by terrible errors; but both poured a fullness of new life into the lethargy which oppressed mankind, and gave posterity, after it should emerge from the wild conflict of the time to a truer peace, new materials for thoughtful study and use. So much, on Lake Leman, I feel moved to say of the man of genius and sorrow, whose muse has immortalized her shores.

Vevay stands on the borders of the lake, and many of the houses have porticoes and balconies which overlook it. We stopped to dine here at about six, P. M., in a fine large hotel of the first order. The roof of the hall was supported by marble pillars; the chambers were finely finished and furnished, each with double doors to exclude noise; and I noticed that the see very little of the country through which you pass; but by hurrying over uninteresting regions, you have all the more time for the places you wish to see. Of these places Heidelberg was one. One of my friends, a man of consummate taste, had told me that, in his judgment, the Castle of Heidelberg had given him greater pleasure than any thing else he had seen in Europe. I cannot say this; for to me the high Alps must always take the precedence of every thing else, but the half day spent at Heidelberg remains in my mind a vision of pure beauty. In going to the castle, we first ascended a hill above it, from which there is an extensive view along the Valley of the Neckar. From this we descended to the castle itself, which is an immense pile of buildings standing on the side of a hill above the town, and all in ruins. Yet it was not ruined by time, as was Kenilworth or Conway, but destroyed by the hand of man. A building of such enormous strength, and so situated, that you think it might have resisted every thing but the gnawing tooth of centuries, is here torn in pieces, and utterly demolished by the ruthless policy of kings and generals. You feel pity for the old castle, and wish to turn away your eyes, as when a hero is beaten in battle, or the champion of a hundred fights is vanquished and disgraced. But the lovely gardens included within the walls, the splendid view from its towers and terraces, and its own imposing aspect, makes the summer's afternoon spent among the ruins a thing to be always remembered with delight.

Entering the gate of the castle, you find a vast space within the walls filled with great trees. Here ardens of the castle, which was the ectors Palatine. It has been five once during the thirty years' war by ral of the Imperialists, Tilly; again nd afterward by the French. One rs built in 1533, and the walls of wo feet thick, was destroyed by the Another they undermined and blew were so thick that it merely split of the tower fell in one piece into still remains. But after having been and ten times taken, the castle was y lightning in 1764. Part of this d, and was erected in 1300 by the The teeth of the portcullis are still d as you pass through its archway. castle, built in 1550, is in the finest hitecture, of the period of the Re- front is covered with rich sculpture. built by the Elector Frederic IV. in y richly adorned, and its southern ed with the statues of the ancestors mily from the time of Charlemagne. r, an English palace, as it is called, een built for the reception of the I., Elizabeth Stuart, wife of the V., afterward King of Bohemia, d misfortunes make a touching page e seventeeth century.

tle from the gardens, I was carried r apartments by my guide, a young rt in her manners. So, instead of spending my time in looking at the great Heidelberg tun, which contains eight hundred hogsheads, I got away from the prattling damsel, and seated myself on the summit of one of the old towers. The day was as bright as midsummer, and soft sunlight rested on the old red walls, which were stored with memories of overthrown magnificence and power. One is filled with a sense of loss, and 'vanitas vanitatum' is written over them all. This palace of dukes and kings — in situation, and splendor, and historic recollections one of the noblest in Europe — is now inhabited by a cooper and his gossipping daughters. Yet, luxuriant as ever, the lordly trees expand their branches; fresh as ever, the vine hangs its green ringlets along the shattered walls; sweetly sleeps the sunlight of the summer day upon its towers; and if no lords and ladies, yet many a pretty Heidelberg lassie, and many a wandering traveller like myself, enjoy pleasant moments in these noble spaces. A fine military band plays every afternoon in the gardens, which were filled with dancers and revellers.

Leaving the castle, I went down by a foot-path into the town which lies beneath it, and crossing the Neckar on a bridge, passed up through the vineyards to the side of the opposite hill. Here I sat and saw the sunset, the rosy light of which illuminated the statues and carvings of the castle opposite. Then it fell dark, and I walked back to the hotel through the town, passing on the way the very plain front of the Heidelberg University building, which stands in a small square near the middle of the town. The University itself is one of the oldest in Germany, and quite distinguished.

Its Library contains 120,000 volumes. A regiment of Prussian soldiers was going through its drill in front of the building; for the town was strongly garrisoned, some of the professors and students having taken part in the late insurrection.

Next morning we left Heidelberg by rail, at six, and arrived at Frankfort-on-the-Maine at half past nine. Here we staid a day and a half, and enjoyed ourselves much, for Frankfort is full of objects of interest. We took rooms at the Mainlust, a pleasant house, with gardens in front of it overlooking the Maine, and in the neighborhood of the Quays, where are the palaces of the rich Frankfort bankers and merchants, which are larger and finer than many noblemen's houses in London. The objects of interest which we visited in this city, were, the Statue of Ariadne, the Cathedral, the Town House, the Steudel Museum, the Jews' Street, the Cemetery, and the house of Goethe. The Statue of Ariadne, by Dannecker, a noble production of modern art, is kept in a small pavilion in the garden of Mr. Bethman to whom it belongs. The Ariadne lies stretched on the back of one of the panthers of Bacchus, who carries his lovely burden proudly, and with a face full of proud joy looks up the noble wife toward her divine husband. This statue suggests many thoughts. If in the mythology of the Greeks, Apollo and Bacchus stand related as genius and geniality, then this German Ariadne may represent the marriage of the lofty German muse with the glow of southern enthusiasm. When this wedlock is accomplished, when the genius of the North, pure and lofty, is animated by the fire of the South, then will poetry take a higher rank than ever. The poet will once again, and in a higher sense than ever, be the prophet; and poetry will be more than a parlor recreation: it will lead the civilization of the world.

The Dom, or Cathedral, in Frankfort, is very old, having been built in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and is also celebrated as being the place where the German Emperors were elected and crowned. The chapel in which they were elected, is a small room opening into the church. The coronation took place in front of the high altar. We went into the pulpit from which St. Bernard preached the crusade, and felt ourselves once more carried backward to ancient times. Just outside of the cathedral is the market-place; and from a window which looks into this, Luther preached to the people. This window, which is an oriel, resembles a pulpit not a little; and Luther no doubt chose the house for his residence on its account. The market-place is filled with stalls, in which all sorts of wares are sold, such as shoes, and tin, and wood. From the cathedral we went to the town-house, and saw the banqueting-hall where the emperors were entertained after their coronation: all of which places reminded us of Goethe's description of the coronation which he witnessed when a boy. The walls of the banqueting room are covered with portraits of the emperors in the order of their succession, and the portrait of the last German Emperor just filled the last panel in the room. After having seen all these things — having stood in St. Bernard's pulpit, sat in the Emperor's chair, and looked down from the top of the cathedral-tower, where at a height of two hundred and sixty feet a family reside, whose food is conveyed up to them along a wire — I went to find the house where Goethe was born, and where he passed his childhood. While I was looking at the front, a young man opened the door. I went up to him, and asked if I might look into the inner court. He said yes; and added, that perhaps I might see the house; he would ask. So he went and obtained leave, and then showed me up stairs to the attic which was the young Goethe's chamber, and the desk on which he wrote Werter. This was pleasant; for his description of his father's house was so fresh in my mind, that I seemed to know it like an old acquaintance. In a book which lay on the table were the names of those who had visited the chamber. Under ours I added these lines from one of Goethe's lyrics:

'Und dein Streben sey die Liebe,
Und dein Leben sey die That;'

that is to say,

'Let love be thy motive,
And action thy life.'

The Steudel Museum contains many fine paintings well worth visiting; some ancient, and some modern. The ancient pictures are by such artists as Matsys, Albert Durer, Holbein and Hobbima. The modern pictures are by the Dusseldorf artists, and other modern German painters. Among these are some fine pictures by Lessing, and a beautiful representation of the Parable of the Ten Virgins, by Schadow, the President of the Dusseldorf Academy. This picture represents the five foolish virgins on the left hand, who have fallen asleep. They are very graceful, and if foolish, are still very pretty. One has been crowned queen, but, as she sleeps, her crown is sliding from her head. On the other side are the wise virgins, who have arisen, and are coming forward with their lamps lighted; and above, in the centre, the gates are being opened for the entrance of the Saviour and his company. The taste of the artist is shown chiefly in the attitudes and expression of the virgins. Those who are awake look gentle and modest, showing no pride, and giving themselves no airs; those who are awaking look startled and agitated. You love the one and pity the other.

On Sunday morning, at nine, we attended worship at St. Catharine's Church. The interior is a large oblong square, lofty, with high windows, and groined ceiling. On three sides are two rows of galleries; on the fourth is a highly ornamented and gilded pulpit, with gilded cherubs on the sounding-board; and the wall is hung with shields and escutcheons of the Frankfort burghers. In this church Luther is said to have preached; though I doubt with less pleasure than from the window in the Dom Platz. But I was glad to have attended worship in three churches, in which Zwingle, Calvin, and Luther, had declared those truths which shook the power of Rome, when Rome ruled the world.

CHAPTER X.

THE RHINE AND BELGIUM.

We left Frankfort in the afternoon, on a little steamboat which went down the Maine to Mayence, and thence to Bingen on the Rhine, where we were to pass the night. The finest scenery on the Rhine lies between Mayence and Bonn, and this is usually all that travellers want to see. The sun was approaching his setting as our steamboat crawled slowly along the smooth surface of the Maine, and the yellow light, illuminating the water and the low-lying banks, made a very Cuyp of the scene. After dark we entered the Rhine,—'exulting and abounding river,'—and did not stop to see Mayence. This town has an old cathedral, built in the tenth and eleventh centuries, containing many monuments; one to Fastrada, the Queen of Charlemagne, and another to the Minnesinger Frauenlob. This minstrel received his name, 'Praise of Women,' from his poetry being devoted to their honor; in return for which, his bier was carried to the grave by eight ladies. There is a fine engraving, from a picture by a German artist, representing this scene.

We passed down the Rhine after leaving Mayence, by moonlight and starlight. Beside ourselves, there were but three or four passengers; one of them, a young English lady, who was to leave some friends the next morning, and go alone to St. Petersburg, where she was, I believe, to become a governess. One of my companions seemed so much fascinated by the charming manners of this young lady, that I feared he might go with her. The charm consisted in the free, naive, abounding life which showed itself in every word and action, and in her willingness to be interested in every thing. Most of us are so artificial, constrained, and pre-occupied, that we like the more, in another, the childlike *abandon* which we have lost ourselves. We reached Bingen at nine, P. M., and found a new fine hotel, the Victoria, overlooking the river.

Next morning we arose early, and ascended the hill behind Bingen, to the Chapel of St. Rochus. Here we had a very fine view up and down the Rhine. The chapel contains an altar-piece given it by the poet Goethe. The famous Chateau of Johannisberg, belonging to Prince Metternich, is in view from this place. The vineyards of this estate produce the most costly of the Rhenish wines; and the annual produce of fifty-five acres has been valued at thirty thousand dollars. Looking up the stream from this point, we see the Rhine at its greatest breadth, and its channel contains many islands. We returned to Bingen by a path which led us around the back of the hill, where we had a fine view of the Valley of the Nahe, which is also filled with vineyards. We were now in the region of the finest Rhenish wines. Being no connoisseurs, we satisfied ourselves with the sight of the vineyards; but the value ascribed to these wines may be judged from the fact, that a single cask of the Steinberg vineyard brought at auction about two thousand dollars, at a sale of the Duke of Nassau's wines in 1836.

An expedition which we had intended to the Niederwald was prevented by the coming on of rain; so we took a boat, and were rowed down the river three or four miles, past the famous Mouse Tower of Bishop Hatto, to a castle which has been restored and made habitable by the Prince of Prussia, and which is used by him for a summer residence. This castle, called the Rheinstein, is perched, (like most of the castles erected by the old robber knights,) on a cliff overhanging the river. It has been completely restored, and fitted up with furniture in the style of the middle ages. We ascended to the gate by a steep zigzag path, and were shown through the rooms of the castle by the Schlossvoght, or seneschal. The walls of these rooms are hung with ancient armor, and the windows filled with painted glass. One small closet is used by the princess for her studio; and contains her easel, paints, and pictures. After looking through the various small chambers of this castle, we returned in our boat, through fast falling rain, to Bingen.

At noon, a steamer arrived on its way down the river to Coblentz, and we went on board. There are three daily steamers on the Rhine each way during the summer months, and all are crowded with passengers. The chief annoyance on board is from the pipes and bad tobacco of the Germans, and the noisy, ill-mannered behavior of the German travellers. On the boat this morning were four young men, probably students, who were drinking wine and singing students' songs in an uproarious manner on the deck, to the great discontent of all quiet people. To crown the whole, they had the impertinence to hand round a plate among the passengers, for money, with which to pay for their wine. As their singing is as bad as it well can be, and adds nothing to the beauty of the scenery through which we are passing, one might be excused from any such contribution.

As for smoking, it is universal in Germany. Men smoke every where; in the salle-a-manger, in the diligence, on the steamboat deck, among the ladies, in the railroad train, and in omnibuses. When we were breakfasting at Heidelberg, a man who sat next to us at the table d'hote, pulled out his pipe and lighted it. Germans smoke their pipe when talking with ladies; they smoke in picture galleries; they smoke when they lie down and when they get up. Much abused America is pure as a virgin from this pollution of tobacco smoke, when compared with Germany, France and England. In the most princely hotels of the Continent, in the salle-a-manger, is posted up the supplication, 'On est prié ne pas fumer ici,' but the prayer is beaten back by unpropitious gales of tobacco smoke.

It is better to *ascend* the Rhine, than to descend it as we were now doing; for we passed too rapidly among these fine scenes to do them justice. Better still to devote a week or fortnight, if one can, to the scenery and excursions between Cologne and Mayence. But we, alas! could only spare two days to this historic stream, famous for its castles, its vineyards, its overhanging cliffs, and its rich valleys; this romantic river of the ancient German, of the Roman, and of the robber-chiefs of feudal times, whose towers crown every height. Here again we came in contact with the muse of Byron; for though the Rhine has been sung by every German poet with German enthusiasm, and no German poet is considered free of his craft till he has perpetrated a stanza or song on 'Father Rhine,' yet all their efforts pale before the melodies of Byron's marvellous muse. The faithful Murray has quoted liberally in his hand-book from Childe Harold; and I caught myself sometimes reading this poetry, in place of looking at the scenery it described.

We reached Coblentz at four, and, as usual, possessed ourselves of chambers overlooking the river. After dining, we crossed the bridge of boats to the other side, in order to see the Castle of Ehrenbreitstein, which towers majestically on a vast rock at the junction of the Rhine and the Moselle. This castle is the strongest military post in Germany, and has of course been attacked and taken several times, for these fortifications always invite the enemy. Once, indeed, in the seventeenth century, it baffled the attack of a besieging French army under Marshals Boufflers and Vauban; and Louis XIV., who had come to the spot to be present at its surrender, had the mortification of travelling back as he came. But the fortress was afterwards taken and blown up by the French; wherefore Byron speaks of 'Ehrenbreitstein with her shattered wall;' but it has been rebuilt since 1814, by Prussia at a cost (with the other works at Coblentz) of more than five millions of dollars. On three sides, the rock is a precipice, and on the fourth there are three lines of defences. Its magazines will contain provisions for eight thousand men, for ten years, and its cisterns will supply water for three years; after which time, if necessary, the garrison may have recourse to a well, sunk four hundred feet through the rock, and communicating with the river. We walked over this fortress, and a very civil Prussian officer attended us and explained the meaning and uses of its various parts. We returned to Coblentz by the bridge of boats, and when half way over were stopped by an official gentleman. This was done on account of three of the boats having been slipped from their places to enable a steamer to pass through. Here, on the Continent, the people are taken care of by the government; so all the foot-passengers were stopped twenty or thirty rods from the opening, lest perchance, in their helplessness, they might walk into it. We Americans, accustomed at home to take care of ourselves, grew impatient, and presently one of our party, looking the official calmly in the face, walked by; while he turned in astonishment to see why this was done, the other three walked by behind his back. Our example infected the rest of the passengers, and they all pushed on, and the officer thought it best to submit. The obstruction occasioned by boats, which are constantly passing through the bridge, is very great; for every time this happens, three of the boats which sustain a part of the bridge are slipped from their places, and allowed to drift a little way down the stream. Then they have to be brought back again by means of a windlass and ropes. Such an obstacle to travel would not be tolerated in the United States for a year; but the Germans move slowly.

The rain still continued; but determined to see all we could, Mr. C. and I sallied forth into the streets. After a while we came to the monument erected by the French army on its way to Russia, which is a fountain bearing an inscription to commemorate this invasion; beneath the inscription of the French commander was another affixed by the Russian general, who came to Coblentz some months after in command of a division pursuing the flying French army. He let the French inscription stand, but wrote under it, 'Seen and approved by me, the Russian commandant of the city of Coblentz.' We had looked for this inscription on three sides of the monument in vain, and were groping our way round to the fourth, when I heard a splash, and found that my friend had fallen into the water. The sound was alarming, but luckily it was only one or two feet deep, and the ducking served as a souvenir of Coblentz.

A loud ringing of steamboat bells beneath our window awakened us at six the next morning; for there were four boats departing for Cologne one way, and for Mayence the other. It was cloudy and wet, and we refused to get up for another hour. At breakfast we met, in the hall of our hotel, named 'The Giant,' a number of English and American travellers; afterwards, walking through the city, we came to the fountain, the scene of last night's misadventure, and stopped to see the old Church of Saint Castor, distinguished by its four towers, for its great antiquity, (being built in 836,) and as the place where the grandsons of Charlemagne met to divide his vast empire.

Coblentz is an ancient town, and was called by the Romans '*Confluentes*,' from the confluence of the Rhine and Moselle, which has been modernized into Coblentz. 'And no city on the Rhine,' says Murray, 'surpasses it in the beauty of its situation.' In three hours after leaving Coblentz, the steamer brought us to Bonn, on the broad stream which bore us along through the most beautiful country, where castles, cities, and palaces crowned every height, or adorned every valley. At Bonn I stopped with one of our party, leaving the other two to go on to Cologne. Here we saw the fine University building, which is a quarter of a mile long, together with its gardens; the gray old Cathedral, the fine view of the river and mountains from the platform, and the Cemetery which contains the tomb of Niebuhr — at the close of his life a professor in this university, and eminent, not only for his profound knowledge of Roman history, but for his manly character, solid wisdom, and extensive influence. From the platform, near the University, we had a beautiful view of the broad expanse of the river, and the 'Seven Mountains,' as they are named, beyond. These mountains are of volcanic structure, lofty and wild, and all covered with ruins of some ancient tower or chapel. The nearest of these, rising abruptly from the river side, is Drachenfels, or The Rock of the Dragon, made famous by the lines of Byron, which I long to quote, but will not. It contains the quarry, from which the stones were taken to build the incomplete Cathedral of Cologne. What a change since the time when these quarries were worked to the present! What a singular mixture in the social life of those days, of strong Christian faith, and decidedly pagan practice! Here, on this rock of Drachenfels, workmen were preparing the stones for the vast cathedral which was to be for Northern Europe, what St. Peter's is to Italy and the South. The walls, buttresses, piers, and pinnacles, were rising from the earth with the luxuriance, and almost the rapidity, of a tropical growth. Meantime, from his castle above the quarry, the feudal knight was looking up and down the river to waylay and rob any unfortunate merchant who might be bringing goods from Venice, to supply the cities of Brabant and Hainault. Then the merchant had to run a gauntlet the whole length of the Rhine, between the castles of these lordly pirates. At the present time we build no cathedrals, but neither do we rob and murder by wholesale as of old. Which, on the whole, is the evidence of the most Christian state of things?

Reluctantly we turned away from the wide expanse of the Rhine, glowing in the light of the sinking sun, with its broad margin of fields, and farms, orchards and vineyards, and its background of peaked castle-crowned hills. We stopped to look at the fine old cathedral, with its Norman windows and arches, all of which (dating from the twelfth and thirteenth centuries) has a unity not frequent in these buildings, and the simple purity which belongs to the architecture of that period. Then we walked on, through streets whose extreme dirtiness, and whose shocking smells reminded us of the stanza on Cologne, which intimates that the Rhine after washing Cologne, would need washing itself. We found a little boy to guide us to the cemetery, which contains the monument of Niebuhr, one of the purest in design which I saw in Europe. Usually great expense is lavished to produce a mass of marble carving utterly insignificant and uninteresting; but Niebuhr's tomb has a fine bas-relief portrait on its surface of himself, and another of his wife. Then come some very appropriate texts from the Wisdom of Solomon, iii. 6; viii. 8; Sirach, xlvii. 16, 17; Proverbs, iv. 18.* Then the Latin lines, 'Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus tam cari capitis.' Above, a medallion head of Jesus, with the words, 'I am the resurrection and the life,' 'I am Alpha and Omega.' This cemetery, like most of those we saw in Germany, is laid out with great neatness, and is filled with carefully tended shrubbery and flowers. It is a favorite walk of the citizens, and in it we found several persons to whom it seemed a familiar place of resort. We went from Bonn to Cologne by rail, after dark, and took rooms, as usual, looking upon the Rhine. These views by night, which we thus obtained, are among my pleasantest remembrances. Sitting by the window I watched the reflection of the lights of the city in the stream, saw its surface broken into curves and ripples by the passing boats, heard its steady murmur, and it grew to me like a companion and friend.

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* 'As gold in the furnace hath he tried them, and received them as a burnt offering.'

'If a man desire much experience, she knoweth things of old, and conjectureth what is to come; she knoweth the subtilties of speeches, and can expound dark sentences: she foreseeth signs and wonders, and the event of seasons and times.'

'How wise wast thou in thy youth, and as a flood, filled with understanding.'

'Thy soul covered the whole earth, and thou filledst it with dark parables.'

'Thy name went far into the islands; and for thy peace wast thou beloved.'

'The countries marvelled at thee, for thy songs and proverbs, and parables and interpretations.'

'The path of the just is as a shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day.'

The first thing in the morning was to visit the great cathedral, which, incomplete as it is, is yet the pride of Germany. It was commenced in the middle of the thirteenth century, and according to the plan of the architect was to have contained two towers, each five hundred feet high. The building itself was to be of the same length and in the form of a cross, but only one of the towers was carried far above the ground, and that not more than two hundred feet. On the top of this tower, still remains the crane employed by the masons to raise stones for the building, and there it has stood for centuries. The only part of the building which is wholly finished, is the choir, which is a wonderful work of genius. From the floor to the roof is a hundred and eighty feet. The enormous windows of the clerestory, are filled with exquisite painted glass, and the paintings on the walls, the marble altar and pavement, the statues, and other ornaments, produce an almost magical effect. We ascended to the ambulatory of the choir, where one can walk around the interior a hundred feet above the pavement. Then we passed out upon the roof of the choir, which seems a forest of stone from the number of its enormous pinnacles, and double flying buttresses, one above the other, supported by double rows of piers. The Nave is now so far finished that a temporary roof has been carried over it, and the interior contains a forest of columns, some blue and rosy in the light from the richly colored windows, some yellow in the sun-light from the clerestory windows above, some in shadow, and others in still deeper shadow. As you look at the building in front, where new stones are being put up by the side of stones crumbling from the storms of six hundred years, the resemblance to a wild forest is yet more striking. As in a forest you see young shoots and old trees side by side, some with shafts vigorous and young, and others on the ground moss-covered, into which your foot sinks; so here there are new columns, piers, and mouldings, with sharp outline and smooth surface, close to others crumbling in various stages of decay. Returning into the interior, and pausing once more for a last look into the choir — so filled with light from its immense painted windows, and so lofty as to fill me with new astonishment at every moment — we went, as in duty bound, to the small chapel containing the famous shrine of the three kings of Cologne. These kings or magi, who came to Bethlehem with presents to the infant Saviour, received in the middle ages from the followers of that Saviour, an immense return of gifts and offerings. Their shrine, although they were heathens, was reverenced as the most sacred of all, and an oath by the three kings of Cologne, was reverentially kept by men who broke every other. The tradition is, that the bones of these kings were brought to Cologne by the Emperor

Frederic Barbarossa when he took Milan, in the middle of the twelfth century. The sacristan who shows the relics, unlocks an iron door, and after admitting you, lights a small jet of gas, and locks you in. You then see before you a case of solid silver, gilt and curiously wrought, surrounded by small arcades, which are supported on inlaid pillars, and figures of the apostles and prophets. The whole is covered thickly with precious stones, cameos, and rich enamels. After we had looked at this for awhile, the front of the case was opened, and we saw the skulls of the three kings, with their names, Gaspar, Melchior, and Balthazer, on each, in letters made of rubies, and a diadem on each skull studded with jewels. These treasures are said to be worth more than a million of dollars; but are much less than those which formerly decorated the shrines.

After seeing the curiosities of this church, we left it to examine some of the other ancient and curious buildings which this venerable city contains. We were directly met on leaving the door, by a little boy, who had evidently made up his mind to be our guide through the city, whether we wished it or not. He understood the programme of the traveller's route, and pretending to lead the way, shouted continually, 'St. Jesuiten,' meaning thereby the Jesuit's church, having canonized the Holy Company on his own responsibility. Finding that he would not quit us, I proposed to my companions to separate and go in different directions, and see what he would do then. The boy was at first perplexed, but presently selected the largest party, and ran after them. Scolding, and threats were quite wasted on him; he dodged our up-lifted canes, and continued to shriek 'St. Jesuiten.' At last I stopped, drew out some paper, and placing him before me, pretended to make a sketch of his person. This he did not like, and shrunk behind a buttress of the church. I pursued him, still drawing; then he hid under a wagon, and I looked under, keeping my pencil at work. Some other boys — his ragged companions — noticed his distress, and were much delighted. They pulled him forth, and held him up to be drawn, till by a desperate plunge he got away, and was seen no more. Whether this system would succeed with *commissionaires* in general, I doubt; but it was the only one which proved effectual, in our own experience of that very tenacious class of persons.

Cologne was a celebrated city among the Romans, and received its name from a colony (Colonia) of Roman soldiers, planted here by the mother of Nero. From this place Trajan was summoned to be emperor by Vitellius and Sylvanus. Here, in 508, Clovis, the founder of the Frank kingdom, was declared king. During the middle ages, Cologne was one of the principal emporiums of the trade of northern Europe, and its three kings drew multitudes of pilgrims to the place. At one time, it is said to have had as many steeples as there are days in the year, with twenty-five hundred ecclesiastics, and thirty thousand soldiers. At present it contains about seventy thousand inhabitants, and is still the largest city on the Rhine. It was at one time the residence, as it was the birth-place of the painter Rubens; and in his house died Mary of Medici in penury. Many of the pictures of Rubens are still in the city, and in the museum some good ones by the old German masters. The church of St. Ursula and of the 'Eleven Thousand Virgins' is another of the curiosities of the place. The bones of these virgins, or what must pass for such, are to be seen every where in this church, built into the walls, and displayed here and there in glass cases. Those who choose may believe that there are the bones of eleven thousand persons in this church; but those which appear certainly cannot exceed eleven hundred.

The oldest church in Cologne is said to be that of St. Pantaleon, part of which is of the tenth century. It is now used as a Protestant place of worship.

The Apostles' church was built about the year 1200; and presents the appearance of a group of towers, and arched projections clustered together. Another church is said to be on the site of the capital of the Roman city, and was built about the year 1000. One older than this formerly stood on the same spot, and was erected by the wife of King Pepin.

We spent the greater part of the day, with great pleasure, in walking through the streets of this ancient city, and visiting these churches; each of which alone would be an object of interest. But the city itself has such an aspect of antiquity, and contains so many very ancient buildings, that one feels transferred back to the middle ages while wandering through its streets. It is surrounded with fortifications of the most elaborate kind, and its ramparts, if of no other use, make at all events a very pleasant promenade, as we can testify.

Taking the railroad in the afternoon, we went on to Aix-la-Chapelle, and passed the night. This place is distinguished for its warm springs, which have attracted visitors here for bathing since the days of the Romans; it is celebrated also as the birth-place, and one of the residences of the Emperor Charlemagne, who built a chapel here, (about A. D. 800,) which gave the place its name. Three treaties of peace have been signed here by the sovereigns and ambassadors of the kingdoms of Europe; the last in 1818, when a congress was held here to decide on the evacuation of France by the allied armies. The cathedral stands on the place where Charlemagne's chapel was formerly erected, and was built in 983, by the Emperor Otho, probably in the form of the ancient church. You pass from the porch into an octagonal building, supported on round arches and very heavy columns. In the middle of the open space is a slab of marble under the centre of the dome above, inscribed with the words CAROLO MAGNO. Here reposed for a hundred and fifty years the body of Charlemagne; till the tomb was opened by the Emperor Otho, who found the body not reclining in the coffin, but seated on a throne, clothed in the imperial robes, bearing a sceptre in his hands, and on his knees a copy of the gospels. On his fleshless brow was the crown, and his sword 'Joyeuse,' was by his side. As I stood in this church, the aspect of which of itself reminded one of the middle ages — stood with my feet on the stone beneath which the body of this great king had reposed, and surrounded by kneeling worshippers — I recalled the time of this founder of modern civilization. Such men as Charlemagne and Alfred arrive, in the providence of God, to accomplish by their order-loving genius what the times require. While men like Augustine and Luther are sent to give impulse and life, creating a new spirit by means of their profound convictions of truth, Charlemagne and Alfred come to organize society, and bring its elastic elements into form. They hasten the progress of civilization by centuries. Charlemagne was a great soldier, but he fought not for conquest, but to beat back barbarism, which in his time threatened to sweep like a deluge over the world. Christianity was attacked on the south by the Saracens and Lombards, on the north by the Saxons, on the east by the Huns, on the north-east by the Slaves; all pagans, and all martial. At this time the cause of Christian civilization seemed to depend on the Frank nation, and its Carlovingian kings. Charlemagne subdued all these nations, and put a final check to their incursions into the centre of Europe. But beside this, he founded schools, collected libraries, reformed the coinage, fixed the value of money, attempted the great enterprise of uniting the Rhine and Danube for purposes of commerce, tried to establish a naval force, and began a code of laws. He was himself, indeed, a demi-savage, a half converted barbarian; but a man of great ideas, and true aims; who more than any one else in the civil order, may be regarded as the founder of modern civilization.

Aix-la-Chapelle is the only place in the Prussian dominions where public gaming tables are allowed; and (determined to see every thing) we paid a visit to the Redoute, or gaming-house. By applying at an indicated place, we obtained tickets of admission, and spent an hour watching the people around the roulette tables, playing at '*roulette*' and '*rouge et noir*.' We saw here well dressed women; we saw old gentlemen with white heads, and decorations in their button-holes; young boys, elegant men in the prime of life, and workmen in blouses, all absorbed in the fatal sport. Meantime, the gentlemanly banker, with clear keen eye, surveyed the tables, and enunciated the numbers in a voice distinct and calm as the stroke of a clock. As the cards fell, he instantly, without hurry or delay, tossed money to those who had won, and drew in, with a long rake, the silver or gold which the bank had gained. His eye was like an eagle's, his hand twirled the ball with the accuracy of a machine, and the contrast of his coolness and self-possession with the excitement of some of the gamblers, was striking. He never made a mistake, and seemed to see every thing. Some of those, however, who were engaged in the sport were evidently old hands, and were as cool as he. Several had cards on which they marked, each time, the color and number which had won, so as to judge, by the doctrine of chances, which color would probably win next time. We soon saw enough to satisfy us, and felt in no wise attracted toward this amusement.

From Aix to Brussels is a long day's ride by rail. Part of the way the tunnels and bridges are numerous, and again we pass through a fine, level and fruitful country. The German railroads seem well made, the cars are comfortable, but they move slow. At Verviers we were detained to have our passports and baggage examined, for we here passed out of the Prussian dominions. We rode without stopping through the historical cities of Liege and Louvain. At Liege one is reminded of the story of Quentin Durward; part of the scene of which is laid here, and the public events of which correspond, in most respects, with the facts of history. At the time when Charles the Bold and Louis XI. took the city by storm, in 1468, it contained a hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants. It is still a manufacturing place, and close by are the colossal iron works of Cockerill.[1] In passing Louvain, we saw from a distance the splendid 'Hotel de Ville,' which was finished in 1463, and is one of the richest Gothic buildings in the world, every part of the exterior being covered with minute carvings. But in our haste we were obliged also to pass by this city, the walls of which, in the fourteenth century, contained two hundred thousand persons, nearly all occupied in manufactures. We reached Brussels in the evening, and went to the 'Hotel des Princes,' on the Place de Monnaie, and from the windows of our room saw the lofty spire of the beautiful Hotel de Ville.

Brussels is a very interesting city, and combines attractions of a twofold kind. It is part modern, and part ancient. The modern city is very beautifully built; the ancient filled with fine old picturesque buildings. Brussels has been called 'A small Paris,' and we saw enough in the few days which we spent here to justify the appellation. The fine Parisian taste is seen every where, — in the buildings, the furniture of rooms, the appearance and arrangement of shops, the dress and manners of the people. Our room in the hotel, which was in the fourth story, was nevertheless furnished throughout in perfect taste. Every thing was blue and white. We had blue and white window curtains; a blue canopy, and white curtains to the beds; blue and white stripes to the paper on the wall; blue sofa cover; the chimney-piece and top of the armoire were of blue marble; and the carpet in harmony with the rest. How many rooms in the Tremont or Astor House are furnished with such careful taste?

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[1] Iron and coal are both found in abundance near Liege, and it is called 'The Birmingham of the Low Countries.' The staple manufactory is of fire-arms. Cockerill, the Englishman, turned the Palace of the Prince Bishop into an enormous collection of forges, machine-shops, and factories, where iron is made into every thing, from power-looms to penknives. The Waterloo Lion was cast in this establishment. Three thousand workmen have been employed at the same time in it.

Going out to walk in the evening, I left my friend, who was somewhat tired, behind. Passing through some finely lighted streets, I came to the Hotel de Ville, one of the finest buildings of the kind in Europe, — its surface covered with carvings, and its lofty tower ornamented with crocketed pinnacles, showing the taste and wealth of the city in the fifteenth century. In the grand hall of this building, Charles V. abdicated his crown. In the market-place, in front of it, the Counts Egmont and Horn were beheaded by order of the cruel Duke Alva. The beautiful tower of this building, of Gothic open-work, is three hundred and sixty-four feet high; and from the top can be seen the colossal lion which marks the centre of the field of Waterloo. Leaving this building, I wandered through the streets into another part where there were no lighted shops, till I suddenly came to the great Church of St. Gudule, which stood grand in the moonlight, with its two towers. Then I passed on to the part of the city where the king resides, where is a handsome park, with trees, broad streets, and lofty, palace-like buildings. Returning home, I came to an arcade brilliantly lighted, and containing a multitude of shops; being, in fact, another 'Palais Royal' on a small scale. Returning to the hotel, and narrating my discoveries, my friend declared that his fatigue was gone, and that he must see them too; so I went out again, and made the circuit once more.

Next morning we went to see, by daylight, the interior of the cathedral, which was finished in the thirteenth century. The interior, we fancied, was more neat, and more carefully kept than those of France. Here we first saw the very curious and beautiful oaken carved pulpits of Belgium. The pulpit of this church, carved of oak, represents Paradise. Adam and Eve, the size of life, stand in front, with the angel who drives them out. The pulpit rises out of a mass of branches and leaves, and a canopy over it is covered in like manner with foliage. Above, stands the Virgin and the boy Jesus; the latter bruising the head of the serpent, whose folds are twisted among the branches. The heads of cherubs appear in various places, and all sorts of birds and animals are carved in like manner around.

It was very pleasant to go shopping in Brussels, the manners of the shop-keepers are so pleasing, and all their goods are arranged with so much taste. The young lady shop-keepers, as in Paris, are delightful. You cannot escape them. With their pretty little

'Oui Monsieur, c'est trés bon marché,' and a multitude of pressing ways, they make you buy at all events. They have all of the sweet French courtesy, and the music of their accents is itself winning. It is a delight to go into a shop when a French girl is the sales-woman, her prattle is so pretty and joyous. I saw in a window some kid gloves advertised at a franc and a half, and went in. The young *marchande* immediately brought out some gloves, and began to try them on my hand; pleading, in refined and gentle accents, in behalf of their excellence. I asked the price, and she said, two francs and a half. Said I, 'In the window you say, one and a half.' 'Mais, Monsieur, vous n'etes pas dame,' said she. I could not deny the fact nor the inference, and told her she had reason. The glove, when fairly on, seemed too small. The girl looked sad; but I comforted her by saying, 'It is not the fault of the glove; the glove is not too small, but the hand is too large.' So I paid my francs and departed.

It was a real treat to see my friend, Mr. C., buying a penknife. He was rather difficult to suit, and had his own ideas as to what he wanted. So the graceful little French girl brought out knife after knife, talking so quickly and with such anxious interest, like a little magpie, that it kept us both laughing. She did not know why we laughed, for she was quite in earnest, bent on selling, and she recommended her wares with such gracious importunity, and was so charmingly eloquent, that buy he must and did, with all his gravity.

Most persons visiting Brussels, think it necessary to visit the field of Waterloo, which is about ten miles distant. The way passes through the Forest of Soignes, and the excursion occupies a day. I felt no wish to visit this place, and thought I could occupy the time in a better way. One battle-field is much like another; and I should feel neither pleasure nor pride in visiting the scene of a victory, the results of which have probably been disastrous to European civilization. So I went to the Museum to look at pictures, and spent a good part of the morning there. The paintings are numerous, but not very good; and it left less of an impression on my mind than any other European gallery. One picture is a singular illustration of theological ideas at the time when it was painted. It represents Christ seated as a judge, and armed with the thunderbolts of Jupiter; and the Virgin his mother interceding with him on behalf of sinners, pointing to the bosom which had supported him while a child, by way of producing an impression on his feelings. In New Testament theology Jesus is the intercessor, but in the theology of the Romish Church Mary his mother intercedes with him; and when you go further back, you find a period in which such saints as Thomas à Becket, and the Three Kings, were appealed to by worshippers, and the altars of the Father and the Son neglected.

Saturday morning we went from Brussels to Antwerp by the way of Mechlin, (or Malines as it is called in French). We stopped here to see some churches, and some pictures of Rubens; into the sphere of whose influences we had now come. At Mechlin we had some difficulties with the *commissionaires*. One fastened himself upon us at the railroad depot, and attended us through several streets, expatiating on our need of him to help us find the way, and beating down his own price from a franc to seventy-five centimes. We said '*No*, No, NO;' but this had no effect. We told him to go about his business; this had no more. We then made him no answer, but walked on, and he walked on too. At last we got into a church, but when we came out, after having examined it for half an hour, there he was again, asking our patronage. Then we went to the cathedral, and on the way, by turning rapidly into a lane, we escaped him; but on reaching the cathedral we found him there, awaiting our arrival. So when we came out of the cathedral we engaged another guide in pure self-defence, and told him he should have a franc for showing us the way to two other churches, to which he joyfully assented; but at the end of the route demanded more. 'That or nothing,' said we, 'take your choice;' whereupon he took it and departed. The annoyance of *commissionaires* in these Belgian cities is very great; they keep up a constant gabbling; their breath smells of tobacco, and you can neither escape them or satisfy them.

The cathedral at Mechlin contains one of the fine carved oak pulpits, representing the conversion of St. Paul. Paul is falling from his horse in front of the pulpit, and Christ, with angels, stands above. The pulpit door behind represents a wattled gate carved in oak, and a wattled fence surrounds it. The cathedral contains a fine painting by Vandyke, of The Crucifixion. Mary Magdalen is kneeling, embracing the feet of Jesus. The mother and St. John stand on the right, and the Centurion on the left. The arrangement of the figures produces the finest effect; and Vandyke's purity and dignity of conception appear throughout. In one of the side-chapels there is a very good picture of St. Luke painting the portrait of the Virgin. The Lady-chapel behind the altar is of marble, with a marble rail richly carved in vines and cherubs' heads. On a tomb I saw this inscription,—'Trium Bertholdorum qui sæc. xiii. Mechlinæ dominarunt hic ultima domus,'— which seems to me, from its conciseness, a good example of an epitaph.

Going out of the cathedral we stopped to admire the tower, which rises from the earth in a mass of pinnacles and open work, reminding one of Mechlin lace; though whether the cathedral is an imitation of the lace, or the lace patterned from the cathedral, I cannot say. It is three hundred and seventy feet high, though unfinished. If the spire had been added, according to the original design, it would have been six hundred and forty feet high. They say that on one occasion, the fire engines were summoned to extinguish a conflagration in this tower, but when they arrived, they found only the light of the moon shining through the openings in the carved stone-work. The clock-dial on this cathedral, which is of iron, gilded, is thirty-six feet in diameter. From the cathedral we went to the church of St. John, which contains another of the marvellous carved pulpits, in front of which are five figures, the size of life, representing the Good Shepherd and his companions, with sheep. There are bas-reliefs on the pulpit above, and little cherubs in the air.

The altar-piece of this church, painted by Rubens, contains five pictures in his best style. One is the decollation of John the Baptist. The body lies in front, foreshortened, showing the back, arms and limbs; a soldier stepping forward, the arm and leg fully shown, and Herodias extending both arms to receive the head, with a woman behind. All this is contained in a panel not more than four feet wide, but fourteen or fifteen feet in height. The centre-piece is the Adoration of the Magi; full of figures, but not crowded. Here, as in all Rubens' paintings, you have the joy of a fullness of earthly life. There is no holding back of conscience or fear, but a forward movement in each figure; all is action.

Beside the carved pulpit, there are in many of these churches confessionals of oak, also richly carved with terminal figures, separating the priest's closet from the closets on each side for penitents. One of these Terms represented Pleasure holding a cup with a snake's head coming out of it; another represented Death. One was an old woman reading a book; one, Penitence in tears; and again, Hope with a crown. All these figures were so finely carved, that the expression of the face was as fully given in the oak as it could have been in marble.

In the square near the cathedral stands a statue of Margaret of Austria, surrounded by a stone pavement, on which is drawn a dial-plate, the same size as that of the cathedral clock.

The church of Notre Dame contains some fine pictures by Rubens, painted for the Guild of fishmongers, considered to be among his best works. These pictures show finely the powerful animal force of Rubens, which gave him so much sympathy with the nature of animals. The character of fishes is here revealed with their loves and longings. They seem almost as human as his men. In a narrow side-panel stand Tobias and the Angel, lifting the fish from the water, the water dripping off it. The Angel explains to Tobias what is to be done with it, and the latter looks up intelligently. The grouping and coloring of the entire piece is very fine. In presence of these paintings of Rubens one feels well and hopeful; for there seems life enough in him to vitalize a hundred men. His coloring is splendid; his fishes are no longer cold-blooded, but full of warm blood. The sweet Tobias and the Angel make a fine contrast with the strong central-piece, which represents the miraculous draught of fishes. Another picture is of the tribute-money taken from the fish; and another, the four disciples of Christ who were fishermen.

From Mechlin we took the cars to Antwerp; but Antwerp demands another chapter.

CHAPTER XI.

BELGIUM CONTINUED.

ANTWERP (in French Anvers) is on the right bank of the Scheldt, which is here a broad and deep river, moving through extensive level plains to the sea. It contains about eighty thousand inhabitants, and in the sixteenth century had two hundred thousand. Its fortifications of immense strength, and its citadel, considered almost impregnable, have not prevented it from being taken several times by hostile armies. It is a very interesting city—interesting from the picturesque appearance of its streets and squares, from its historic associations, from its beautiful cathedral and ancient churches, from its docks built by Napoleon; but especially, and more than all, from the paintings by RUBENS and VANDYKE, which are its proudest ornaments. No one has seen Rubens who has not visited Antwerp.

The cathedral at Antwerp was built in the thirteenth century, and finished in eighty-four years, and is consequently one of those which possess the unity which comes from the same design being pursued throughout. It is of great size, being five hundred feet long and two hundred and fifty feet wide. The Nave has three aisles on each side, and the choir is surrounded with chapels. It has one of the beautiful pulpits of carved oak, which distinguish the churches of Belgium; but the tower, which is four hundred feet high, is perhaps the most beautiful in Europe. It was built as recently as the year 1500, and is of the most airy lightness. It seems like a collection of carved pinnacles soaring together toward the sky. So delicate is the workmanship, that it reminds you of the Chinese carvings in ivory; and the Emperor Charles V. said that it ought to be kept in a case.

I was so unfortunate as to miss seeing the famous 'Descent from the Cross,' and the 'Elevation of the Cross,' by Rubens; for both had been taken from the cathedral in order to be cleaned. The altar-piece, however, 'The Assumption of the Virgin,' by Rubens, I saw, and was struck with the grace and beauty visible throughout. The Virgin's long hair float from her face; the waist of her dress is blue, and her robes of rose-color and greenish white, which, as she ascends through the air, drift up around her figure. Below is a semicircle of little angels and cherubs bearing her up, with legs and feet flying off in every direction, like rays issuing from her person. Angels from above reach down, while some are crowning her with wreaths, and others pointing upward to heaven. The whole group seems floating upward in exquisite harmony of color, and life of form. Red predominates in the upper part of the group, green in the lower. Below, on the earth, are the Apostles and women. The central figure is in red, being a portrait of Rubens' daughter. This picture is called THE BOUQUET, and it might be called the Rainbow — such is the variety and harmony of color.

The confusion of forms in this picture, all tending to a unity of effect, surprises and delights you. It is like the effect produced by a sudden gust of wind on the leaves and branches in a thick wood. The leaves flying, the branches lashing tumultuously, but all tending one way.

The group below is wholly subordinate to that above; forming a base or pedestal for it — no more. Yet it is full of expression and vivacity, and it is brought into union with the group above by a commencement of motions guided and restrained by the influence of the scene overhead.

And so one might continue to write about it; for it is as full of meanings as nature — of which nature, Rubens was in truth a noble child.

From the summit of the tower I looked down on the city of Antwerp, and saw a mass of steep roofs, their gables all facing the street, and all covered, as is the fashion in this part of Europe, with red tiles. Looking from the Scheldt toward Mechlin, your eye passes along one of the principal streets called 'The Longue Rue Neuve,' at the extremity of which is the Church of St. Jacques. On your left, near the Scheldt is the Church of St. Dominique; and, scattered here and there among the houses are small gardens, and clusters of green trees. Below, you see far down, the steep roofs of the cathedral: for each part of the cross, the two Transepts, the choir, and the Nave, has its own sharply angular roof. In the centre of the building, at the intersection of the Nave and Transepts, rises a round tower, with a top like an onion. Little chapels with separate roofs, surround the Nave, and the flying buttresses of the choir are numerous. Here you are raised so high, that the roof of the Nave, which is a hundred feet above its pavement, is three hundred feet below your eye; and though it looked so lofty from the church floor, now seems to lie close to the ground. Near the cathedral is a beautiful square, planted with trees, and having the statue of Rubens in the middle. On the right of the cathedral you notice two wide streets, and further on, outside the walls, is the citadel, the walls of which are not of stone, but earth, and in the distance appear only like green hillocks. Stretching away on the other side, is the broad and bending Scheldt, winding through a vast level plain, away and away, till it bends up to the horizon, where its long line looks like that of the sea. From the river-bank opposite to the city, the roads run off in straight lines across this great plain to the far horizon.

In the afternoon, I visited the Museum; which contains a large number of the finest paintings by Rubens and Vandyke. In the first room we came to the famous Crucifixion of Christ, of which Sir Joshua Reynolds says, 'That the genius of Rubens nowhere appears to more advantage than here; that it is his most carefully finished picture — a composition bold, unconstrained, and the whole conducted with consummate art, and, in fine, that it is certainly one of the finest pictures in the world, for composition, coloring, and correctness of drawing;" and indeed all that he says seems not too much, even to so rapid and ignorant an observation as mine.

If we consider this picture according to the analysis of a work of art which Goethe suggests:

'Der Gedanke, das Entwerfen,
Die Gestalten, ihr Bezug'—

we shall find *the thought* original and pregnant, the *plan* marked with genius, the *forms* full of energy and beauty, and the *relation* of part to part, uniting variety in the details, with a total harmony. The thought of the picture is to seize that moment when the centurion is piercing the side of Jesus, and a soldier breaking the leg of one of the thieves. All the action of the figure, and the expression of the faces, are determined by these two events. Yet they are not tame and passive events, but active — full of energy and will. No one but Rubens would have dared to take these savage acts as the central creative thought of his picture.

The plan consists of the three crosses, the figure of CHRIST in the centre, his limbs straight, and his body pale in color. The TWO THIEVES on either side; one contorted with agony, has torn one of his feet from the tree, the other composed in attitude, and darker in color, hanging so as to front the spectator. The two SOLDIERS at their cruel work look as if not inspired by evil passions, but as strong men doing their work with a will. In the right corner are the two WOMEN and ST. JOHN, turning away with an expression of anguish, tempered with submission to an inevitable doom — from what they cannot look at and live. Then there is the sweet face, and graceful figure of the MAGDALEN clinging to the cross, and loosing her Master's bloody feet from her faithful embrace to deprecate the new cruelty. Lastly — quite different from all, yet in harmony — the GOOD CENTURION leaning forward on his horse's neck, resting on both hands, and looking steadily at the face of Jesus, as though he would penetrate to the bottom of this mystery of holiness. In every part, the design is surpassingly excellent.

But what shall we say of the figures, all energetic, active force, and fulness of life? What shall we say of the colors, with their daring contrasts? the red drapery of St. John close to Mary, whose dress is deep blue and black, and directly behind, the yellow drapery of the Magdalen. Sir Joshua Reynolds says of the Magdalen, that her profile is 'by far the most beautiful I ever saw of Rubens, or I think of any other painter; the excellence of its coloring is beyond expression.'

The *relation* of the figures to each other is this — as the thieves above are to Christ, so are the soldiers below to the women. The transition above is by the penitent thief, and below by the penitent centurion. The flood of human life flowing through all, is the binding medium which holds all the figures together.

Another picture by Rubens is of St. Theresa interceding for souls in Purgatory, and its absurd faults of conception, show how little Rubens could escape from real life. The faces of Theresa and of Christ are too serene and comfortable for the subject; nevertheless, the souls in purgatory (who also have their bodies with them) look cheerful enough. One of them has the precise look of the beggars when they put on an expression of great distress, to excite your sympathy. He evidently is doing the same thing to move the compassion of the good saint. Another of the men in purgatory has the look of one evidently expecting to come right out.

Opposite to the great picture of the Crucifixion stands another of the same size, and containing nearly twenty figures. The subject is the Adoration of the Magi. It is a grand composition, and filled with the variety which belong to Rubens. One of the kings or magi is kneeling with an expression of great reverence; he evidently is a Parsee saint. Behind is an old man in a red robe, chiefly occupied in observing what is going on. The head of this man seemed somehow badly set on. The burly Ethiopian in the centre, with a rich green dress and turban, is excellent. He would do for an active Burgomaster, or an energetic man of business in any time. Around and above are heads looking in, each with its own expression of curiosity, amusement, or intelligence. Above, through the stable door, are seen the upper part of two of the camels. One has put his head in, and is looking at the infant Jesus with much apparent pleasure; the other is thinking of nothing but his hay. The picture is all a-glow with rich colors — all alive with motion and expression. The attitude of the mother and position of the child, are very graceful. But the Virgin Mother! how sweet is her joy in her child. The presents attract her not, nor the reverence of the kings. Her pleasure is in showing them her beautiful boy. She looks only at her child, and is admiring him with so genuine a mother's feeling, that in this touch of nature we are surprised into new admiration of the genius of Rubens. Then the child's attitude is all-expressive of careless infancy; his head rests on his mother's arm, and his little hands are laid over hers, as if he had just twisted himself over for a moment to look at these strangers. There is also a good head of a boy who is looking in a most loving way at the infant.

Near by we have a 'Holy Family' by Jansens, which represents little John offering cherries to the infant Jesus, who takes one carefully in his hand like an infant, while the mother looks down over his head, one hand passed around the child, and the other resting on the shoulder of John, who offers his cherries in both hands. It is a joyful little scene. Another picture is a Lord's Supper, by Jordaens, who is a fine artist, of the school of Rubens. He just failed of being a Rubens by the misfortune of having great talent instead of great genius. Great talent has no organizing (that is, creative) power. The design of this picture, accordingly, is taken from Da Vinci, and is worked up in the style of Rubens. He borrowed from Leonardo the thought and the grouping; but he brings in legs, nervous and in action, *a la* Rubens. The parts, however, if borrowed, are nicely fitted and well joined.

A modern picture of the death of Rubens by Van Bree, is spoken of with some contempt by the inestimable Mr. Murray. Nevertheless, I dared to think it very beautiful, especially the daughter, who is tending her dying father. Four pictures by Otto Venius deserve to be studied. The design I thought inferior; but the coloring is rich.

In a modern picture by F. de Brackeleer, representing the siege of Antwerp, there is much that is finely conceived and well executed. He, however, has a trick which I always disliked in Westall, that of expressing horror by making the eyes very wide open.

Another picture by Rubens, is a Pieta, or Dead Christ, on a table of stone with straw upon it. There are two side panels to this picture; the one containing a St. John, and the other a mother and child. Here we see the tendency of Rubens to make every thing coleur-de-rose. Even the Dead Christ is colored red, with the blood from the wound. The old man (Joseph of Arimathea) who holds him, is also highly colored, as is perhaps reasonable enough. Mary has a red sleeve, and I suppose no one can object to that. The Magdalen's face, the only part seen except her clasped hands, is also reddish; and as she still looks so lovely with a red face, this perhaps is a sufficient vindication. The white linen below, the white stone table, and the cool yellow straw is the contrast and relief to all this. Her body sinks down in a natural attitude. The face of Magdalen is too young, but is full of tender sympathy and girlish wonder.

The next day was Sunday; and there being, as far as I could learn, no place of Protestant worship in Antwerp, I spent the morning in the Catholic churches. One or two I visited before breakfast, and on my way observed the milk-carts drawn by dogs. At one place the dog had laid himself down and gone to sleep, while the man went in with the milk. One of the carts was drawn by four dogs, the man riding. In this country I have also seen cows in harness; and the little donkeys, scarcely bigger than a large dog, drawing heavy carts, in which one or two persons are riding, is a common sight all over Europe. Another singular sight I forgot to mention. At one of the depots on the way from Aix to Mechlin we saw some soldiers waiting for a train. Among them was a young woman in a soldier's dress, with blue frock coat, white pants, and helmet. It appeared that she was one of the suttlers who attend the army with stores of various kinds to sell to the soldiers, and I was told that they not uncommonly wear a soldier's dress.

I went first this morning to the church of St. Andrew. It has a fine pulpit with a group of oak statuary representing the call of Andrew and Peter. The figures of Christ, of Peter, and Andrew, are all of full size. The boat is also large enough for two persons ; in it lies the net and the fish, all of the natural size, and all carved out of wood. Christ is standing on the shore calling them. Andrew has left the boat, and is bending before Jesus. Peter is still sitting in the boat. The expressions and attitudes are all excellent. The church was filled with people, and Mass was being celebrated. At intervals there would be a cessation of the services ; many people would go out, while others were continually coming in. There seemed a great deal of individual worship therefore, but no common worship. One man came in, in his workman's blue blouse, while I was looking at the pulpit, and tossing his greasy cap into the apostolic boat, took a chair, and kneeling in it, seemed absorbed in his devotions. Directly, however, though there was no cessation in the worship, he took his cap and went away. If I was somewhat disturbed at his irreverence toward the apostolic boat, much more was I scandalized by another, who, taking off his hat, deliberately placed it for safe keeping on the head of one of the apostles. Meantime some women and men were crawling around the church on their knees, stopping to cross themselves, and mutter prayers before each crucifix and sacred painting. It takes some time for a Protestant to enter into the feelings of Catholic worshippers. You see such a mixture of absorbed devotion, as it seems, with such apparent formality and irreverence. But one thing at least must be granted to the Catholics of Antwerp, that if there is any value in a strict attendance on public worship, they excel Protestant Americans therein. I went this morning between six o'clock and twelve, into four or five churches, each of which was crowded with worshippers. After the parish churches were closed, which took place about ten o'clock, the cathedral service began, and its vast Nave was also filled with worshippers, to the number, I suppose, of several thousand. To determine the value of this worship, however, several things are to be considered and ascertained, none of which can be learned by a stranger. *First.* It is evident that where a certain amount of attendance on worship, and the repetition of certain prayers at particular times and at particular altars, is commanded by the priest as a condition of absolution, and is performed by the penitent as a duty, the outward act will certainly be done, and there will be a great appearance of worship; but how much of this is of the mind and heart is another question. There may be much, there may be little. *Again.* Where their worship is sincere, and is more than a mere *opus operatum*, we must again ask how much of it contains Christian truth, and tends to form a Christian character. For in intensity, frequency, and fervor of devotion, Catholics may surpass Protestants; but are their lives in consequence more filled with Christian graces? Are Catholic nations more honest, truthful, and pure, than Protestant nations? Catholics, again, are excelled by Mohammedans in frequency, intensity, and absorption in prayer; but are Mohammedans better than Christians? Mr. Malcolm, in his travels to the Birman Empire, notes the impression made upon his mind by the profound devotion of Budhists. No one can doubt the sincerity of those Hindoo worshippers, who swing themselves on steel hooks before their idols; but does this worship make them any better? The true worship which the Father seeks always has the two criteria which Jesus indicates; — it must be worship in spirit and worship in truth; it must be sincere, and it must be enlightened. If it is sincere and not intelligent, it is superstition. If it is intelligent but not sincere, it is hypocrisy.

None of these reflections, however, were in my mind while mixing to-day with these Catholic worshippers. No mental criticism prevented me from sympathizing with their worship. I gladly felt that I had fellowship with them, and with our common Master. A stranger, and alone in their midst, I felt that I was not a stranger, and not alone; for our minds were possessed by the same thought, and one God was with us — the Father of us all.

From the church of St. Andrew I went to the church of the Dominican. By the side of this in an enclosure, is a *Calvary*, as it is called: an artificial eminence raised against the walls of the church, covered with rock-work, and planted with the statues of saints, angels, prophets and patriarchs. You pass up along a path, on each side of which stand apostles and angels. On the summit is the Crucifixion; and beneath, a grotto, within which as you enter you see the body of Christ encircled with silk and muslin. The church itself contains some fine pictures, one by Rubens of the Scourging of Christ: a subject which is often visible in Catholic churches. There is also here on both sides the church, a row of richly carved oaken confessionals; the terminal figures on which have great sweetness of expression. In the afternoon, I went again to the Museum, and studied again the works of Rubens. One of his pictures, which I had not before noticed, is the Communion of St. Francis. The subject is not pleasing; the emaciated figure of the dying saint is supported by the monks behind, so that he can kneel, nearly naked, before the Bishop. His face, worn and haggard, expresses eager desire for the sacrament. Here, as elsewhere, Rubens accumulates figures, filling his canvas behind with a multitude of monks; some ascetic, some jolly, some praying, some observing the scene. Nine heads were thus introduced close together; all differing in feature, color, and expression.

A glorious Vandyke — representing the Dead Christ, on the knees of the Virgin, with Mary Magdalen kissing his hand. It is a lovely, lovely picture. The Magdalen's yellow dress is rich, yet pure, her left arm resting on it, very beautiful, and you can almost feel the kiss she is pressing on the cold hand. The head of John, looking in above, has the most earnest expression of sympathy imaginable.

Another Vandyke, also represents the Dead Christ, lying at length on Mary's lap, who is sitting on the ground, her arms thrown upward in an agony of grief. Three angels are looking at the wounded hand.

Another Vandyke, represents Christ on the Cross. He is shown as being high in the air; the city seen dimly below, and merely the tops of the rocks and hills. Earth has gone, and the face is turned up to heaven, raying up light toward God; alone with the Father in deepest longing. Such a Christ one might keep before his eyes as the truest symbol of the soul struggling up through fiery trials to God. A painting like this by Rubens has earth less distant, and heaven less near.

These paintings prove that Vandyke was greater than Rubens in depth of sentiment and nobleness of conception. He failed only of his abounding life and exuberant genius.

A picture, by Rubens, of Jesus showing his hand with the print of the nails, to Thomas, who is scrutinizing it very carefully. This subject was not a good one for Rubens, for it involved no action.. What then could he do with it? He always fails with such subjects; as men of genius will when they leave the field of their genius. The face of Christ is poor; nevertheless the old head of Thomas, and the youthful one of John, side by side, have a happy effect.

A small picture by Rubens, which was the design for his famous Descent from the Cross. The great merit of Rubens doubtless appears in this, but what

two vast basins of stone, built by Napoleon at the time he intended to make Antwerp the great sea-port and naval arsenal of the North. The works which he executed are said to have cost ten millions of dollars. All were demolished by the Allies after the Peace of Paris, except these two, which were allowed to remain for commercial purposes. They protect the vessels in winter, which, in the open river, would be injured by the floating ice. Passing by the ships, I saw on the stern of one these words, 'The May-flower, Plymouth,' and immediately went on board. A man was leaning over the rail, and, accosting him in English, I said, 'When did you leave the States?' His face expressed much pleasure, and he told me I was the first person he had seen in Antwerp who spoke English.

In the evening I visited the cathedral, a small part of which was lighted for service. Hiring a chair for two sous, according to the *tariff des chaises*, which in most Catholic churches is suspended against the wall, I took my seat by one of the pillars. The vast space was dimly illuminated by a number of lamps hanging against the pillars around the pulpit. I quote from my pocket-book what I wrote with pencil by the light of one of these lamps. 'On each side of the nave are three aisles, making six rows of lofty columns running from one extremity to the other. These columns, eight or ten feet in diameter, look slender enough from their great height. They are composed of clusters of small pillars, and support groined arches above. The multitude of springing, intersecting lines fills the eye like the arches of a forest. But high above the body of the nave rise the lofty windows of the clerestory, and above them again spring the higher arches of the main roof. Near the pulpit the pavement is covered with people, sitting in the little wooden chairs, (which are let by women,) or standing on the marble floor. In the beautiful oak pulpit, carved into trees and statues, stands the preacher in his white surplice. He speaks in Flemish, but his tones and gestures are touching and earnest. I know well enough what he is saying, though I have not understood half a dozen of his words. The people are quiet and attentive, and of all classes of society; the ouvrier in his blue blouse, the lady in her silk mantle. Before the sermon began, there was chanting by men and boys, and the powerful organ filled with its rich notes the distant recesses of the Minster; penetrating to the remote chapels, by many of which single persons are kneeling, or moving around the church, stopping to pray at the different stations.'

Whilst the sermon went on, I felt the presence of God. I felt my sins; I looked up to Christ, the Saviour and Master of us all; I felt that I was among my Christian brethren and sisters, and I prayed for their souls and my own. I thought that, at home, our little children were together in their afternoon Sunday school, and I prayed to God to bless them also. I knew that his love surrounded and embraced us all, and that in him we could meet, no matter how far away. So, as the sermon ended and the people went away, I bade farewell to the noble Minster as to a friend, and before I followed them, walked, for the last time, by the faint light, through the isles and among the dark chapels.

Leaving the cathedral, I entered a café at the corner of the Place Verte, which is the name of the square on which the Cathedral stands. While drinking my cup of coffee, I looked over the French papers, and lighted upon an article containing an address sent by the President and members of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul in Paris, to the Provincial Synod of Paris. It was a petition for the abolition of the *Casuel*, and asked that seats should not be sold in the churches, and that worship should not be made use of to make money. The address goes on to say, that the poor people, to whom they minister, declare that the church is made for the rich; that they sell prayers in it; that they traffic in seats; that they are humiliated by being thrust into the lower part, or some corner of the church, while those who pay occupy the nave and the neighborhood of the altar. The petition adds, that it is in vain to preach equality before God under these circumstances. I was struck by this address and these complaints, because I had just been feeling pleasure at the sight of people of different ranks sitting side by side, each person putting his chair where he chose. When we complain of the pew system at home, because it drives away the poor from our churches, we usually quote the Catholic Church as an instance of the contrary, and praise it for the equality which prevails therein. It was curious, therefore, to see precisely the same arguments used against the practice of letting chairs, which prevails universally in the Catholic churches, which we use against the sale of pews.

Returning to my hotel, I sat at the window looking at the lofty spire, the light tracery of which was illuminated by the moon, now nearly full. The chimes (or *carillons* as they are here called), were playing their accustomed tune before the great bell should strike nine. These chimes are great favorites with the Belgians, and are to be found in all their cities. Those in the Antwerp tower consist of ninety-nine bells, with four or five hammers attached to each. These hammers are connected by wires with a series of keys, which are played upon by pegs, fixed in the circumference of a large brass cylinder. The cylinder is made to revolve by means of great weights, and is connected with the clock-work, so as to set the hammers going, and play a tune every quarter of an hour during the day and night. At the end of the first and third quarter of each hour, it plays one or two bars; at the end of the half hour it plays a longer period; and at the end of the hour it plays for four or five minutes before the great bell strikes. The Emperor Charles V. stood as godfather at the baptism of this bell, and it requires sixteen men to pull it. The music of the chimes is very sweet, and I could not but wish that we had them in all of our cities. It is pleasant to hear this music in the air, like an Ariel singing, as you walk the streets at noon, or turn in your bed at midnight. In the night-time especially the sound of this airy music reminds you of into how many homes it penetrates; and it seems to bring all who hear it into fellowship with each other.

As I sat at the window, it seemed to me that I had enjoyed nothing in Europe (except the Alps), so much as the paintings of Rubens and Vandyke. My conclusion concerning Rubens was, that his genius was essentially dramatic, and his forte action and not sentiment. His best pictures are full of life, energy, and the outflow of an exuberant genius. Some heads have great beauty, all animation and expression. An infinite variety which 'age could not weary, nor custom stale,' prevails throughout his works. He never repeats himself, nor imitates another. Every figure has its own character, every head its own expression. None are common-place, none kept down. Soldiers, women, Jews, apostles, children — all are there, in their own persons and style of being. The effect of the whole is of a rushing tide of joyful life; or like a fine fresh airy morning when one feels well.

Loftier and purer than Rubens, yet eclipsed by the meteoric splendor of his genius, the paintings of Vandyke elevate one's nature. I cannot but love and reverence Vandyke; so noble, so dignified in his whole method of art. After seeing Rubens' masterpieces here, I retained the opinion which I formed in England, that if Rubens is the greatest artist, Vandyke is the noblest.

But all here breathes of Rubens and his influence. Streets and wharfs bear his name; his statue is in the Place Verte; his house and grave are shown to strangers, and his paintings draw multitudes to the city every year. Even the great cathedral, one of the most splendid in Europe, is chiefly illustrious as possessing his finest picture. So surely does genius rule the world; and so do men love the creative imagination which removes the tedium of life, filling the mind with new conceptions and images of beauty.

The chimes played again for half past nine, and the great bell struck *ten*. For by some curious custom, on the half hours the next hour is struck. And so I went to bed to sleep for the last time on the continent of Europe; for on Monday night I should be on my way to England.

On Monday morning, October 1st, I crossed the Scheldt in a small steamer, to the railway which goes from the opposite shore to Ghent and Bruges. It was raining this morning, and the rain continued till the afternoon. We went for two or three hours through the most fertile and thickly populated part of Europe, and, with the exception of parts of China, of the world. It is a perfectly level country, cut up into small farms, of a few acres each; every farm surrounded by its trench or ditch, in the sides of which are planted trees, some twenty feet apart. The farms are thus divided by avenues of high trees; and the farm-houses are scattered, and not collected in villages as in France. This country is the most productive in Europe. Formerly a bare heath, at present every inch of ground is rendered productive. Such laborious cultivation is nowhere else to be seen. Flax is one of the principal products.

So we came to the famous city of Ghent, once the largest in Europe, and of which the Emperor Charles V. said, that he could put all Paris into his glove (Gant). In 1297 the citizens beat back from their walls twenty-four thousand English, commanded by Edward I. When the great bell in their belfry sounded the alarm, an army of citizens was immediately collected. In the year 1400 the city of Ghent is said to have contained eighty thousand citizen-soldiers. It is still a great manufacturing city.

The historical associations connected with this city are very numerous. Here Jacques Van Arteveldt, and Philip Van Arteveldt, made themselves tribunes of the people in the fourteenth century. In one of these streets lies a cannon, called the largest in the world (eighteen feet long), used by the citizens at the siege of Oudenarde in 1382. In another place, a turretted gateway is a relic of a castle, built in 868, which, when five hundred years old, became the residence of Edward III. of England, whose wife here gave birth to John of Gaunt, — 'time-honored Lancaster,' — who received his name from his birth-place. In this city, in 1477, the Emperor Maximilian was married to Mary of Burgundy, heiress of Charles the Bold. And here, in 1500, was born the Emperor Charles V. Whichever way you turn, you find something to remind you of the middle ages. The belfry, built in the twelfth century, has on its top a gilt dragon, brought from Bruges in 1445, by the citizens under Philip Van Arteveldt. The cathedral of St. Bavon was built in the thirteenth century. The houses have their fronts covered with curious carvings.

On reaching Ghent, I rode through the rain to the Hotel of Count Egmont, the title of which attracted me. Dexterously avoiding the guides, who lie in wait for unwary travellers, I made my way to the cathedral of St. Bavon, which contains some remarkable pictures. This cathedral is very splendid; the walls are lined with black marble, the balustrades are of white marble, the gates of the chapels are brass open-work, and every vacant space is filled with statues and paintings. The carved pulpit of oak is disfigured terribly by some barbarian, who has had it painted white in some parts. One of the chapels contains an admirable picture painted by the brothers Van Eyck in 1432, long before the great Italian painters were born. The Van Eycks are spoken of as the inventors of oil painting. If they were, they carried it also to great perfection. The subject of this masterpiece is the Adoration of the Lamb. The Lamb of the Book of Revelations is in the centre, surrounded by groups of worshippers. The design is uninteresting, but the details are exquisitely finished. It is executed with the fidelity of a miniature, and in the richest tone of color. Hundreds of heads, all beautifully finished, are contained on a small surface. But the compartments above are admirable, containing three figures, one of them, God the Father, another John the Baptist, and the third the Virgin Mary. The coloring is as rich as that of Venice. The dress of the Father a rich crimson, that of John a beautiful yellow green, and that of the Virgin dark blue. The face of the Virgin is exquisitely lovely,—as pure and deep an expression as one of Rafaelle's; a little stiff indeed, but very beautiful. She reads in a book, with a naive, girlish, *semper virgo* air of contentment. Her rich hair flows over her shoulders, every hair distinct. In her face are happily combined the undeveloped feeling of the girl, and the serene happiness of the mother. On the side of this chapel were pillars of marble, cut as if twisted into a spiral form.

All the paintings being uncovered, I could pass quietly on from one chapel to another, and look as long as I pleased at each picture. Presently I came to one by Rubens, containing in the upper part a group, with St. Bavon ascending the steps of the church to become a monk. Another group below corresponds with this above, and consists of women and children ascending his castle-steps to receive the money which he gave away on entering the church. These two are in parallel lines with a space between. The bishop above stands receiving the saint, and the steward below is receiving the poor; which method of composition produces an effect in painting, analogous perhaps to the recurrence of the same strain in a piece of music.

In another chapel is a picture of the Resurrection of Lazarus, by Otto Venius, the master of Rubens. It is excellent in grouping, spiritual expression, pure and harmonious coloring; but alas! he did not bathe in the fountain of Nature, as well as drink from that of Spirit. So this painting, and others which lean toward the ideal, remind one of the way in which a devout man sometimes reads the Bible,—making all parts equally solemn, and losing the *sense* in the *feeling*. The faces here are full of reverence and humility; but what is taking place before them excites the smallest part of it. The dramatic element is wanting; the action subsides before the sentiment. In Rubens we note the opposite merit and defect. He has the action without the feeling. These forerunners have the feeling without the action. His paintings are full of nature, empty of spirit; theirs, full of spirit; meagre and poor on the side of nature. Oh, noble artists! why not *both*?

While I was sitting in these side-chapels with their high marble balustrades and brazen doors, a great ceremony, with much chanting, was going on in the choir of the church, to which I at first paid small attention. But while I sat before one of the paintings, behold! a procession of priests in their robes, chanting and bearing a crucifix, proceeded by boys swinging censers of burning incense, attended by others with tall candles, passed through the aisle between me and the choir. It was a beautiful sight, as they passed along down the long marble building to the foot of the nave, and then up through the middle of the church back to the high altar. The bishop in his robes was in the procession, and before him were borne the relics of St. Bavon; for it seems they were celebrating the feast of the saint to whom the cathedral was dedicated. In addition to the chanting and the music of the organ, a full military band with trumpets and bugles was posted on the top of the high marble screen which separated the choir from the nave. The effect of this martial music, the chanting, and the full organ accompaniment was very fine; but though printed bills were posted up announcing this music and procession, there were few people present, and the priests seemed to have it all to themselves.

From the cathedral I went to the belfry, a tall tower of stone in the middle of the city, erected in 1183. The view from the top is charming and curious, and one might spend an hour or two with great satisfaction on this summit. You see below multitudes of steep roofs covered with red tiles, but beside these, many modern structures of stone, and open spaces with trees.

Four or five large ancient churches with their high towers and spires, are around you. Looking west, the Hotel de Ville is just below with its steep roof and carved gable. Beyond the square in which it stands, is a church with two towers and a spire rising from the middle. Beyond this again you see the open country with avenues of trees intersecting it in every direction. Looking north, you see the cathedral; close to you rises one high square tower, containing three stories above the roof, and very lofty transepts; and beyond are clustered houses, open squares, trees, and the tall chimneys of manufactories. To the right of this, in the distance, is a high church with a dome and tower; and multitudes of wind-mills are beyond. Clouds were drifting over the sky, through which gleams of sunlight fell here and there upon the old roofs, or on the rich green fields beyond.

Beggars and *commissionaires* prevail extensively in Ghent. In the course of half an hour's walk I amused myself with reckoning the number of each. The beggars won the victory; for I counted six of these, and only five commissionaires, who attacked me during this ramble. The tricks of the commissionaires to get possession of travellers, are numerous and sometimes ingenious. Sometimes they put their head into the cab or omnibus, and address you as if you had engaged them; saying, 'I will meet you, Sir, at the hotel.' Sometimes they pretend to belong to the hotel, and assume, as a matter of course, that they are to attend you. One will seize your carpet-bag or portmanteau and carry it to your chamber, in order to establish a claim. One told me that he was the guide who took Americans around the city; having probably looked at the register of names in the hotel to see where I was from. To all this activity and perseverence the traveller must oppose an imperturbable patience and determination.

There is a fine station-house at Ghent, built of iron; the pillars which support it, and the roof, are both of iron, and the front has highly ornamented castings. The effect of this is great lightness and elegance. An iron bridge, bronzed and richly ornamented, is near the depot, and is very beautiful. It seems, indeed, not unlikely that by the use of metals in building, we may obtain an altogether new and original style of architecture. Probably, as in other periods, if such a style comes, it will arrive and be among us, without much notice being taken of it. The pointed architecture arose and overspread Europe, and no man knew or can tell to-day whence it came. Pedants were prating of the Greek architecture, and men of talent were copying the Greek orders, while the genius of the age was improvising methods of art so new, that they were not recognised as art at all, but seemed rather a growth of nature and necessity. In the same manner, while modern pedants are copying the mediæval arches and buttresses, the spirit of our times may be creating unobserved a style of architecture hitherto unknown. Iron buildings possess an airy lightness which never can be imparted to stone. Graceful and delicate as are the open-work spires and tracery of the fourteenth century, they must be far surpassed by the delicacy of iron ornaments. In fact, the objection one feels to the great iron spire at Rouen, is, that it seems too light and open to be in harmony with the rest of the structure. The progress of architecture hitherto has been from solidity to grace — from the heavy pyramids of Egypt through the horizontal entablatures of Greece, to the perpendicular lines of the later pointed style. One step further in the same direction conducts us to the airy effects of iron architecture. Another fact which must have great influence in determining the character of this style, is the ease with which, by means of moulds, castings of any particular form can be multiplied. The whole front of a building may be wreathed with vines and foliage, while its roof is decorated with a thousand spires and pinnacles overhung with blossoms and fruit. In fact there need be no limit to this sort of decoration.

Blessing the railroad, which enabled me to see in one day two such great cities as Ghent and Bruges, I went on at noon to the latter place. This city is even older than Ghent and Antwerp, and had reached the height of splendor and riches, when these were only in their infancy. In the fourteenth century it contained the commerce of the world, and was the resort of traders from every nation. At the beginning of the fifteenth century the Dukes of Burgundy had their court here, and it was then at the height of its splendor. There are many large and old churches in this place. The first which I visited is the present cathedral, built in the middle of the fourteenth century. In the chapel behind the altar is a picture of the Flight into Egypt, by Van Ostler. The light falls from above on Joseph and Mary as they hasten along. An angel, close above them, with his finger on his lips, points the way. This picture is quite interesting. In the next chapel is a picture of the infant Jesus playing with the chips, which Joseph is astonished to see turning to flowers in his hand. From the cathedral I went to the Church of Notre Dame. Here is a statue of the Virgin and Child, attributed to Michael Angelo. The child leans against his mother's lap, his head bent pensively outward; his right hand holds her left, and his left is pressed against her knee. The head of the child is very beautiful. In a chapel of this church are the tombs of Charles the Bold, and his daughter Mary of Burgundy, the wife of Maximilian. The copper effigies, richly gilt, of both father and daughter, lie at full length on slabs of black marble. The crowned heads repose on pillows, and the duke's helmet and gloves are by his feet. All around the sides are richly ornamented escutcheons, which record the duchies and lordships which Mary brought to the house of Austria. Her monument was erected in 1495; and in 1558, Philip II. of Spain erected the other, exactly like the first, for Charles the Bold, who was his great-great-grandfather.

From the Church of Notre Dame I went to St. John's Hospital, which contains some fine pictures by Hemling, painted in 1479; showing that the early German painters were then deeply immersed in the spirit of art. The finish is exquisite, the expression of the faces delicate and tender, the coloring rich; but, if I may so express it, there is too much of the sense of propriety in the features, which interferes with the freedom of expression. An altar-piece, by Hemling, contains a picture of the Wise Men and their Gifts.

It has only eight figures, and there are open spaces through which the sky is seen. All the faces are reverend, subdued, and humble. Compared with Rubens' treatment of like subjects, we see that while in the pictures of the latter all is action and motion, here all is repose. The Virgin is wholly absorbed in devout feeling, and sees neither the child nor the gifts.

Several other fine paintings by Hemling are in this parlor. I was particularly struck with the noble head and figure of a St. John of Patmos; and another of the Beheading of John the Baptist. In the middle of the room, on a table, stands a large wooden coffer for holding relics, painted by the same artist, with a series of pictures concerning St. Ursula and the Eleven Thousand Virgins. One of these represents their landing at Cologne, and over the roofs of the houses appear the unfinished tower of the cathedral, exactly as it now stands, though the picture is nearly four hundred years old. These paintings are so admirable, that the governors of the Hospital have been offered in exchange for the painted box, a shrine of solid silver of the same size.

These old German pictures are among the most interesting which I saw in Europe, and ought by all means to be visited.

From the Hospital I went to the Grande Place, in which stands the Belfry of Bruges, made famous by our own Longfellow. It rises in the centre of a large building called Les Halles, built in 1364. The view from the summit is very fine. You look over the roofs of the city, (which is of great extent,) and over the fields beyond as far as the ocean. The *Carillons* in this belfry are called the finest in Europe, and, as at Antwerp, are played four times an hour by means of a brass cylinder weighing nearly twenty thousand pounds, and containing thirty thousand square holes, by pegs inserted in which the tunes are changed each year. It has forty-eight bells, and a hundred and ninety hammers. The great bell weighs twenty-one thousand pounds, and the cost of these chimes was sixty thousand dollars.

The building adjoining the belfry contains the council chamber, which has a most remarkable and beautiful chimney-piece of carved oak, extending the whole length of the room, and from the mantel-piece to the ceiling. Over the centre of the chimney is the statue of Charles V., carved of oak, said to be a good likeness. On the left, one of the Emperor Maximilian, and another of his wife Mary; on the right, two of Charles the Bold, and Margaret. These five statues are the size of life, and beautifully finished.

In Bruges I had my last adventure with commissionaires. One beset me as I was leaving the railroad station. By coolness and dexterity I got rid of him, and went to the cathedral where I looked at the pictures and marbles. On my leaving it, he was lying in wait for me, and I tried in vain to avoid him or get him to leave me. I told him that I did not want him, ordered him to go away, told him he was insufferable, annoying in the last degree, and that I knew all about Bruges better than he did. Still he walked quietly by my side, till, finally, in despair, I gave in, I promised him his fee on condition that he should walk at a distance from me, and not speak a word until I spoke to him. This promise he religiously kept. Again, after having seen every thing, and dismissed this guide, another assailed me while I was walking about the city merely to see the streets and look at the houses. He showed determination and coolness equal to the former; but I got rid of him by suddenly pointing up the street, and waving him in that direction with my umbrella, while I darted hastily up a narrow lane leading I knew not where, but it had the effect of astonishing him to that degree that I saw him no more.

From Bruges to Ostend I went by moonlight, and as in Ostend there is nothing to be seen, I went directly on board the little steamer which was to take me to Dover. The steamer left Ostend at ten in the evening, and was at anchor in Dover harbor before daylight. Every one on board, I believe, was sick during the passage; for these little steamers are built for speed, and have a large engine on each side which makes them rock like a cradle. Nevertheless, notwithstanding its poor accommodations, it was pleasant to see something belonging to England once more, and when I received my change in English shillings, it was like meeting an old friend. Some of my fellow-passengers however, genuine Englishmen, were not so easily pleased, and scolded at the boat and all belonging to it, from the time they came aboard till they went ashore, declaring themselves cheated and the boat a vile imposition, and concluding with the most awful threat an Englishman can utter, namely, 'That they would write an article for the Times, blowing up the boat and the company to which it belonged.'

CHAPTER XII.

ENGLAND AGAIN.

We were put ashore at five o'clock in the morning, in a small boat which was nearly upset in the surf. It was wet and raining; I went to a small hotel and ordered breakfast. I was followed into the coffee-room by four German gentlemen who ordered breakfast also, and then began to smoke their wretched pipes, and fill the room with pestilential fumes. This conduct, which no backwoodsman in America would think of indulging in, seemed to excite no comment here. As soon as it was light, the rain having ceased for a time, I went up on Shakspeare's Cliff. I went out of pure reverence for Shakspeare, and not expecting to see any thing after the Alps which could interest me. But this was an insult to Nature, who never repeats herself, and whose every work has its own charm. I went to the edge of the cliff to put my foot where Shakspeare had placed his, and behold! a magnificent sight. The sun was breaking through the clouds, and a sun-bow or mist-bow spanned the horizon. The ocean in the distance melted away into the white mist, which gleamed in the rays which here and there broke through the clouds. Below me were a few fishing boats some distance from the shore. At the foot of the cliff were heaps of chalk which had fallen from its side half way down. I did not see, indeed, one 'gathering samphire,' but I saw the crows wheeling about, cawing and creeping into holes in the face of the cliff. Mists were rising from the half-hidden town, and scudding sea-ward. The ocean roared on the beach below, now loud, now faint, as Shakspeare heard it. Presently the clouds lifted a little, and the opposite shore of France loomed up in the mirage. A man came walking toward me, who proved to be a coast revenue officer, with his stout cane, his lantern strapped to his waist, and his waterproof coat.

It began to rain again, and I took a seat inside the omnibus for Canterbury, sixteen miles. This omnibus only held four persons — three ladies and myself. The ladies were a mother and two daughters, genteel people, who were going to London, but instead of taking the rail from Dover, took this route because the mother was afraid of railroads. For myself I went to Canterbury to see the cathedral, which is a grand old building, containing the architecture of several centuries, and which was the scene of Beckett's murder. The cathedral stands in the middle of the city, and dates from the year 1130. It has a fine crypt with an underground lady-chapel. Its history has been so carefully preserved by contemporary records, particularly that of Gervase the monk, that we can almost put a date on every stone; and it is said to be the best guide in the study of English architecture. The oldest part was erected by the Archbishop Lanfranc in the days of William the Conqueror; but most of it was rebuilt by his successor, St. Anselm; and Gervase, writing in 1170 says, 'You must know, good reader, that I never saw the choir of Lanfranc, neither have I been able to meet with any description of it.' Part of Anselm's building was destroyed by fire, and rebuilt in 1180. Gervase describes the difference between the old and new work; and in some places we see an old Norman round arch, with shark's-tooth ornaments, joining a pointed arch with fine chiseled work. Again we see the origin of the pointed arch, in an arcade dating from 1110, where circular arches intersect each other. These intersecting ornamental arches occur both on the inside and outside of the wall in St. Anselm's work. It is remarkable that while the cathedral was being rebuilt, between 1175 and 1184, a rapid change was going on in English architecture from the Norman to the early English. At first it was almost pure Norman, and in ten years the style is almost early English, like that of Salisbury cathedral. Again, we have other parts of the building in the decorated style of the fourteenth century, and geometrical tracery occurs in St. Anselm's chapel, the contract for which is extant in 1336. The decorated style also appears in the work of Prior Henry of 1304. Again, the perpendicular style is found in the nave and western transepts which were rebuilt between 1378 and 1411, when the perpendicular style was fully established. All this is very interesting to a student of architecture, but it destroys the unity of effect. The building is a vast accumulation of magnificent chapels, towers, and ornaments, which astonish you by their extent and beauty;

but I enjoyed it far less than Salisbury, which was begun and finished, as it now stands, in thirty years.[1] Leaving Canterbury in the afternoon, I reached London by the southeastern rail at six o'clock, and enjoyed returning to Mrs. Chapman's comfortable boarding-house almost as if it were a home.

I had only ten days more to spend in England, and many things to see; among them some modern paintings in London, the British Museum, Oxford, Windsor, Cambridge, York, and, if I had time, Edinburgh. I wished also to go to Bristol and to see Tintern Abbey and Chepston Castle. But first I made a visit to the Tower of London, and was shown by the pompous wardens through the armory, the chamber containing regalia, and afterward, by the aid of a friend, saw what is not usually shown, the Saxon or Norman chapel in the White Tower. The armory is interesting on account of its admirable arrangement. The armor and weapons of every period are arranged in chronological order. There are a succession of figures the size of life of armed knights on horseback, in which you may see how the enormous weight of armor was gradually diminished on horse and man till it was wholly laid aside. But if one wishes to examine any thing minutely, it is necessary to get a special order for visiting the Tower; otherwise, you have to follow the warden, who allows you no opportunity of stopping any where.

During my stay in London this week, I amused myself in visiting the shops in the Strand, at the West End, and in the city. Among these, bookstores and print-shops were particularly interesting. Paternoster Row, which contains the shops of the great London publishers, is a narrow lane, and the bookstores on either side are low, dark, and unattractive. Bohn's, near St. Catharine Street, Strand, is a vast collection of works, of the most various kinds. Of the print-shops and picture-dealers, Jennings in the city, and Ackerman's in the Strand, and Hogarth's near the Haymarket Theatre, had the finest engravings and paintings. But every thing in London is dear, and he who wishes for engravings should purchase in Paris.

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[1] See, for these facts, the modern English treatises on pointed architecture.

I made several visits to the British Museum; but weeks would not suffice for the examination of its immense collections. The most that I could do was to walk through the rooms, looking at those antiquities and specimens of natural history which were most interesting. I have long been convinced, that, to see any thing to advantage, every one must look at it from his own point of view. I therefore observed these collections in a manner probably quite unprecedented, and which would surprise the man of science. I took up an idea I had somewhere met with, which supposes that the human soul has passed up, by successive metamorphoses, through all forms of lower life, developing in each new organization some new power. I endeavored to go through the Museum with this thought as a clue, and was surprised to find how much I noticed which I should have passed unobserved, without some such leading thought in my mind to which to attach it. Beginning with the rooms which contained the lowest developments of animal life in the Radiata, I looked in them for the first developments of soul. The object of their organization appeared to be, to exercise the soul by bringing it in contact with external nature. These star-fish, spreading out their arms in every direction, seemed evidently a manifestation of the tendency to pass out of one's-self toward the outward world. Next come the Molluscs; and in them I noticed, or imagined that I noticed, other tendencies of the soul developing themselves. Some of these shell-fish apparently represent *grasping* and *holding*. The Bivalves are, in fact, a hand with its fingers shut. The curled shells or volutes may represent sleep; and the object of sleep seems to be to hold and retain what we get when awake. People naturally curl themselves up like snails when they go to sleep. Again, passing on through the lizards, crocodiles, batrachians, and turtles, I seemed to find in these an advancing movement of the monad soul, and could conceive how, living in these different forms, it might gradually develope its faculties more and more. The crocodiles, all mouth, give the devouring element, — the rapacity, the insatiable appetite, which, though its objects may change, continues surely a permanent element of the soul. Is it absurd to conceive that the sublime appetite for knowledge, the insatiable curiosity of a Newton or an Aristotle, should begin to develope itself first in these low forms, and with these material objects? The turtles, within their thick shells, self-retired, and digesting their food, are types of that permanent necessity which compels us, in all that we do, to pass from observation to reflection, from acquisition to meditation on what we have acquired; which compels us first to seek influences, and then to shut them out. These correspondences all can see; but where there is a real correspondence, it is more than a resemblance. It is, in fact, the *same element* manifesting itself under different forms. Thus, again, the fishes manifest another tendency, that of motion. It would seem not enough to learn how to come in contact with outward things, in the Star-fish, — to learn how to *possess* ourselves of them in the Mollusc, — to practise *digestion* in the Turtle, — we must *move* among them freely in the Fish. Alacrity, vivacity, and the like qualities, are developed among the varying forms of insect life. But when we come to the birds, we reach a higher region. As I stood in a room full of birds, and saw them in all their different attitudes, and with all their various expressions, they seemed to represent the *feminine* nature, — that fancy which we call *airy*, — that quick, intuitive analysis, by which the feminine intellect (in man or woman) penetrates the entanglements of life, as a bird darts between the branches of a thicket. I call the intuitive faculty feminine, and the reflective, masculine; for the one comes from nature, the other from will. The one is a feeling, the other an effort; and in the dictionaries of all mystics, from Behmen and Swedenborg up to Plato, the will is defined as masculine, and the feelings as feminine. In a room filled with *snakes*, I was not a little puzzled to discover their significance in this point of view. They looked so deadly and determined, that I thought at first they represented *destructiveness*. The destructive element is certainly an important one, and it, no less than the combative faculty, is fully cared for through all the lower forms of animal life. The insects in a drop of water spend their time in fighting and killing each other; but the human saint, no less, must spend his time in fighting and killing; not in malice, nor wrestling with flesh and blood, but in love. His business is to contend with error and sin, and to destroy them; and all the energies cultivated in the soul through its long career of war, as it passes up from the animalcule to the man, may be necessary in order that it shall do its work well. But the snake is *not* the type of destruction. In the ancient world it was the symbol of the lower understanding, — of that form of the intellect which adapts means to ends, and its method of motion by touching the earth and then rising from it, symbolizes the understanding judging by sense; passing from a fact to a thought, in order to return from the thought to a fact. But if this is the meaning of the serpent, why do we so dread and hate it? I answer, that we dread and hate the snake as embodied *cunning*, — cunning divorced from reason and conscience; than which, nothing can be more dangerous and detestable. Intellect divorced from reason is falsehood; divorced from conscience it is wilfulness. A lion may be a more *terrible* animal than a serpent; but his rapacity seems more determined by fixed laws of instinct, and is therefore less hateful. Passing on through these splendid galleries, which contain specimens of every variety of animal life, we reach those devoted to Man; and after seeing ourselves in all animals, we can see ourselves in all nations, — in the Egyptian, Assyrian, Etrurian, Roman and Greek. We sit in stone with

Ramases II. and the king from Karnac, and feel how the Egyptian mind worshipped repose, persistence. There is something sublime in these colossal heads, — this Memnon in black marble, these feet and legs of the sitting Amenophis, all expressing such a rooted feeling of stability. This conviction, which no skepticism has invaded, this reliance on the order of things, belongs to the childhood of the individual and to the infancy of the race. It looks at us again from the massive features of the human-headed bull from Nineveh; and we see it in a higher form in the Greek ideal statues of their divinities. Each of these, — Jupiter, Apollo, Bacchus, — is fixed in one thought; each represents one simple tendency; and in Greek art, as in Greek literature, we trace nothing of that conflict of feeling with feeling, of thought with thought, which gives exuberance, but also uncertainty, to the modern mind. But how willingly might we linger among these Greek and Roman sculptures! In the Phigalian Saloon are bas-reliefs, representing the Battle of the Centaurs and Lapithæ, and that of the Greeks and Amazons, found in the ruins of an Arcadian temple. They consist of twenty-three slabs of marble, of which we know the precise origin; for Pausanius describes the temple from which they were taken, and informs us that it was built by Ictinus, an architect contemporary with Pericles. Round the sides of this room are eleven other bas-reliefs, formerly part of the celebrated Mausoleum at Harlicarnassus, erected in honor of Mausolus, King of Caria, by his wife Artemisia, B. C. 353. This monument, — one of the Seven Wonders of the World, — was adorned with sculptures by five artists, one of whom was Praxiteles. The subject is the Battle of the Greeks and Amazons. In the year 1522 these sculptures were discovered amidst a heap of ruins, and employed by the Knights of Rhodes in the construction of a castle; in the walls of which they remained encased till 1846, when they were given by the Sultan to Sir Stratford Canning, and by him to the British Museum. These, with the Elgin Marbles taken from the Parthenon by Lord Elgin, constitute the greatest treasures in the British Museum. Human genius probably never showed itself in more perfect creations than these. All the science of the nineteenth century, joined with the study and labor of a lifetime, would be inadequate to the creation of one of these forms. It might copy accurately any figure, but the animating expression would be wanting. Nor can modern genius, joined with modern science and industry, produce any thing like these sculptures. For it must be observed that the great exploits of genius belong each to its own epoch, and can never be repeated. The genius of the man must be fed and stimulated by the spirit of his age, or he can effect nothing. Thus the age of Pericles filled Greece with statues and sculptures which are the despair of all subsequent rivalry. The age of Leo X. filled Italy with paintings, of which we are unable to-day to make copies which shall do justice to their design and execution. The age of Elizabeth produced the Plays of Shakspeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger, Ford, and others, through whose living pages flows a spirit, near which all subsequent dramatic efforts are tame. And, in fine, the thirteenth century covered the face of Europe with cathedrals, to finish *one* of which the efforts of united Germany are likely to prove inadequate. This is the advantage, the chief advantage, as it seems to me, of visiting Europe. We have an opportunity of studying statues, cathedrals, and paintings, the spirit of which can be communicated by no copy or description. But to realize this advantage, it is necessary to study them all with that patient faith which opens the mind, and enables it at last to feel and apprehend the soul of each great creation. To run through a picture gallery, to run over a cathedral, is of no advantage; you can learn more of it from a book at home, than you can by this process. But stand before the pure aspiring tower of Strasburg, till you feel its forms penetrating your mind and taking possession of it; quietly commune with a head of Rafaelle or Titian, till it becomes like the face of a friend, whose smile has heightened your joy, whose sympathy has soothed your sorrow; sit at the feet of these Phidian marbles, till the divine meaning gleams upon you from the solid stone; — and so you will realize that you carry away with you an everlasting possession, — *α ϰτημα ες αει.*

Such were my speculations in the British Museum, which it were foolish to express did they not suggest perhaps more than they tell.

It may be remembered that on the summit of Mount Fleggère, I made acquaintance with an English gentlemen, Mr. ——, who kindly invited me to visit him on my return to London, and to see his collection of modern paintings. Accordingly, taking an omnibus to Camberwell, I walked from there by a road which passed between beautiful country-seats and villas, to

Herne-hill. Mr. ——, who is a wealthy London merchant, has here built a small but very tasteful mansion, which I will briefly describe, as an example of an unostentatious but elegant suburban English villa. Passing through a court-yard filled with shrubbery, I entered the house by a door of plate glass, on each side of which were marble busts of Milton and Locke. The vestibule contained a copy by Bailey, in marble, of his fine statue of Eve, looking at herself in a fountain. The ceiling of the library was supported by pillars of marble, or scaggiola, and surrounded by cases of books neatly arranged and well filled. The walls and ceiling of the drawing-room were white, and divided by gilded vines into compartments, each of which contained a painting framed in these golden wreaths. Each leaf of the French windows was a single plate of glass, and the shutters were mirrors sliding into the wall. Between the windows were large mirrors framed also in gold vines. The marble piers between the windows, and the chimney-piece of statuary marble, were of the same pattern, being carved in the form of curling vines. From the drawing-room you went into a small boudoir, which contained four fine statues (by Bailey) of Paris, Helen, Cupid and Psyche. The pictures which covered the walls and doors of the drawing-room were all painted by eminent artists, and each adapted to the size of the compartment it was to occupy. The walls of the dining-room were hung with fine paintings by Turner, Eastlake, Stanfield, Landseer, Calcott, Etty, and other artists of the like standing; and the vestibules and chambers were filled with similar paintings. From the windows of the drawing-room and dining-room you looked into a lawn of rich green sward, in which stood some fine cedars. Beyond the lawn and garden you saw a rural landscape of trees and church-spires, which might easily make one forget that he was only six miles from London Bridge.

Mr. —— is one whose taste in art has led him to study and collect pictures of the modern English school; and I was glad of the opportunity of seeing these works under his guidance. It surprised me to find how separate this department of art was from the school of the old painters. Mr. —— said that it was so difficult to procure any works of the old masters, even at the most extravagant prices, that he had confined his attention wholly to making a collection of modern paintings. But even here the masterpieces are not easily obtained; and are sufficiently costly. For instance a cabinet picture by Mulready, in Mr. Sheepshanks' gallery, cost him six hundred guineas; and any good picture by Collins, Webster, Landseer, Uwins, or Constable will bring similar prices. As for Turner, he obtains whatever price he chooses to ask. Mr. —— owns several of Turner's paintings, and is well acquainted with him. Ruskin also, the author of 'The Modern Painters,' is a neighbor and acquaintance of his; and Mr. —— said that at the time he wrote this remarkable book, he was only twenty-three years old. Certainly no book or painting to be compared with it, in original insight, has been written in England since the days of Sir Joshua Reynolds; not even the lectures of Flaxman and Fuseli. We have books enough filled with the pedantry of art, with talk about chiaro-oscuro, breadth of handling, aerial perspective, and the like, which may be interesting to the connoisseur, but which are dust and ashes in the mouth of the common reader. Yet there is no reason why the merit of a picture should not be made intelligible to any one who has capacity to see beauty, and a heart to feel it. The merit of a picture ought to be as easily described as that of a poem, or a mountain-torrent. The Essays on Art by Goethe are equally interesting to the learned artist and to the inexperienced layman; and the reason is that he uses no technical expressions, but shows you in plain language what the picture means, and how it expresses its meaning. His essays on 'Truth and Probability in Works of Art,' on 'Myron's Cow,' on the 'Collector and his Friends,' and the 'Notes to Rameau's Nephew,' are illustrations of this. How admirably too does he explain the merits of Leonardo's Last Supper! — the grouping, the unity, the management of the hands and feet, and the other points of its design. In like manner Winkleman, and still more, Lessing, have written upon art in a way deeply interesting to the common reader, and now Mr. Ruskin has written a book on 'The Modern Painters' which is as interesting as a poem, even to those who have never seen the pictures of which he speaks.

I had already visited three exhibitions of modern English paintings. One was an annual artists' exhibition; another, an exhibition of Mr. Etty's paintings exclusively, and the third was the Vernon Gallery, given to the nation by Mr. Vernon, and contained in the same building with the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square. Mr. Etty's paintings are very much esteemed by the English, and some of his pictures certainly display dramatic genius. He is one of the very few English painters who attempts historical subjects; but his favorite subjects are female figures, in which, though he excels his contemporaries, he stands miles below the great historic painters. It is easy to trace the figure of his model through all his pictures, and the flat back, narrow waist, and thin limbs, reappear like old acquaintances in 'Bathing-Nymphs,' 'Angels,' 'Cleopatras,' and 'Susannahs.' The knowledge of the human figure must stand low in England, when Etty's forms can be considered and sold as masterpieces. Of his coloring I do not feel competent to speak, but it appears to me raw. We may not, perhaps, expect in new pictures the mellow tints and infinite gradations of Correggio and Titian, but we may at least expect that the colors shall not be given exactly as they come from the paint-shop.

Mr. —— spent a day in carrying me to different galleries, where I might see the English school in its perfection. We first went to Hogarth's, the print and picture dealer, next to the Haymarket Theatre; he had some fine pictures in his two large rooms up stairs, among which were one or two of Turner's, a Mulready or two, some by Collins and Webster, and one which professes to be a Gainsborough. Mr. Hogarth is the publisher of a series of fine engravings from the works of British artists, at half a guinea each. Among them are some Landseers, and Turner's 'Temeraire.' From Hogarth's we went to Mr. G——'s, a gentleman of fortune, who chooses, as an occupation suited to his taste, to deal in pictures. In his room were three or four large paintings which Turner had left for sale. One, I remember, was a sea-piece, and displayed the artist's wonderful mastery of the element of water. Mr. G—— said that Turner could not be persuaded to fix any price for his pictures, but says, 'If any one wants them, tell me who he is, and what he will give;' but as purchasers usually wish to know the price which is asked for a commodity, this method somewhat interferes with the sale. Mr. G—— said that he had a picture of Turner's which the artist offered for five hundred guineas; but a New York gentleman expressing a wish to purchase it, Turner had immediately raised his price to seven hundred and fifty, which was paid, and the picture went to America.

After this we went to the house of Mr. Sheepshanks, a very wealthy old bachelor, who welcomed us in a friendly manner, and said,—'You know my pictures Mr. —— as well as I do, I will leave you to show them to your friend.' Accordingly we walked at will, through three parlors, and a picture gallery built especially for the paintings; all of which were covered with gems of English art. The paintings were by Turner, Mulready, Leslie, Uwins, Landseer, Newton, Calcott, Webster, Collins, Redgrave, Eastlake, Constable, Lance, and others. The picture gallery is forty feet by twenty, and lighted from above. I suppose the whole collection may have cost two or three hundred thousand dollars; and yet there is not a single picture except of modern English artists.

I have deferred till now, expressing an opinion of the English school of painting; and I would now merely give my own impression, which may be worth nothing at all. I certainly feel inadequate to judge these pictures. They may have great merits which I am unable to understand. I can only say that I wished to enjoy them, and was sorry that I could not. I found them unmeaning and empty. With the exception of Turner, and perhaps Landseer and Leslie, they indicated neither invention nor creative power. They were simply copies of commonplace scenes and transactions. They were essentially prosaic. The subjects are dogs drinking, people coming from the fair, parish choristers, a child in a cradle, children sailing a toy-ship or playing with a kitten, a girl trying on a wedding gown, and the like. In the large pictures there was usually an utter want of unity in the design. Several transactions going on at once, with nothing to bind them together into a whole. These '*pieces de genre*,' or scenes in every day life, are the chief. The landscapes have brilliancy and depth of color, but also wanting unity, have no soul. A Claude or a Poussin, a Rembrandt or a Ruysdael, always convey a single sentiment, and awaken the imagination by a thousand circumstances, all suggestive of some one idea. This to me is the fault of the English landscapes, that they are *not* suggestive, and therefore not picturesque. For a picture differs from a bare copy of nature in this, that the picture suggests continually something more than it tells. Any object in a landscape which is suggestive, is picturesque. An old tree, its limbs torn, and its trunk riven by lightning, is less beautiful, but more picturesque than a young thrifty elm. And why? Simply because it suggests a history. Beside what you see, you are made to think of the storms which have beaten upon it, of the summer lightnings which have rent it, and your imagination is crowded with these images. A square in a city, with well dressed gentlemen and ladies walking through it, or standing still looking at the buildings, is not picturesque; for it suggests nothing more than it tells. There is nothing to indicate what people have been doing, or what they intend to do, and their minds, you know by experience, are probably quite empty. But a countryman in his shirt-sleeves, leaning on a gate, is picturesque to some extent, because you immediately are reminded of the work in which he has been engaged; or ask yourself what he is waiting for. A hog lying in a mud-puddle is not a beautiful object, but is so far picturesque as it suggests the habits of the animal, and the hot weather which has led it to take that position. A picture which tells every thing, therefore, is essentially faulty in its design; while even such lower forms of the picturesque as these, may be somewhat interesting. But the works of the great landscape painters are picturesque in a far higher style; for they suggest higher thoughts, and crowd the imagination with more glorious images of beauty. Turner's paintings alone, seem to me to possess this higher excellence, among the works which I saw of modern English painters. They are full of poetry as of nature; they are of imagination all compact. I cannot agree with Mr. Ruskin in his depreciation of such poet-painters as Claude and Gaspar, nor can I admire Mr. Turner's latest works. But no one can deny that he joins immense knowledge and facility of execution with the greatest creative faculty.

From Mr. Sheepshank's gallery we directed our way to Mr. Turner's house, which contains his private gallery, filled with his own pictures. After knocking at the door several times, it was at last cautiously opened by a very old woman, who, putting her head through the opening, muttered that Mr. Turner was not at home. My friend said that we wished to see his gallery. Then the old lady crustily replied, that the gallery was shut and could not be seen. But my friend cheerfully declared that it could not be closed to him. 'You know me, do you not? I am Mr. ——.' Thereupon, for the first time, she looked up in our faces and said, 'Walk up, Sir, the key is in the door.' This woman, it seems, is the housekeeper, and was for many years the only domestic; but as she became rheumatic, her master engaged another woman, older than herself, to come and help her; and these two, with Mr. Turner, constitute the family. Turner is a bachelor,* wedded to his art; is worth several hundred thousand pounds, which he has obtained by painting; is very old, very odd, inaccessible, and the object of immense reverence in the eyes of English artists and connoisseurs. He is said to love money very much, but to love his pictures more. He refuses to sell some of his pictures at any price; and yet allows them to decay because he will not afford a trifling expense for their preservation. The gallery which holds his pictures is dirty and damp, and some of the most valuable ones have, in consequence, been injured past recovery. To save the expense of canvass, he has painted some of them on cloth; which is therefore rotting away. A pane of glass in the roof of the gallery having been broken, he allowed it to remain so until the rain had beaten in, and I saw where the carpet below had moulded in consequence. But these dirty pictures, hung around the walls of this dirty room, are worth an incalculable sum. There are from twenty-five to thirty paintings, which could be sold to-morrow, for from two or three hundred to five or six thousand dollars each. Two of the finest of these paintings are the Rise of Carthage, and the Decline of Carthage. These pictures were exhibited many years ago in the National Gallery; the directors of which institution offered to purchase them of Mr. Turner for six thousand guineas. He replied, that he could not but be gratified by this offer, but that he could not make up his mind to part with them. Some of the newspapers at the time criticised the yellow tone of coloring, and called them the Yellow Fever Pictures, which made the artist very indignant, and he declared that he would be buried in them for his shroud. No one has ventured to ask him whether he adhered to this appalling intention; but it is supposed that he means to leave the pictures at his decease to the National Gallery. The Rise of Carthage is full of rich architecture, and is somewhat in the style of Claude. The other, in its composition, more after the manner of N. Poussin. Of the first, Ruskin remarks, 'The principal object in the foreground is a group of children sailing toy-boats. The exquisite choice of this incident, as expressive of the ruling passion which was to be the source of future greatness, in preference to the tumult of busy stone-masons, or arming soldiers, is a thought far above all art. It is epic poetry of the highest order.' The names of other pictures in this gallery are, 'Hannibal crossing the Alps,' a large painting; 'The Bay of Baiae;' 'Richmond Hill and the Thames;' 'Crossing the Brook;' 'A Whaling piece;' 'The Temeraire;' 'The Angel Uriel and the Sun.' Other subjects are 'The Fiery Serpents in the Wilderness,' and 'The Deluge.' These last are in Mr. Turner's latest and most extraordinary style, which even his greatest admirers hesitate to defend. All that you see, for instance, in the picture of the fiery serpents, is something like a black snake in the middle, and a glare of color and mingling figures, of which one can distinguish nothing clearly. There is a fine picture also of Napoleon, with a fiery red sunset. 'The Temeraire' represents a favorite English ship of war, and Mr. Hogarth, the print-seller, was very anxious to obtain this picture to be engraved for his collection; and for the loan of it for that purpose, he paid Turner a hundred and twenty guineas. Mr. —— said that he could once have bought it for two hundred and fifty pounds. Another picture of the whale-fishery represents the ship in the ice, with fires on her deck boiling the blubber. Another is a beautifully clear and distinct representation of a frosty morning. For a picture called 'The Crossing of the Brook,' Mr. —— once offered Turner a thousand guineas, which he refused; but it is now so much cracked as to be seriously injured. The picture of the 'Bay of Baiae,' my friend also wished to buy, but that, and another representing the Death of the First-born, Turner would not sell, but offered to lend the first to Mr. ——, while he painted another for him.

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* Turner is dead since these notes were written, leaving, as the papers tell us, the bulk of his property and paintings to artistic objects.

Mr. —— told me the following anecdote, illustrating at once the high value put upon Turner's works, and also how much more was given to the name than to the thing. One day Hogarth showed him a small water-color drawing, and asked him if it was by Turner. Mr. —— answered that it looked like a Turner, but he did not know. Then Hogarth said, 'I wish you could find out for me, for I am offered a hundred guineas for it if I will warrant it a Turner; but if I cannot do this, I may perhaps sell it for two.' Mr. —— took it home, and having invited Turner and some other artists to dinner, put the drawing in a conspicuous position. Turner, as it happened, did not come; but Eastlake, who was present, after looking at the drawing, turned and said, 'You have not been buying this for a Turner, have you?' Mr. —— answered, 'Why, is it not a Turner?' Said Eastlake, 'No; I thought it was at first, and there are parts in it which he might have painted; but see here, he never did that, nor that.' This opinion of Eastlake's being reported, the picture-dealer could not warrant the drawing, and accordingly, the same work which with one name attached to it would have sold for five hundred dollars, without that name, suddenly sank in value and was worth only ten.

A pleasant trip from London is to Windsor, and occupies but a few hours. You may go either by the Great Western or the South-western rail. Windsor Castle, the royal residence during part of every year, is a superb pile of gray stone, one part of which (the Round Tower) dates back to William the Conqueror. From the summit of this Round Tower, the view over the adjacent country is very beautiful. Below, surrounding the inner court, are the extensive ranges of the castle. Around the foot of the hill on which it stands, winds the Thames; and on the other side of it rise the towers and spires of Eton College. Farther on is a beautiful level country filled with villages, groves, spires, and country seats, and among the latter that belonging to the family of William Penn. The village of Stoke Pogis, where the poet Gray lived, and the church-yard made immortal in his elegy, are also visible in the same direction; and on the other side, beyond the great park of Windsor, with its interminable avenues of English oak, lies the famous plain of Runnemede where Norman barons, tyrants and oppressors themselves, forced from the tyrant, John, that charter which has secured liberty in a far wider range than they ever intended. As I stood on this tower, built eight hundred years ago by the conquering Norman, the lines of Gray came to my mind, and gave a new beauty to the scene which they described.

'Ye that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's height, the expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead, survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among,
Wanders the hoary Thames along
Its silver winding way.'

We saw the state apartments; the dining-hall hung with the portraits of English monarchs; the galleries filled with pictures by Vandyke and Rubens, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Sir Thomas Lawrence, of English noblemen and statesmen; and other apartments well worth seeing, but of the contents of which the guide-books give sufficient descriptions. But St. George's chapel, the admirable building where royalty bows before the King of kings, and is buried like common dust, is an exquisite gem of art. It was erected in the fifteenth century, when the decorated style had passed into the perpendicular, which is usually considered to have been the commencement of the decline of architecture. The beautiful tracery in the window-heads is in this style replaced by the rigid lines of the mullions, which are carried to the architrave mouldings, the spaces between being frequently divided and subdivided by similar perpendicular lines, whence this style takes its name. So, too, the whole surface of the building, including its buttresses, parapets, basements, and every part of the flat surface, is covered with panelling in which the perpendicular line clearly predominates; so that sometimes, as in the famous west end of Winchester Cathedral, the windows appear as openings in the panel work. The roof of Saint George's Chapel, as in other buildings of the same style, is not carried up in a lofty vault, but has become horizontal, and is covered with beautiful fan tracery with delicate pedants, and lace-like ornaments.

To Oxford I could only devote a single day, though a week would have been a short time to see and to enter into the spirit of the place. Taking the express train on the Great Western railroad, I arrived at Didcot, fifty-three miles from London in fifty-five minutes, which allowing for time lost in starting and stopping is at the rate of a mile a minute. This, it will be observed, is the regular daily rate of motion of the fast trains from London to Bristol, and shows the great advantage of the broad guage. I should not have supposed from the motion of the car, that we were moving more rapidly than is usual on American railroads. A road with the broad guage between Boston and New York, at this rate of speed, would enable us to perform that journey in four hours; or from Albany to Buffalo in five hours and a half; or from Boston to Buffalo in ten hours. Thus one could easily breakfast in Boston at seven o'clock, and take tea at Buffalo at six the same evening, which will probably be done in a few years.

Mr. Hallam says that there is no improbability in the opinion which ascribes the foundation of the University of Oxford to King Alfred, about A. D. 900. It was a very flourishing university in A. D. 1200, containing at that time three thousand scholars. At all events, it is one of the three oldest in Europe, the other two being the universities of Paris and Bologna. The number of students who resorted from all parts of Europe to these great seats of learning would seem incredible, unless we remember that from the scarcity and high price of books the instruction from the lips of professors was the only kind then accessible. It is asserted on good authority, that there were ten thousand scholars at Bologna in the middle of the thirteenth century; and another writer, in the middle of the fourteenth, says, that the number in his time was about thirteen thousand. The students at Paris were twelve thousand before 1480; and indeed it is stated at the death of Charles VII., in 1453, it contained twenty-five thousand scholars. At Oxford, under Henry III., in 1250, there are said to have been thirty thousand scholars. 'Many of them, however,' says Anthony Wood, 'were varlets, who pretended to be scholars, shuffled themselves in, and did much villany in the university.' The object of these varlets was to enjoy that exemption from the jurisdiction of the magistrates, which was one of the privileges of the clerks at the universities. Both Oxford and Cambridge obtained their first charters at the beginning of the thirteenth century; though at that time Oxford had only two colleges, and Cambridge one.

An article in the London Quarterly Review in 1838, attributed to Mr. Newman, describes the contrast which a rapid transition from London to Oxford presents, between the worldly activity of the one, and the religious repose of the other. 'From noise, and glare, and brilliancy,' he says, 'the traveller comes upon a very different scene—a mass of towers, pinnacles, and spires rising in the bosom of a valley, from groves which hide all buildings but such as are consecrated to some wise and holy purpose. The same river which, in the metropolis, is covered with a forest of masts and ships, here gliding quietly through the meadows with scarcely a sail upon it—dark and ancient edifices, clustered together in forms full of richness and beauty, yet solid as if to last forever; such as become institutions raised not for the vanity of the builder, but for the benefit of coming ages — streets, almost avenues of edifices, which elsewhere would pass for palaces, but all of them dedicated to God — thoughtfulness, repose, and gravity, in the countenance and even dress of their inhabitants; and to mark the stir and the business of life, instead of the roar of carriages, the sound of hourly bells calling men together for prayer.'

It is rather a drawback from the impression received from this glowing description, to remember how many of those who go to Oxford still belong rather to Anthony Wood's class of varlets than to that of students — to recall what we know of the luxurious indolence of the teachers, and the reckless dissipation of those who are taught; the wine-drinking, boating, hunting, and racing. It is possible that 'hourly bells' may call men together to prayer, but it is not probable that many come when so called. At all events, the daily evening cathedral service at Christ Church, which I attended, had an audience of some twelve persons. One fact is significant of a great deal. Every day after the dinner in the public hall of each college, the tutors and fellows adjourn to another room to drink wine; and the students, in like manner, go to each other's chambers to wine parties, which are regularly given by each man in his turn. How favorable this practice may be to the intellectual purposes of the place, and how far it tends to produce the 'thoughtfulness, repose and gravity,' which this Oxford writer remarks in the countenance and dress of the men of Oxford, may be left to him to determine.

Nevertheless, who can visit a place like this, devoted to study and the pursuits of literature, without feeling that he has passed into another sphere from that of the working world. It was with such a feeling that I spent a pleasant day in wandering from college to college, examining the ancient architecture, the green lawns and shaded walks, the halls, and libraries, and paintings of the different colleges. Each college is built around one or more courts, into which the windows look, and to which the only entrance is through a gate, closed at night at a certain hour. The buildings are of gray stone, and beside the chambers of the tutors and students, each college contains a large dining-hall, kitchen, chapel and library. I went through the Ratcliffe and Bodleian libraries; the first of which is a circular building with a fine dome; but the other building is quite unworthy of the magnificent collection of books which it contains. The rooms are low and dark; the ceiling panelled with oak, and containing the arms of the University, and of Bodley, the founder, painted in the panels. There is a fine gallery of paintings, mostly portraits, connected with this library, which contains four hundred thousand volumes. Among these portraits are the following: Grotius, by Rembrandt; Cranmer, Erasmus, and Cromwell, Earl of Essex, by Holbein; the Earl of Pembroke, Archbishop Laud, and Lord Falkland, by Vandyke; Selden, by Mytens; Mary, Queen of Scots, by Zucchero; and Dryden, by Kneller; all of them very fine. The best, perhaps, is the portrait of Grotius, by Rembrandt; so full of decision and animated expression, that it is of itself worth a journey to Oxford to see it. The portrait of Laud, by Vandyke, has a meditative expression, and is interesting. In one part of this gallery stands a large bronze statue of Pembroke, made in 1629. Under a glass case is contained the identical tin lantern used by Guy Faukes, and under another is the copy-book of Queen Elizabeth. A book of Autographs lies by the side of the last, filled with names of distinguished visitors to Oxford; and the book was open at the page which contained the names of Prince Albert, and Edward Everett. The large theatre, in which the public exercises are held, and the degrees given, contains some fine portraits. But the most interesting part of my day was passed in quietly walking among the grounds of the colleges, and looking at the different buildings. The dining-hall of Christ Church is a noble room, and on the walls are hung the portraits of a long list of eminent men who have graduated in this famous college.

It had been my intention to go on from Oxford to York; but I found it would be easier to return to London, and go from thence on the following day by the North-western road, than to take a carriage across the country twenty miles to Aylesbury. Leaving London, therefore, on the following morning at nine o'clock, I reached York, (which is two hundred and twenty miles distant,) at three in the afternoon; which left me three or four hours of daylight to examine the famous Minster, the pride of all English cathedrals. Like Canterbury, it was built at different periods; is of vast size, covers a great extent of ground, and wants nothing but a central spire to be perfect in all its parts. The north transept was built between 1250 and 1260, by the treasurer of the church, or perhaps by the

Chapter, whose custom it was to keep a gang of workmen in their pay as part of the establishment. The number varied from twenty to fifty, and the same families were usually continued for several generations. The chapter-house belongs to the same period. The windows of the transepts are very graceful. On one side a circular window is over three lancets, and two below. On the other side are five high lancets close together, and five more above them. The nave was seventy years in building, from 1290 till 1360. The tracery of the end window is highly florid, and in the Flamboyant style. Mr. Rickman says that this nave, from the uncommon grandeur and simplicity of design, is certainly the finest example of the decorated style. It is profusely ornamented, and yet retains its simplicity. The choir, which was completed in 1408, is a magnificent work in the perpendicular style. The windows have a double frame of tracery. The general character of this cathedral is of profuse decoration, and the greatest diversity of style. It is carved all over on the outside and inside. I afterward learned that Mr. Wellbeloved, the Unitarian minister at York, knows more of the Minster than any one else: so much so, indeed, that when the Queen visited York, the Archbishop called upon him to explain some things to her Majesty about the building, which he himself could not.

The city of York has an air of great antiquity. The houses are small, the streets narrow and crooked.

After looking at the cathedral, I went, as I had been advised, to see the ruins of St. Mary's Priory. The whole extensive space has been walled in, and is used by the inhabitants as a pleasant resort for themselves and their children. Scattered over beautiful green lawns, stand the walls of the old Priory buildings; the surfaces richly carved, and the windows filled with elaborate tracery partly fallen away; parts of the walls hung with deep green English ivy, and trees growing in the middle of the old Chapel and Refectory.

Crossing the river Ouse which runs through the middle of the city, in a little skiff, I rambled on the top of the city wall, watching the towers of the cathedral darkening as the light faded away. The lofty building with all its rich carvings, its ornamented surfaces, its niches filled with the figures of saints and kings, its crocketted pinnacles, flying buttresses, and windows — some large and filled with tracery, some slender lancets, — arose a mass of beautiful design, of mingling lines and melting shadows, above the clustering houses of the city. In the dim light I could fancy it a shepherd leaning on his staff, with his sheep crowding around his knees for protection. Meantime, the Ouse reflecting from its tranquil surface the last light of day, wound about the city, and separated it from the railway station on the other side, where trains were rumbling in and out, and the sharp clang of the bell was mingled with the shrill voice of the escaping steam. Here again the old and the new had met; the twelfth century had been found out by the nineteenth — the age of faith by the age of action; and as I belong to the nineteenth century I turned toward the railway station, and bidding farewell to York, took my seat in the train for Leeds.

Reaching Leeds at half after eight, I went to the Royal Hotel; and thence took a cab to the house of Mr. Wicksted, the Unitarian minister, whom I had met in Paris. He pressed me to stay, and I had a very pleasant talk with him till late at night, in which I received much information on the condition of the religious world in England.

Next morning, I went to see Mr. Wicksted's chapel —an extremely pretty stone building in Gothic style. It has neither tower nor spire, but pinnacles at either end, and projection with large window in the middle. The effect of the exterior is unpretending and tasteful; the interior is very good. There is neither paint nor plaster to be seen. The walls are stone, the pews and roof oak, and stained wood. The pulpit is of carved stone, and behind the communion table, the stone wall is richly carved. The windows have stained glass, and one window is filled with paintings given by four children as a memorial to their mother's memory. Each son or daughter has presented a picture, representing a scene from the life of Jesus. In one, Jesus is giving the keys to Peter; in another, he is blessing the children; in a third, he is with his mother and Mary; and in the fourth, talking with the woman of Samaria. Above the whole is a scroll with the words, 'To the Memory of our Mother.' Such memorials as these, seem to me far better than erecting marble monuments in churches or cemeteries. The painted window gives pleasure to thousands, the monument to none. For hundreds of years these paintings may teach and persuade the worshippers in this chapel, while it records and recalls the filial piety of the children. When the time comes that Protestants make the discovery that pictures and the papacy have no necessary connection, and that the heart may properly be addressed through the imagination as well as through the understanding, — when they see that they are no better Protestants because they worship in the bare walls of ugly churches, — we may hope that fine paintings will be given to all our churches from motives like this.

From Leeds I went without stopping, through Manchester, to Liverpool. On the way we passed through a tunnel between three and four miles in length. The superintendent of this road, who was in the same car with myself, told me that the cost of the road was about £60,000 a mile; and could hardly believe me when I told him that, in America, they were built for forty or fifty thousand dollars, or less. The fare on the English roads is naturally higher than with us. In the first-class cars it is rather more than twice as much.

At Liverpool I went to see Mr. Martineau, who lives a mile or two out of the city, at a place called the Prince's Park, which is laid out in walks and green lawns, with a sheet of water, clumps of trees, and flowering shrubs; a Swiss cottage, Chinese bridge, &c. Mr. Martineau had just returned from Germany, where he went partly to rest, and partly to prepare himself for a professorship of philosophy. He studied at Berlin. I found him by no means satisfied with the state of religion in Germany. In Berlin he said there were three theological parties, that of the old Orthodox, represented by Hengstenberg; that of the moderate Orthodox by Neander; and the rationalists, by Vatke. Religious worship is slenderly attended. The public men, and literary men, the professors and statesmen, with the exception of the theologians by profession, take little interest in Christianity. Mr. Martineau looks pale and thin. He is tall and slender, with dark complexion and hair, and an intellectual expression of face. His whole manner indicates culture and refinement. His society had just finished, and were about dedicating, a new chapel of stone, in the form of a cross, with a lofty stone spire, ornamented with statues of the four evangelists. The interior is handsomely finished with white and black marble and oak; and connected with it are cloisters of carved stone, and a small chapter-house or committee-room. Except that the effect is too much that of a cathedral in miniature, the design and execution are good.

After bidding farewell to my excellent friend, Mr. Bishop, the city missionary, I went on board the fine steamship Europa, and we sailed with a full company of passengers on the 13th of October. Among the passengers were many very agreeable people; but after the first day or two, the weather became so rough, that those who were well were chiefly occupied in condoling with one another. In fact we had head-winds all the way across the ocean; ranging from strong breezes to violent squalls, and sometimes increasing to a gale. On Friday and Saturday, the 19th and 20th, the roll of the ocean was sublime. The ship rolled and pitched very much, and constantly shipped heavy seas. The deck at times was a foot or more under water, and the ship, with our whole head of steam, sometimes made by the log only three miles an hour; but it was a magnificent sight to see her moving onward against the heavy wind, and the enormous waves, her machinery working without strain, and regularly as on the smooth surface of a lake. Certainly no one could see the vessel pushing steadily on without pause or rest, without regarding it as one of the highest efforts of human genius. In a steamship are combined the highest results of modern science, and the last achievements of modern art. All the experiments in ship-building for three hundred years have gone into the model of her hull. In her machinery we find results which have been obtained by the triumph over successive difficulties, since the power of steam was first known, and mechanism first began to apply and transmit mechanical power. Three distinct companies are required to do the work of the vessel; for she is at the same time a ship, a machine, and a hotel. Two hundred persons are to be fed and lodged, and this implies all the labor of a large hotel. The ship is to be sailed, and this demands a regular crew, good officers, and all the arrangements of a sailing vessel. The engine consumes sixty tons of coal every day; and to bring this coal from the place where it is stowed to the boilers, to remove the ashes, to tend and watch the engine itself, and keep it in order, require necessarily another large force.

Notwithstanding the steady head-winds, we reached Halifax in about eleven days, and were glad to put our feet on solid ground; for the most desirable thing in the world to all of us was to stand on something which would itself stand still. We spent an hour or two in wandering about the city, which, after the cities of France and Belgium, had, to be sure, not much to interest us; so we were glad when the good Europa was once more steaming out of the harbor, and our faces were turned fairly toward New England. We still had head-winds, but in twenty-four hours after leaving Halifax, we were approaching so near the coast of Massachusetts that the important question was, shall we be able to reach Boston to-night. It was after nine o'clock before we came in sight of the lights of Cape Ann. In an hour or two more we saw before us the outer light of Boston Harbor, and the ship threw up rockets as a signal for a pilot. Whether a pilot would take us in at that time was doubtful; but after a little we saw the white sail of the boat drawing near to us through the darkness. The boat went to leeward of the steamer, and a skiff brought the pilot on board. Then we were all made happy by learning that the pilot would take the ship directly in to her berth at East Boston. But it is the lot of man, no sooner to conquer one difficulty than he finds another meeting him: so now arose the anxious inquiry, 'Shall we be able to get over to-night from East Boston to the city,' for the ferry-boats stop running at midnight. Most of the passengers agreed that it could not be done; and made up their minds to stay on board yet another night. But those of us who had families or friends in the city, did not give up so easily. We knew that the mails would be carried over, and that a steamer would come for them. So we made interest with the admiralty officer who had them in charge, to let us go over on the same boat. He answered mysteriously and equivocally; leaving us still in suspense; and so, the boat, passing up between the familiar islands, at last drew near its dock at East Boston. Just then, looking over the side, I saw a skiff come up to the vessel and a man climbed aboard. He had come for the English papers for the newspaper offices. As he went back with his bundle into his skiff, I dropped after him, and in five minutes was on the end of Long Wharf.

THE END.

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SEP 21 1882
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OCT 19 1894
MAR 28 1895
BOOK DUE-WID
CANCELLED
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